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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Selections, Grave and Gay, from Writings published and unpublished by Thomas De Quincey.* Edinburgh and London, 1854-60. 14 vols. 12mo.

THE position of De Quincey in the literature of the present day is remarkable. We might search in vain for a writer who, with equal powers, has made an equally slight impression upon the general public. His style is superb: his powers of reasoning unsurpassed: his imagination is warm and brilliant, and his humour both masculine and delicate. Yet with this singular combination of gifts, he is comparatively little known outside of that small circle of men who love literature for its own sake, which, in proportion to the population, is not an increasing class. Of the causes which contributed to this result, such as depended on his own character will develop themselves in the course of our remarks. Of the others, it is sufficient to point out these two, that he neither completed any one great work, nor enjoyed the advantage of being represented by any great periodical; a circumstance which has sometimes given permanence and unity to a writer's reputation as effectively as independent authorship. That his essays are not, in general, upon popular subjects is of course another element in the case; although they only require to be read to show how easily a man of genius can lubricate the gravest topics by his own overflowing humour, without making the slightest approximation to either flippancy or coarseness. As we fancy, however, that even less is known of his birth, parentage, and education, than of his literary remains, we shall endeavour to make our sketch of him complete by prefacing our critical remarks with a brief memoir of his earlier career as far as it can be extracted from the fragmentary materials which he has left us.

The subject of this article was born at 'The Farm,' a country house occupied by his father near Manchester, on the 15th of August, 1785. But his earliest recollections were of 'Greenhays,' a villa near the same town, where he was brought up in all the comfort and elegance of the household of an opulent English merchant. His family was of Norwegian origin, but, as he assured George III., had been in England since the Conquest. Thomas was the fifth of eight children, and, if his own reminiscences are to

be credited, was a warmhearted but musing, imaginative, and rather weakly child. The death of two elder sisters before he had completed his sixth year left a lasting impression on his mind; and he has described, in language of great force and beauty, his sensations at the funeral of one, and the singular dreams with which his first experience of death inspired him. His father died when Thomas was in his seventh year, leaving Greenhays, with a fortune of 1600*l.* a-year, to his widow. This father the child had scarcely ever seen. Business kept him constantly abroad; and the only means by which he contrived to see his family at all was by meeting them occasionally at a watering-place, to which Thomas was considered too young to be taken. But Mr. De Quincey's death brought back another comparative stranger to the family hearth, in the shape of the eldest boy, then about twelve years of age, who had been educated at Louth Grammar School. The advent of this brother precipitated De Quincey's 'Introduction to the world of strife,' an initiation which he admits was not without considerable advantage both to his moral and physical constitution. His natural addiction to loneliness and dreaming, combined with grief for his sisters' loss, was generating in him an unwholesome condition of both mind and body, which his brother's arrival rudely, but opportunely, dissipated. De Quincey says himself, in reference to this period of his childhood, that he thanks Providence for four things—first, that he lived in a rustic solitude; secondly, that the solitude was in England; thirdly, that 'his infant feelings were moulded by the gentlest of sisters,' instead of 'horrid pugilistic brothers;' finally, that he and they were members of 'a pure, holy, and magnificent Church.' But our readers must not suppose that De Quincey had any real doubt about the paramount utility of a public school education; though at the age of six years 'the world of strife,' as opened to him by his elder brother, proved anything but soothing to his feelings. This brother seems, in all respects, to have been a remarkable boy. He read lectures on physics to the rest of the nursery. He endeavoured to construct an apparatus for walking across the ceiling like a fly, first on the principle of skates, and subsequently upon that of a humming-top. He was profound on the subject of necromancy, and frequently terrified his young admirers by speculating on the possibility of a general confederation of the ghosts of all time against a single generation of men. He made a balloon; and wrote, and in conjunction with his brothers and sisters performed, two acts of a tragedy, in which all the personages were beheaded at the end of each act, leaving none to carry on the play, a perplexity which ultimately caused 'Sultan Amurath' to be abandoned to the housemaids. In all these matters, however,

however, no especial burden was imposed on Thomas. It was first in his position as major-general of his brother's army, and secondly as absolute monarch of the kingdom of Gombroon, that he suffered the worst terrors and anxieties. The two boys went every morning to a private tutor's house and returned in the afternoon, on one or both of which occasions a fight invariably took place with the boys of a neighbouring factory, chiefly carried on with stones, and, as it would appear from its bloodlessness, at a safe distance. These military operations were of course under the control of the elder brother, who directed Thomas's movements upon the flank or rear of the enemy, sometimes planting him in ambush and sometimes as a corps of observation, as the exigencies of the case required. Arriving at home, he issued a bulletin of the engagement, which was read with much ceremony to the housekeeper. Sometimes this document announced a victory, and sometimes a defeat; but the conduct of the major-general was criticised without reference to the result. Now he was decorated with the Bath, and now he was deprived of his commission. At one time his services merited the highest promotion, at another he behaved with a cowardice 'that seemed inexplicable, except on the supposition of treachery.' Once he was drummed out of the army, but 'restored at the intercession of a distinguished lady' (the housekeeper to wit). In these singular vicissitudes of fortune two whole years were passed; but, extraordinary as is the air of reality which De Quincey has thrown around this description, it is even less wonderful than the picture of his own feelings as king of the island of Gombroon, threatened, not remotely, with annexation, by the superior potentate his brother. 'How, and to what extent,' my brother asked, 'did I raise taxes on my subjects?' At this question the model young prince was staggered. He abhorred taxation of all kinds. But then he knew that, if he said as much, his ambitious neighbour would jump to the conclusion that he had no standing army—an idea which he felt would be fatal to his own independence. But though he evaded this particular difficulty, a shocking discovery was in store for him. In an evil hour his brother became acquainted with Lord Monboddo's theory of the human race; and he presently announced the fact that the inhabitants of Gombroon had not yet worn off their tails. This was a hideous piece of intelligence. As absolute ruler, Thomas might at once issue an edict compelling his people to sit down six hours every day, 'and so make a beginning,' or he might dress them in the Roman toga, as the best means of hiding their appendages. But either alternative left the great fact untouched that he was king of a nation of

Caudati, and he continued plunged in the profoundest melancholy throughout the remainder of his reign.

At the expiration of two years his brother's proficiency with his pencil caused him to be transferred to the house of the celebrated academician, Mr. de Louthembourg, where he died of typhus fever at the age of sixteen. Being no longer under the necessity of protecting his subjects from the neighbouring potentate of Tigrosylvania, the monarch of Gombroon laid aside his crown, and retired into private life. The ensuing four years, *i. e.* from his eighth year to his twelfth, were marked by no incidents particularly worthy of commemoration, except the removal of his family from Greenhays to Bath, and his own entrance at the Bath Grammar School. Here he made numerous enemies by the superiority of his Latin verses: and he was ultimately removed from the school, primarily, indeed, in consequence of an accident, but, secondarily, because his mother was unwilling that he should hear so much of his own merits. From Bath he went to another school, at Winkfield, in Wiltshire, which he left in the spring of the year 1800, for the purpose of accompanying a young friend of his own age, Lord Westport, and his tutor, on a tour in Ireland. This chapter of his Autobiography he has headed with 'I enter the world;' and as the period of this excursion coincided with that period of life when the boy is passing into the youth, and when it requires but the influence of society, and especially female society, to arouse in him the first faint consciousness of coming manhood, we doubt not that the summer of this year did constitute an epoch in De Quincey's life which justifies the title conferred upon it. He arrived in Dublin in the month of June, and was present at the final act of the old Irish Parliament, namely, its sitting to hear the Royal assent to Bills of the last Session read out; among which the Bill for the Union was included. He has recorded his impressions of this event in a very interesting passage, and especially his surprise at the absence of any loud demonstrations of public feeling either within or without Parliament. On leaving Dublin he passed three months at the seat of Lord Altamont,* Lord Westport's father, in the county of Mayo, where he visited all the scenes of the later Irish Rebellion under Humbert, of which, as well as of the earlier rising in the same year, he has left a most animated and concise account. He returned to England in the month of October, and on board the packet made acquaintance with a young lady, the sister of Lady Errol, who inspired him with his

* Afterwards Marquis of Sligo.

first ideas of the passion of love. She had gallantly taken his part when some rather vulgar people on board had thought to propitiate Lord Westport by snubbing his untitled companion; and when afterwards he expressed his gratitude, she blushed at the warmth of his expressions. This blush was a revelation—like the flower which spoke to Columbus of approaching land; and from that moment the idea of returning to school became intolerable unto him. Such, however, was his destiny, rendered all the more cruel by the circumstances which immediately preceded it. On arriving in England he found letters directing him to join his sister at Laxton, the Northamptonshire seat of Lord Carbery, where his future destination till he should be old enough for one of the Universities would be communicated to him. Lord Carbery had married an early friend of De Quincey's mother, a very beautiful girl, now only in her twenty-sixth year, and inclined to be religious. Staying in the house as her guests were a Lord and Lady Massey, represented to Thomas on his arrival as a species of Cymon and Iphigenia. Lord Massey was a heavy and half-educated, but not unintelligent, Irish lord, whose dormant faculties had been aroused by marriage with a lovely young wife about Lady Carbery's age, but who rather languished at Laxton for want of male companionship after dinner; Lord Carbery being detained from home. Now what was the task that awaited the boy of fifteen on joining this aristocratic circle? Lady Carbery sent for him on the moment of his arrival, and confided her difficulties to his ear. He must aid in the good work of polishing the noble Cymon; he must take him in hand after dinner, talk to him with ease and condescension, but so as not to show his own superiority too much, and keep the bottle circulating pleasantly for the traditional two hours. All this our precocious philosopher undertook without diffidence, and accomplished, as he affirms, with success. But this was not all. Lady Carbery, as we have said, was inclined to be religious, and ere long we find the ex-schoolboy of Winkfield installed as tutor in theology to a beautiful dame of twenty-six. He startled her, he says, with the depth and novelty of his views. She feared she had never understood the Bible. For that purpose, said her new Mentor, Greek was indispensable, and Greek it was determined they should learn. Lexicons and New Testaments were procured from Stamford, and in a very short time the fair pupil read Greek with facility. Finding his task, no doubt, an uncommonly agreeable one, Mr. Tom forthwith proposed to take the lady through Herodotus. He drew such a picture 'of the vivacious and mercurial Athenian,' &c. &c., that his mistress was fascinated by the idea, and consented to exchange the hard and spirit-breaking problems

problems of Geneva for the beautiful myths and summer theology of Greece. But, alas for human joys! In the midst of these pleasant dreams 'the knocking at the gate' is heard. Lord Carbery has returned from Ireland. Greek is thrown aside as a graceful folly; and the luckless lad who, for two months, had been the condescending cultivator of a middle-aged lord, and the daily instructor of a pretty woman, suddenly wakes up and finds himself again a schoolboy. His guardians had determined that he should be sent to the Manchester Grammar School, in the hopes of his obtaining one of their University exhibitions. And thither accordingly in the December of 1800 we find him wending his way, in sorrow and rebelliousness of spirit.

At this, his last school, De Quincey had two evils to contend with. The first was his too keen appreciation of the society which he had now lost; the second was an impaired digestion, consequent on the want of exercise. The first of these would probably have disappeared altogether, had it not been for the prostration of mind occasioned by his physical ailment, which was in turn aggravated by the injudicious treatment of an ignorant apothecary. His period of misery was lightened by one gleam of comfort in the shape of a visit to Manchester by Lady Carbery. But after her departure his melancholy increased to such a height that, finding all remonstrances with his guardians ineffectual, he resolved to elope from the school. They of course did not feel justified in removing him until he had completed the term of residence required for succession to a scholarship, and so defeating the very object for which he had originally been placed there. He, on the contrary, with youthful indifference to money, resolved that his seventeenth birthday (August, 1802), should not find him at school. The final result was, that one fine morning in July he quietly let himself out of the Headmaster's house, consigned his trunk to the carrier, and set forth on foot for Chester, where his mother now lived at a house called St. John's Priory.

If his own language can be trusted, De Quincey must have left Manchester with as much scholarship as would do credit to the sixth form boys of our best public schools. Four years earlier he had beaten at Latin verses young men upon the wing for Cambridge, and he had given subsequent proof of his proficiency in that accomplishment; while shortly after the present date we find him gravely weighing the propriety of writing a Greek remonstrance to the Bishop of Bangor in return for some fancied insult at the hands of that learned prelate.* He tells us, in fact,

* Dr. Cleaver, Principal of Brasenose, a great Greek scholar.

in so many words, that he wielded the Greek language 'with preternatural address for varying the forms of expression, and for bringing the most refractory ideas within the harness of Grecian phraseology.' If this were really the case, it is a pity that his guardians did not comprehend the full value of the accomplishment. A lad with this power of composition was under no necessity of ruining his liver at Manchester for the sake of forty pounds a year: either Oxford or Cambridge would have welcomed him with open arms. For although the distinction which De Quincey himself draws between the knowledge and the command of a classical language is in itself just, if not expressed by exactly the most appropriate words, yet it is one hardly realised by the Universities in their purely classical examinations. It is barely possible that a candidate who composed the most vigorous and idiomatic Greek or Latin should do his other papers so badly as to place himself second on the list. Whether it be considered that the comprehensive scholarship which De Quincey expresses by the word 'knowledge' is more fitly acquired in an after period of life, or whether it be thought that the 'natural sensibility,' of which alone he tells us that good composition is the test, points to a higher order of mind than philosophical research, we cannot say; but sure we are that even at the present day, and much more fifty years ago, a youth of seventeen who outstripped all competitors in the four kinds of composition might calculate with certainty on the best scholarships in Oxford.

At Chester De Quincey found residing with his mother his maternal uncle, a Captain Penson, of the Bengal establishment, and by a temporary arrangement, to which the efforts of the old soldier were mainly conducive, he received a weekly allowance of a guinea to enable him to execute his cherished purpose of a pedestrian tour in Wales. He spent the autumn of 1802 in the indulgence of this fancy, dining sumptuously for sixpence, sometimes sleeping on the hillside, and sometimes in a crack hotel, and, in his own words, 'sailing alternately upon the high-priced and the low-priced tack.' By degrees, however, he grew tired of this mode of life. The weather became less favourable to pedestrians; the want of books began to make itself felt; and finally, imagining that he could borrow money in London on the strength of his pecuniary expectations, he took the resolution of hiding from his guardians in the metropolis till they should cease to have any further control over his movements. Mounting the Holyhead mail at Shrewsbury one dark November night, he was carried forward to the scene of fancied freedom and enjoyment at the rate of six miles and a half an hour, and reached London, after a journey of twenty-eight hours, with the address of a money-lender and some
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nine or ten guineas in his pocket. And now began that wearing process which breaks the spirits, saps the morality, and turns the blood to gall, of dancing attendance at a usurer's office, perpetually encountered with fresh excuses for delay and fresh demands for money for the preparation of fresh securities. No wonder a boy of seventeen was soon fleeced of every guinea by this race of vultures, whose yearly profits are not inconsiderably swollen by these preliminary extortions. In fact, it is all they ever get from a certain class of victims whose proposals they never mean to entertain, but whose few remaining guineas they extract upon this plausible pretext. De Quincey, however, but for his extreme youth, would scarcely have come into this category. The four or five thousand pounds due to him at one-and-twenty were an ample security—supposing he had not been a minor—for the two hundred pounds he proposed to borrow, and the Jews had taken care to ascertain that his own representations were correct. Whatever the cause, all the usurers to whom he applied kept him in suspense till his little stock of money was reduced to the last half-guinea, and starvation stared him in the face. Of his sufferings and his companions at this period we have the strangest picture on record in the 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.' They transcend anything recorded of Savage or Chatterton, with this additional element of oddness, that they were wholly voluntary. Not only was he heir to a sum which to those luckless men of letters would have seemed a fabulous fortune—not only had he wealthy and influential connexions who were really and deeply interested in his welfare—but he possessed in his teeming imagination and elegant scholarship a resource which he never even suspected. He surmised at a later period of his life that he might have earned a livelihood as a corrector of Greek proofs. But why correct Greek proofs, when Greek epigrams had a good market value? Why seek in the printing-office what could have been found so readily in the editor's room? With the 'Post,' and the 'Chronicle,' and the 'Courier,' and the 'Times,' to say nothing of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' and other weekly and monthly periodicals, all on the look-out for writers of his peculiar qualifications, De Quincey could have had no difficulty in realising a comfortable income. But no such thoughts ever occurred to him. He took refuge in an old rambling unfurnished house in Greek-street, Soho, which was occupied in the daytime by a solicitor, himself a hungry and bailiff-hunted man, and who freely allowed his young client to make what use he pleased of the upper rooms. Here, then, he lived for some months in a state of the most abject misery. His only companion in the house was a 'forlorn and friendless' little girl

girl of about ten years old, who was Mr. Browne's sole servant, and suspected by De Quincey to be his daughter. At night they lay down together on the bare boards with a bundle of papers for a pillow, and a cloak and an old sofa-cover to keep off the winter's cold. In the morning she went down to her daily task of attending to the lawyer's wants, and her companion, after stealing into his breakfast-room on pretence of inquiring after business, but in reality to stay his hunger by furtively picking a few crumbs of biscuit from the man's miserable meal, went forth to his own daily task of walking about the streets till midnight. He supported life by trifling sums of money obtained from casual acquaintances whom he encountered in his wanderings, and for society he resorted to those who were in the same state of wretchedness as himself, 'that unhappy class who belong to the outcasts and pariahs of our female population.' 'These unhappy women,' he continues, 'to me were simply sisters in calamity,' and he conceived a very high idea of the humanity, generosity, and fidelity to each other, by which as a class they were distinguished. These it was who, after their own fashion, made his life easier for him to bear. They pleaded for him with watchmen who wanted him to move on: they protected him against street bullies, and they even fed him from their own scanty store when he was fainting from starvation. Looking back through a vista of opium dreams to the events of twenty years ago, De Quincey may be pardoned if he has coloured the incidents of this period with tints which they never really wore. But the narrative is no doubt substantially correct, and is equally creditable to his candour and his goodness of heart. One of these female acquaintances he has singled out from the rest, under the name of Anne, a young girl of not more than sixteen years of age, whose seducer had carried off all her little savings and left her to beggary or prostitution. Between the two young outcasts an affection as of brother and sister sprang up. For many weary hours out of every twenty-four did these two pace up and down the flags of 'their stony-hearted step-mother,' Oxford-street, and once, as he records with great feeling, when he had swooned in her arms from fatigue and famine on a doorstep in Soho-square, she spent her last sixpence on a glass of port wine to revive him. How much of this is literally true cannot, we repeat, be ascertained with exactness; poor Anne, we should be afraid, has long ago gone beyond the reach of interrogation. Whether she was an ideal, or whether she was a person, we shall never know, though for our own part we believe in her distinct personality. But however this may be, there can be no doubt that De Quincey passed much of his time among this unfortunate class at the period

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in question, and had good reason to remember the contrast between their native virtues and their acquired vices.

Of Anne he lost sight, he tells us, under the following circumstances:—Having shown some of his letters to and from Lord Westport and his father, now become respectively Lord Altamont and the Marquis of Sligo, to his Jewish friends, one of them agreed to advance the required sum without further delay, if Lord Altamont would join in the security. For the purpose of obtaining his consent De Quincey set off to Eton, having first taken a tender farewell of Anne, and appointed a spot where she was to meet him on his return. Arriving at Eton, he found that Lord Altamont had already left for Cambridge, but that one of his friends to whom De Quincey had been introduced, namely, Lord Desart, was still at school. His Lordship asked him to breakfast, gave him the first good meal he had enjoyed for months, furnished him, at his own solicitation, with wine, and agreed, after some hesitation, to become his security, but under certain conditions, which the Jews subsequently rejected. Well may De Quincey break out into eulogies of this admirable young man. Fancy the effect upon any ordinary young gentleman, of a dusty and shabby youth bearing about him unmistakable marks of vagabond life, and known to his Lordship only through a third person, being shown into his study, then and there declining the breakfast that was set before him (though this was of course from sheer faintness), demanding wine in its stead; and, finally, putting the crown to his audacity by asking him to back a bill for two hundred pounds. However, all honour to the young Etonian—who, says De Quincey, under the influence of these soothing reminiscences, is always a gentleman—who made light of these eccentricities, and held out a helping hand to the destitute young stranger. That it turned out valueless afterwards was no derogation from a service such as we fancy very few gentlemen, Etonians or otherwise, would have performed under similar circumstances. Returning to town De Quincey hastened to keep his appointment with Anne. But she did not make her appearance. Night after night he returned to the trysting-place, but Sister Anne he never saw more. He had never ascertained her surname, or the number of the house at which she lived. People from whom he made inquiries misinterpreted his motives. Some laughed, some frowned, and others of her acquaintance, fearing she might have robbed him, refused to give him any clue. ‘This,’ he concludes in the usual style of ‘the Confessions,’ ‘amongst such troubles as most men meet with in this life, has been my heaviest affliction.’ We have no doubt that, at the moment of writing these words, he really thought so.

But

But it is easy to trace through the whole of the 'Confessions,' as indeed in some of his latest writings also, the influence of the habit from which this title is derived. A tendency to speak of all his earlier trials, not for the most part heavier than the majority of mankind experience, in language drawn from the convulsions of nature, from tempests, earthquakes, and volcanoes, is everywhere perceptible. The peculiar trial we have lately been describing was, no doubt, the worst of all. Still, in a healthy organization there is hardly any amount of misery which the recoil of youthful spirits between seventeen and thirty is not strong enough to throw off. It is probable, indeed, that De Quincey did so throw it off, and that the story, as we now have it, represents the exaggerated shape in which his reminiscences came back upon him under the influence of the favourite drug.

The loss of Anne was quickly followed by the termination of his Greek-street life. An opening was made almost by accident for reconciliation with his guardians; and he returned home to the Priory till it was time for him to proceed to Oxford.

Of his Oxford life he has left us few memorials. He appears to have resided there from 1803 to 1808; that is, from his eighteenth year to his twenty-third. But of his own obligations to that University he says not one syllable. Whether he read or whether he idled we are left to conjecture. And this is the more singular, because the two favourite pursuits of De Quincey are also the studies most prized in the University of Oxford, namely, elegant scholarship and metaphysics. The modern examination system also was introduced during these years, and we should have been glad to hear what De Quincey thought of the Reform, and what he heard said about it among older men than himself. But his Oxford life is an unwritten chapter of the Autobiography.

It is curious, indeed, that it should be so; his career at Oxford having been, according to the testimony of contemporaries,* highly characteristic of the man, and one which nobody who took the public into his confidence so freely as De Quincey did, need have shrunk from describing. He was admitted a member of Worcester College, and matriculated on the 17th of December, 1803; and his name remained upon the college books for seven years, being removed from them on the 15th December, 1810. During the period of his residence he was generally known as a quiet and studious man. He did not frequent wine parties, though he did not abstain from wine; and he devoted himself

* We are indebted for the following particulars to the kindness of Dr. Cotton, the Provost of Worcester College.

principally to the society of a German named Schwartzburg, who is said to have taught him Hebrew. He was remarkable, even in those days, for his rare conversational powers, and for his extraordinary stock of information upon every subject that was started. There were men, it would appear, among his contemporaries who were capable of appreciating him; and they all agreed that De Quincey was a man of singular genius as well as the most varied talents. His knowledge of Latin and Greek was not confined to those few standard authors with which even good scholars are, or were, accustomed to content themselves. He was master of the ancient literature; of all of it at least which belongs to what is called pure literature. It appears that he brought this knowledge up to Oxford with him; and that his university studies were directed almost wholly to the ancient philosophy, varied by occasional excursions into German literature and metaphysics, which he loved to compare with those of Greece and Rome. His knowledge of all these subjects is said to have been really sound; and there can be no doubt that he was capable of reproducing it in the most brilliant and imposing forms. It was predicted, accordingly, by all who knew him, that he would pass a memorable examination; and so indeed he did, though the issue was a somewhat different one from what his admirers had anticipated. The class-list had lately been instituted; and there seems no reason to doubt that, had De Quincey's mind been rather more regularly trained, he would have taken a first-class as easily as other men take a common degree. But his reading had never been conducted upon that system which the Oxford examinations, essentially and very properly intended for men of average abilities, render almost incumbent upon every candidate for the highest honours. De Quincey seems to have felt that he was deficient in that perfect mastery of the minuter details of logic, ethics, and rhetoric, which the practice of the schools demanded. With the leading principles of the Aristotelian system he was evidently quite intimate. But he apparently distrusted his own fitness to undergo a searching oral examination in these subjects, for which a minute acquaintance with scientific terminology, and with the finest distinctions they involve, is thought to be essential. The event was unfortunate, though so agreeable to De Quincey's character that it might have been foreseen by his associates, as by one of them it really was. The important moment arrived, and De Quincey went through the first day's examination, which was conducted upon paper, and at that time consisted almost exclusively of scholarship, history, and whatever might be comprehended under the title of classical literature. On the evening of that day Mr. Goodenough of Christchurch,

Christchurch, who was one of the examiners, went down to a gentleman, then resident at Worcester College and well acquainted with De Quincey, and said to him, 'You have sent us to-day the cleverest man I ever met with; if his *vivâ voce* examination to-morrow correspond with what he has done in writing, he will carry everything before him.' To this his friend made answer that he feared De Quincey's *vivâ voce* would be comparatively imperfect, even if he presented himself for examination, which he rather doubted. The event justified his answer. That night De Quincey packed up his things and walked away from Oxford; never, as far as we can ascertain, to return to it. Whether this distrust of himself was well founded, or whether it arose from the depression by which his indulgence in opium was invariably followed, we cannot tell. So early even as his Oxford days, De Quincey, we are told, was incapable of steady application without large doses of opium. He had taken a large dose on the morning of his paper work, and the reaction that followed in the evening would, of course, aggravate his apprehensions of the morrow. Be that as it may, he fairly took to his heels, and so lost the chance, which, with every drawback, must have been an extremely good one, of figuring in the same class-list with Sir Robert Peel, who passed his examination in Michaelmas, 1808, which was, no doubt, the era of De Quincey's singular catastrophe.

It appears from De Quincey's own language that he never so much as saw Shelley, who came to Oxford shortly after the event last recorded; and subsequently lived near De Quincey for a while in the Lake country. But the year 1809 was memorable for his introduction to Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey. The most lifelike sketches of these celebrated men with which we are acquainted are to be found in his pages. We have not space for the description of his first meeting with Coleridge, but our readers will thank us for reproducing the following critique of his conversation:—

'Coleridge led me to a drawing-room, rang the bell for refreshments, and omitted no point of a courteous reception. He told me that there would be a very large dinner party on that day, which perhaps might be disagreeable to a perfect stranger; but if not, he would assure me of a most hospitable welcome from the family. I was too anxious to see him under all aspects to think of declining the invitation. That point being settled, Coleridge, like some great river, the Orellana, or the St. Lawrence, that, having been checked and fretted by rocks or thwarting islands, suddenly recovers its volume of waters and its mighty music, swept at once, as if returning to his natural business, into a continuous strain of eloquent dissertation, certainly the most novel,

novel, the most finely illustrated, and traversing the most spacious fields of thought, by transitions the most just and logical that it was possible to conceive. What I mean by saying that his transitions were "just" is by way of contradistinction to that mode of conversation which courts variety through links of *verbal* connexion. Coleridge, to many people, and often I have heard the complaint, seemed to wander; and he seemed then to wander the most, when, in fact, his resistance to the wandering instinct was greatest: viz. when the compass and huge circuit by which his illustrations moved travelled farthest into remote regions before they began to revolve.'

At this time De Quincey had reason to believe that the object of his enthusiastic admiration was uneasy in his domestic relations, and harassed by pecuniary troubles. It was no ordinary man who, out of his small patrimony, deducted 500*l.* for the relief of distressed genius. In this generous action De Quincey was actuated by the purest artistic love of genius and literature. It could scarcely be said that Coleridge was in the ordinary sense of the word an object of charity. Could he have forced himself to work, a plentiful income was before him. But there is no danger that such men will ever find too many sympathisers. It is good that now and then the experiment of De Quincey should be tried, and the only cause for regret is that in this particular case the service appears to have been wasted. Coleridge never recovered a healthy state of either mind or body. And his benefactor is willing to suppose that his donation came too late to undo the effects of previous anxiety, and the indulgences to which it had conduced.

We shall not pause over the characteristic and interesting, but doubtless well-known portraits of the two other Lake poets which conclude the autobiographic sketches. We must hasten to complete that period of his own life which is contained within these and the 'Confessions,' which is apparently all that he desired to lay before the public. Within a year of his leaving Oxford we find him established as Wordsworth's successor in the Grasmere Cottage, of which he continued the tenant for about twenty years. In 1816 he married; and in 1821 he created his first great sensation by the 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.' In 1829 he quitted Grasmere, and resided after that year principally at Glasgow and Edinburgh. The latter part of his life, it would appear, presented no features of special interest. Considering his early habits and infirmities, we may well be surprised at his longevity; for he had exceeded his seventy-fourth year by near four months when he expired at Edinburgh on the 8th of December, 1859.

In speaking of his early infirmities we allude, of course, primarily

marily to his use of opium, but subordinately to that affection of the liver which he thinks stimulated his indulgence in a pleasure originally discovered by accident. It was in 1804, when on a visit to London in vacation time, that he first took opium for the toothache. That he afterwards continued it for the mere pleasure which it afforded him he does not deny; for the sake of having 'his moral affections in a state of cloudless serenity, and high over all the great light of the majestic intellect.' It was not till the year 1817 that he began to take the drug in quantities which produced his dreams, though he acknowledges that for eight out of the previous thirteen years his use of it had amounted to an abuse. At length his nightly visions became so insupportable that he determined to overcome the habit. After a desperate struggle he did at length triumph; but long after the indulgence was renounced the peculiar effects continued.

'One memorial of my former condition nevertheless remains; my dreams are not calm: the dread swell and agitation of the storm have not wholly subsided; the legions that encamped in them are drawing off, but not departed; my sleep is still tumultuous; and like the gates of Paradise to our first parents when looking back from afar, it is still (in the tremendous line of Milton)

"With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms."

Although these particular consequences disappeared, it is probable that De Quincey's mind never wholly recovered from the effects of his eighteen years' indulgence. He himself says, half jocularly, but apparently quite truly, that it is characteristic of the opium-eater never to finish anything. He himself never finished anything, except his sentences, which are models of elaborate workmanship. But many of his essays are literally fragments, while those which are not generally convey the impression of being mere prolegomena to some far greater work of which he had formed the conception only. Throughout his volumes, moreover, we find allusions to writings which have never seen the daylight. And finally, there is 'The Great Unfinished,' the 'De Emendatione Humani Intellectûs,' to which he had at one time devoted the labour of his whole life. It is in fact the one half-melancholy reflection which his career suggests, that a man so capable as he was of exercising a powerful influence for good upon the political and religious thought of the present age, should have comparatively wasted his opportunities, and left us his most precious ideas in the condition of the Sibyl's leaves after they had been scattered by the wind. Hence those who approach him with any serious purpose are only too likely to come away disappointed. It is therefore rather on his style, at once complex and

and harmonious, at once powerful and polished, than on the substance of his works, that his posthumous fame will be dependent. The extraordinary compass and unique beauty of his diction, accommodating itself without an effort to the highest flights of imagination, to the minutest subtleties of reasoning, and to the gayest vagaries of humour, are by themselves indeed a sure pledge of a long if not undying reputation. Yet the profundity of separate remarks, opening to us for the moment entirely new views of the most important subjects, combined with the evident conscientiousness with which his volumes teem, make us still look wistfully at the glittering fragments, and long to ascertain if they cannot be made to yield a theory. Like one who is ascending a lofty eminence thickly clothed with wood, and feels sure from occasional intervals that a glorious prospect lies beneath him, could he only obtain a clear view from some commanding point; so in reading the works of this extraordinary man we are for ever expecting new and splendid results to burst upon us at the end of each discourse, and each time are obliged to content ourselves with the hope that they lie a little further on.

We will endeavour, therefore, to lay briefly before our readers the various fields of thought which De Quincey traverses, satisfied that they cannot follow in his footsteps without gain of some sort, whether in the shape of mere amusement, of valuable suggestions, or familiarity with exact logic. De Quincey has classified his own works under the three heads of amusing, didactic, and imaginative. To us, however, the title chosen by the publisher seems to offer a more convenient division. By separating his writings into 'grave and gay,' we arrive more easily at the prominent characteristics of his mind, at the same time that we shall be able to get an equally clear conception of what he has accomplished in literature. The majority of his serious works may be brought under the three heads of religious, historical, and critical. There are many, however, which reject this classification, and to those we suppose we must assign the title of miscellaneous; and here we may take the opportunity of saying that it is not everything which is included within these fourteen volumes that was worth reprinting. De Quincey, indeed, never wrote nonsense. But his love of mere composition, which must have been very strong in one who composed so variously and so admirably, has led him on many occasions into dissertations of unnecessary length, while the seclusion in which he lived would now and then cause him to attach rather too much importance to his own impressions, reminiscences, and emotions. For these reasons we think the 'Selections' might be made a good deal more select with great advantage to the public and gain to De Quincey's reputation;

putation ; while, if any competent gentleman would undertake the task of rearranging and indexing them, so as to bring closer together all that relates to the same subject, and give us a chance of referring to particular passages without a three days' search, a still further benefit would be conferred upon both author and reader.

Of the essays which we style religious the general tone is that of a moderate High Churchman, but of one, nevertheless, who in any theological controversy would choose to take his own ground. With the evangelical clergyman of the period it was not in his nature to sympathise. Both the doctrines and the manners of that school were repulsive to him. But he seems to have been perfectly indifferent to many points which in the Anglo-Catholic theory are essentials. Episcopacy he upheld because it was practically the best form of Church government for England. Of baptismal regeneration he thought so little that he actually had a dispute with Wordsworth as to whether it was the doctrine of the English Church or not. Nor was he convinced until Dr. Christopher Wordsworth the elder, whom they appointed arbiter, assured him there could be no doubt about the matter. Even then, however, he fidgeted under the burden of the discovery, and prophesied that before long that very question would agitate the Church of England to the centre ; a prediction verified afterwards by the now half-forgotten Mr. Gorham. On the question of inspiration his views were in accordance with the most advanced English Churchmen of the present day. He seems to have thought there was a good deal in Newman's theory of development, not as tending to favour Romanism, but as helping to harmonize Scripture with modern thought. He appears to mean that concurrently with the progress of mankind both in knowledge and civilization will the truths of the Bible become clearer ; and he instances the difference of our own interpretation of Scripture texts upon witchcraft and slavery from that of former generations. If we ever thought that Scripture enjoined us to burn or drown any poor old woman against whom her neighbours had a grudge, or that it sanctioned the sale and purchase of human beings and their consequent treatment like beasts, why may we not be under equal delusion upon certain other points now ? But the successive disappearance of errors before the gradual advance of truth is development ; and De Quincey accordingly believed that more of it was probably in store for us.

In all the cardinal doctrines of Christianity De Quincey was a steadfast believer. His reply to Hume upon miracles, though very short and perhaps very little known, well deserves the attention of

students of divinity. His vindication of Christianity as a peculiar religion, such that it cannot be regarded either simply as one of a series, or co-ordinate with other equally wide-spread religions, is a masterly performance. He calls attention to the fact that in no other religion but Christianity, and those which are connected with it, is morality recognised as religious. The national worship or *cultus* has been in all other instances wholly separated from questions of virtue and vice. In Christianity alone is our duty to our neighbour made *part of* our duty to God. In Judaism this is partially the case; in Mahomedanism less so; but still the influence of a true revelation is to be detected in the one as well as in the other. The originality and subtlety of De Quincey's mind are nowhere more conspicuous than in this essay; and it is worthy of observation that an intellect at once so powerful and so keen as his, and a boldness of inquiry which shrank from no length of investigation, should never have carried its possessor beyond the confines of revelation.

In his historical essays, if equally ingenious, he is perhaps, on the whole, less sound. It is in the region of pure speculation that he is most at home. Those who do not mix much in active life are naturally bad judges of those who do. Our best historians have not been pure students; and in proportion as they approximate to the latter character do they recede from the former. A propensity to extreme opinions and the use of sharply-cut distinctions, which impart a fallacious clearness to his views, are generally characteristic of the closet historian; and such in many respects was De Quincey. There is no doubt a danger upon the other side. Instead of too exclusive a search after principles, we may practically ignore their authority. In our worship of moderation we may lose all reverence for earnestness, enthusiasm, and self-denial. It would be easy to point out examples of either excess without going far back in the list of English historians. But to do so would lead us from our subject; and there is moreover no difficulty whatever in settling the position of De Quincey. Into pure history, however, he has not dipped very deeply. An essay on the Cæsars, another on Cicero, a third on Charlemagne, and a few remarks upon the Stuarts, are all his historical attempts which involve the discussion of opinion. Of historical narratives or sketches he has several, and all of them worthy of his pen. 'The Greek Revolution' and 'Greece under the Romans' are excellent historic pictures; but they are surpassed in eloquence and power by his 'Flight of the Kalmuck Tartars' and his 'Joan of Arc,' the former of which may take its place with the 'Traditions of the Rabbins' and passages of the 'Opium-Eater.'

Eater,' among the very finest efforts of his genius. But in the few passages in which he has given us his estimate of great historical personages and events he is, for reasons already stated, less satisfactory. We are inclined, indeed, to go a long way with him in his judgment upon Julius Cæsar; but we utterly dissent from his unfavourable verdict upon Cicero. We are the more surprised at his opinion of this great man, because in his character of Pompey he shows that he had studied the history of Roman parties with considerable attention, and had penetrated to a truth which had escaped the eyes of Dr. Arnold. Pompey no doubt *did* represent an oligarchical clique which strove to make itself accepted as the legitimate heir of the republicans. Cæsar, on the other hand, would in destroying this clique have done no disservice to the commonwealth. Supposing the contest then to have lain between the democratic despotism of Julius and the spurious aristocracy of his rivals, we believe there was little to choose. So far we travel cheerfully in Mr. De Quincey's company. But there we stop. Had he read Cicero's letters with the attention they deserve, he would have seen, we think, that the statesman had by no means unlimited confidence in the Pompeian party. But there seems reason to believe that he hoped through their agency to keep alive at least the old forms of the Republic, till perhaps at some happier period they might regain their pristine energy. If, on the other hand, they were at once actually suspended, he was precient enough to see that their sleep would be eternal. That these were the considerations which finally drove Cicero to throw in his lot with a party whom he never trusted, is we think evident from his correspondence. But Mr. De Quincey, not proof against that fascination which power seems to exercise over a certain class of literary minds, is subdued by the spell of Cæsar. What Frederick is to Mr. Carlyle, and our own Henry to Mr. Froude, that is the victor of Pharsalia to Thomas De Quincey. The essay on Charlemagne is to be commended for some excellent remarks on the different modes of writing history, and has also a most interesting but somewhat unfair comparison between Charlemagne and the first Napoleon.

Mixed essays, partly historical, partly philosophical, partly critical, are those on Judas Iscariot, the Essenes, and Secret Societies. Our readers are probably well aware of the leading ideas which they contain. The 'falling headlong' of Judas is explained as meaning moral ruin, and the gushing out of his bowels as a broken heart. The Essenes are conjectured to have been disguised Christians, an hypothesis supported with even more than the author's usual ingenuity. And all secret societies are said to be impositions actually, though inspired by a deep-seated and venerable human

instinct ; that, namely, for glorifying the everlasting, for petrifying the fugitive, for arresting the transitory. With this brief notice of what our author has accomplished in the historical and quasi-historical department of letters, we pass on to the larger section of his serious works, namely, his critical and purely literary essays.

The authors about whom he has written most are Milton, Pope, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. Of the first, third, and fourth, he was a devoted admirer and champion. But the second seemed to him the very incarnation of the worst epoch of our literature. And here we are at once brought face to face with one of his most salient characteristics as a critic—dislike of the eighteenth century literature. We know not whether it is by accident or design that the two central figures of its two principal epochs, namely, Pope and Dr. Johnson, are both objects of his displeasure. In the brilliancy of the poet, and the wit and moral worth of the Doctor, he was unable to find any flaw. But he often leads us to suspect that he would have been very glad to catch them without the shelter of these virtues. The century, in fact, represents a particular intellectual phase which is totally foreign to De Quincey. It is neither imaginative on the one hand, nor scientific on the other. It had neither the poetry and fervour of the seventeenth century, nor the deeper philosophy of the nineteenth. The Shakespearian beauty, the Miltonic earnestness, were dead ; the regenerating influence of Wordsworth and Coleridge had not yet arisen. It was an age of a practical and business-like spirit. It had great reverence for ‘scarfs, garters, and gold.’ It was, to a certain extent, sceptical. It had little enthusiasm, but a great deal of steady energy. It made constant appeals to reason, common sense, and evidence ; few or none to passion or to faith. And while it suffered theology to languish, it consolidated the British Constitution, and completed the fabric of the British empire. *Hæ tibi erunt artes.* And there is something about the unrefined vigour of that coarse-grained epoch which wins our own respect, like the perseverance of a strong man conquering all obstacles to fortune. But the sympathy which De Quincey was by nature qualified to feel with these characteristics of the period was arrested on the threshold by others less congenial to his mind. He liked not Pope ‘stooping to the truth,’ nor Johnson refuting Bishop Berkeley with a kick and a stone. Perhaps also he lived too near to the eighteenth century to appreciate its peculiar merits. But appreciate it he did not, and one of the chief victims selected as the anvil of his wrath is the Poet of the Augustan Age. Besides the authors above mentioned, to whom two or three papers apiece have been devoted, including the admirable memoir

memoir of Pope in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' De Quincey has left us an article on Shakespeare, published in the same periodical; a short paper upon Goldsmith; a long one upon Dr. Parr; with critiques, more or less copious, upon all his contemporaries who in any way belonged to the later school. Of Crabbe, Byron, Moore, Scott, Rogers, and Campbell we have no mention. Of classical authors he has treated Sophocles, Herodotus, Plato, and Homer; and under the same head may of course be classed his 'Theory of Greek Tragedy.' Of these, the last, and the papers on Herodotus and Homer, are especially worthy of attention. Scouting altogether the view which classes the Father of History 'as a mere fabling annalist, or even a great scenical historian,' he claims for him Encyclopædic honours, as annalist, geographer, chronologer, and philosopher-general of the world before Marathon. And he points out how thoroughly modern discoveries are testifying to the veracity of his reports, and the justice of his observations, which it has so long been the fashion to discredit. In Homer and the Homeridæ he gives us a most acute and convincing argument in favour of the unity of the Homeric poems. Of foreign literature De Quincey has written upon Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Kant, Richter, Herder, and Schlosser. Of the first he has only reviewed the 'Wilhelm Meister,' but in severely sarcastic terms; of Lessing he has given us a translation of the 'Laocoon,' with notes and preface, containing an ingenious comparison between Dr. Johnson, Lessing, and the second Lord Shaftesbury. The article on Richter consists likewise of a preface and translations; those on Kant and Herder are rather biographical than critical. And Schlosser's Literary History of the Eighteenth Century is reviewed at some length, and with much contemptuous censure. He has also written three essays of a more abstract literary character, namely, on Language, on Style, and on Rhetoric.

Of the other serious writings of De Quincey which fall outside of the above classification, the best known is unquestionably the 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.' But it does not come within our present purpose to say very much of this extraordinary piece of composition; all that it contains of biographical interest we have embodied in the earlier part of this article; of the remainder we cannot say anything that has not been said already. De Quincey's imagination was powerful enough by itself; but stimulated by this intoxicating drug, it soared to astonishing heights of sublimity. Nor was his command of language inadequate to the expression of his thoughts. One passage is remarkable for the eloquence of mysterious awe:—

'Then suddenly would come a dream of far different character—a
tumultuous

tumultuous dream—commencing with a music such as now I often heard in sleep—music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem; and, like *that*, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where—somehow, but I knew not how—by some beings, but I knew not by whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages—was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable, from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams, where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexplicable guilt. “Deeper than ever plummet sounded,” I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause, than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurrys to and fro, trepidations of innumerable fugitives; I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me; and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells; and, with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!’—*Works*, v. 272.

We might, perhaps, find something equal to this in the Sermons of Edward Irving. But of all the authors with whom we are acquainted, we know of none other from whose works we should have any chance of rivalling the splendid sadness of the above. We quote this specimen of ‘The Confessions’ merely to remind our readers of the treasures which they neglect in keeping De Quincey on their shelves. Scattered through these fourteen volumes are other passages scarcely, if at all, inferior to the above; while with beauties only just inferior to them every essay which he penned is rife. Of the other essays which come under this division of our subject, we should especially recommend ‘Casuistry,’ ‘Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected,’ and the ‘Traditions of the Rabbins.’ The first is valuable as an attempt to rescue from popular obloquy a really important science. As the science which treats of the applica-
tion

tion of general principles in the presence of conflicting obligations, it is quite clear that casuistry must have its wholesome as well as its pernicious uses. But it is the extreme difficulty of working it without mischief to ordinary minds, that has probably effected its disgrace, and that operates as a bar to its revival. The 'Letters to a Young Man' constitute an able treatise on the philosophy of education, and are remarkable for containing that fine distinction between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power which he first drew out in one of his articles on Pope. For the sake of such among our readers as may not recollect exactly what it is that we are alluding to, we may explain that by the literature of knowledge is meant books which communicate facts, and survive only while those facts are living, or while the mode of communication is not superseded by another; and that by the literature of power is meant books which live by their own inherent merit. Newton's 'Principia' is taken as a type of the one class, Homer's 'Iliad' of the other; the deduction being that it is only this latter which has any real value in the highest branch of education. The reader may compare with this a somewhat analogous passage in Johnson's 'Life of Milton,' where he verges closely upon enunciating the same principle, and does arrive at the same conclusion, though by a process less subtly critical. *

In conclusion, we have to notice his essays on Political Economy. These are contained in a paper denominated 'Dialogues of Three Templars,' which forms part of the present Selections; and also in a separate volume, entitled the 'Logic of Political Economy.' These essays are commentaries illustrative, confirmatory, and supplementary, of Mr. Ricardo; and we believe we may say that they are universally acknowledged by scientific economists to display a thorough mastery of the subject.

It is in some of these last-mentioned essays that De Quincey especially displays one leading characteristic of his mind, namely, a passion for penetrating to the realities of things. This, as we shall have occasion to show presently, was at the bottom of his political creed. We will here give some specimens of it in relation to literature. The first is a comparison between the Greek and Hebrew languages:—

'It cannot be necessary to say that from that memorable centre of intellectual activity have emanated the great models in art and literature, which, to Christendom, when recasting her mediæval forms, became chiefly operative in controlling her luxuriance, and in other negative services, though not so powerful for positive impulse and inspiration: Greece was, in fact, too ebullient with intellectual activity—an activity too palestric, and purely human—so that the opposite pole

pole of the mind, which points to the mysterious and the spiritual, was, in the agile Greek, too intensely a child of the earth, starved and palsied; whilst in the Hebrew, dull and inert intellectually, but in his spiritual organs awake and sublime, the case was precisely reversed. Yet, after all, the result was immeasurably in favour of the Hebrew. Speaking in the deep sincerities of the solitary and musing heart, which refuses to be duped by the whistling of names, we must say of the Greek that—*laudatur et alget*—he has won the admiration of the human race, he is numbered amongst the chief brilliancies of earth, but on the deeper and more abiding nature of man he has no hold. He will perish when any deluge of calamity overtakes the libraries of our planet, or if any great revolution of thought remoulds them, and will be remembered only as a generation of flowers is remembered; with the same tenderness of feeling, and with the same pathetic sense of a natural predestination to evanescence. Whereas the Hebrew, by introducing himself to the secret places of the human heart, and sitting there as incubator over the awful germs of the spiritualities that connect man with the unseen worlds, has perpetuated himself as a power in the human system: he is co-enduring with man's race, and careless of all revolutions in literature or in the composition of society. The very languages of these two races repeat the same expression of their intellectual differences, and of the differences in their missions. The Hebrew, meagre and sterile as regards the numerical wealth of its ideas, is infinite as regards their power; the Greek, on the other hand, rich as tropic forests, in the polymorphous life, the life of the dividing and distinguishing intellect, is weak only in the supreme region of thought.'—ix. 80.

The second is from the 'Letters to a Young Man,' and expresses, in our opinion, a literary truth as novel as it is important:—

'The Roman mind was great in the presence of man, mean in the presence of nature; impotent to comprehend or to delineate the internal strife of *passion*, but powerful beyond any other national mind to display the energy of the *will* victorious over all passion. Hence it is that the true Roman sublime exists nowhere in such purity as in those works which were *not* composed with a reference to Grecian models. On this account I wholly dissent from the shallow classification which expresses the relations of merit between the writers of the Augustan period and that which followed, under the type of a golden and silver age. As artists, and with reference to composition, no doubt many of the writers of the latter age were rightly so classed; but an inferiority *quoad hoc* argues no uniform and absolute inferiority; and the fact is, that, in weight and grandeur of thought, the silver writers were much superior to the golden. Indeed, this might have been looked for on *à priori* grounds; for the silver writers were more truly Roman writers from two causes: first, because they trusted more to their own native style of thinking, and, looking less anxiously to Grecian archetypes, they wrote more naturally, feelingly, and originally; secondly, because the political circumstances

cumstances of their times were advantageous, and liberated them from the suspicious caution which cramped the natural movements of a Roman mind on the first establishment of the monarchy. Whatever outrages of despotism occurred in the times of the silver writers were sudden, transient, capricious, and personal, in their origin and in their direction: but, in the Augustan age, it was not the temper of Augustus, personally, and certainly not the temper of the writers leading them to any excesses of licentious speculation, which created the danger of bold thinking. The danger was in the times, which were unquiet and revolutionary. The struggle with the republican party was yet too recent; the wounds and cicatrices of the State too green; the existing order of things too immature and critical: the triumphant party still viewed *as a party*, and for that cause still feeling itself a party militant. Augustus had that chronic complaint of a "crick in the neck," of which later princes are said to have an acute attack every 30th of January. Hence a servile and timid tone in the literature. The fiercer republicans could not be safely mentioned. Even Cicero it was not decorous to praise; and Virgil, as perhaps you know, has, by insinuation, contrived to insult his memory in the *Æneid*. But, as the irresponsible power of the emperors grew better secured, their jealousy of republican sentiment abated much of its keenness. And, considering that republican freedom of thought was the very matrix of Roman sublimity, it ought not to surprise us, that as fast as the national mind was lightened from the pressure which weighed upon the natural style of its sentiment, the literature should recoil into a freer movement, with an elasticity proportioned to the intensity and brevity of its depression. Accordingly, in Seneca the philosopher, in Lucan, in Tacitus, even in Pliny the Younger, &c., but especially in the two first, I affirm that there is a loftiness of thought more eminently and characteristically Roman than in any preceding writers: and in *that* view to rank them as writers of a silver age, is worthy only of those who are servile to the commonplaces of unthinking criticism.'—xiv. 66.

We have now come to the conclusion of that section of his writings which is embraced under the title of 'Grave.' It remains to say a few words upon the humorous and witty side of his character. Articles which are almost exclusively humorous are 'The Casuistry of Roman Meals,' 'Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts,' and 'Orthographic Mutineers.' But it is needless to say that almost all his writings, upon whatever topic, are plentifully besprinkled with a comic element. Modern Greece, for instance, and Secret Societies, are full of excellent fun. De Quincey's humour, however, is all his own. We know no writer by likening him to whom we should convey any clearer idea to our readers of what it is really like. It is not sarcastic like Mr. Thackeray's, nor grotesque like Mr. Dickens's, nor sly like Sir Walter Scott's, nor boisterous like Professor Wilson's. De Quincey

Quincey has few long 'reaches' of humour. He delights rather in the middle of some perfectly serious disquisition or sober narrative to surprise you with a sudden piece of extravagance, uttered with perfect gravity, and calculated altogether to elude the notice of many simple-minded people. In speaking of the use of dumb-bells, for instance, as a capital exercise, he alludes to their capability of being turned into weapons of offence, as in the case of the unfortunate William Weare, who was destroyed by this means, for which, says he, the late Mr. Thurtell is to be commended. 'I mean,' he adds, 'for his choice of weapons, for in that he murdered his friend he was to blame.' Speaking of the annoyance which he suffered from the farmers' dogs, when travelling as a pedestrian in Cumberland, he says:—

'Many have been the fierce contests in which we have embarked; for, as to retreating, be it known that there (as in Greece) the murderous savages will pursue you—sometimes far into the high road. That result it was which uniformly brought us back to a sense of our own wrong, and finally of our rights. "Come," we used to say, "this is too much; here at least is the King's highway, and things are come to a pretty pass indeed, if we, who partake of a common nature with the King, and write good Latin, whereas all the world knows what sort of Latin is found among dogs, may not have as good a right to standing-room as a low-bred quadruped with a tail like you." Non usque adeo summis permiscuit ima longa dies, &c.'—xiv. 299.

In criticising Walter Savage Landor for his innovations in spelling, De Quincey supposes that when at school Landor, known to be exceedingly pugnacious, was in the habit of settling all cases of disputed orthography by a stand-up fight with the master:—

'Both parties would have the victory at times; and if, according to Pope's expression, "justice rul'd the ball," the schoolmaster (who is always a villain) would be floored three times out of four; no great matter whether wrong or not upon the immediate point of spelling discussed. It is in this way, viz. from the irregular adjudications upon litigated spelling which must have arisen under such a mode of investigating the matter, that we account for Mr. Landor's being sometimes in the right, but too often (with regard to long words) egregiously in the wrong. As he grew stronger and taller, he would be coming more and more amongst polysyllables, and more and more would be getting the upper hand of the schoolmaster; so that at length he would have it all his own way; one round would decide the turn-up; and thenceforwards his spelling would become frightful.'—xiv. 95.

Of his own initiation into the art he tells us that he made it through the medium of Entick, famous for the outlandish words which he introduced into his dictionary.

'Among •

'Among the strange, grim-looking words, to whose acquaintance I was introduced on that unhappy morning, were *abalienate* and *ablaqueation*—most respectable words, I am fully persuaded, but so exceedingly retired in their habits, that I never once had the honour of meeting either of them in any book, pamphlet, journal, whether in prose or numerous verse, though haunting such society myself all my life.'—xiv. 96.

We might multiply these instances to any extent, and especially out of the article upon Murder. But this is the best known of all De Quincey's works to the general public; and we prefer to take instances with which they are probably less familiar. The above extracts are sufficient to give them the flavour of De Quincey's humour. But inasmuch as its chief merit frequently consists in the mode of its introduction, we could not do full justice to it without quoting entire essays.

Such is a brief outline of De Quincey's contributions to Theology, to History, and to Belles Lettres, and of his other miscellaneous writings. If it has occasionally partaken rather more than we could desire of the nature of a catalogue, it was because we desired that nothing should be wanting to show the extraordinary breadth of his sympathies, and the equally wonderful versatility of his intellectual powers. We trust that these qualities, together with his incisive logic, his rare delicacy of discernment, his imagination, and his humour, have now been made sufficiently apparent to justify us in adding his name to the stars of English literature.

But such being the case, it becomes interesting and important to obtain a whole view of the man, and to put our readers on their guard against his faults, as well as to awaken them to his merits. Now one fault De Quincey had, and we must add to a very considerable extent. That was, a love of paradox; a propensity which has vitiated some of his most valuable literary judgments, and has, we believe, deterred not a few readers from prosecuting their acquaintance with his works. The essay in which this fault is perhaps most conspicuous is that upon Pope; and leaving out of question two out of the three charges which are brought against him, we propose to say a few words upon the third, which is, that Pope was not truly a satirist, and that his moral indignation was affected. The other two charges are both parts of the one great question of Pope's 'correctness,' which we shall not discuss in this place; partly because to do so would exceed our limits; partly because the objection is not peculiar to De Quincey.

Pope then, we are to understand, was no satirist.

'Pope had neither the malice (except in the most fugitive form)
which

which thirsts for leaving wounds, nor, on the other hand, the deep moral indignation which burns in men whom Providence has from time to time armed with scourges for cleansing the sanctuaries of truth or justice. He was contented enough with society as he found it: bad it might be; but it was good enough for *him*; and it was the merest self delusion if at any moment the instinct of glorying in his satiric mission (the *magnificabo apostolatium meum*) persuaded him that in *his* case it might be said—*Facit indignatio versum.*'

Now we did not require to be told that the satire of Pope was not the satire of Juvenal. But, after all, what more does this passage really amount to? Had Mr. De Quincey been prepared with an entirely new definition of satire, which should exclude all writings that were not prompted either by deep malice or deep moral indignation, he would have occupied a fair position. But it is rather too bad to judge Pope by a canon which he knew perfectly well would be fatal to a great number of other writers, without so much as glancing at its legitimate consequences. He has let loose upon us a dictum which drums out of the regiment of satirists some of the best soldiers in its ranks, without so much as a single word to show that he knew what he was doing. For, first and foremost, what becomes of Horace under this new literary law? Where is his deep malice or his deep moral indignation? If the ridicule of folly be not satire, as well as the denunciation of vice, we must, we repeat, have a new definition of the word. We are ready to admit that there is a certain amount of unreality in the 'Imitations of Horace.' But it is questionable if they are a fair criterion. In the Moral Essays all that is satirical seems to us *bonâ fide* satire; such for instance as the characters of Wharton, Addison, and Lord Hervey. Pope's characters of women are, no doubt, pointed with less personal acrimony. Many of them are little more than the prose banter of the 'Spectator' thrown into verse. But the character of Atossa is not only full of moral indignation, but also of deep feeling. Surely, even on De Quincey's own showing, this is satire. Genius, wealth, high position, with the opportunities of doing good which these gifts carry with them, all rendered useless by violent and uncontrolled passions, are a fit theme for satire, if any human frailty can supply one.

Take again the character of Sappho. There is personal malice enough to float a whole college of satirists. But in order to do full justice to Pope on this entire question we must bear steadily in mind the condition of aristocratic society in the reigns of the two first Georges. The Revolution of 1688, with all its benefits, had not been purchased for nothing. The means by which it was accomplished inflicted a severe blow upon the chivalrous,

high-

high-toned sentiment of the seventeenth century. The personal character of the first Hanoverian princes was not calculated to restore it. The end of life was made undisguisedly to consist in obtaining the greatest number of its good things, without regard to the means. Intellectual culture had sunk to the lowest ebb, art was neglected, and literature despised. The want of taste, the want of heart, the want of all which gilds and civilizes self-indulgence and effeminacy, might well have roused to wrath less delicate organisations than Pope's. The evil wore out in time. Before Pope's death a change for the better had, in all probability, commenced. The thirty-years peace, which in England followed the Treaty of Utrecht, had been broken up, and the younger members of the aristocracy called away to manlier pursuits. It required, no doubt, the spectacle of a purer court to work the full change which English society underwent between the first quarter of the eighteenth century and the last. But, nevertheless, the Reformation had begun. The breeze had sprung up, and the plague had begun to pass away, ere the poet was gathered to his fathers. To deny that he in any way contributed to this good result, is to shut our eyes to the plainest phenomena of the period. We know by the bribes that were offered him that his social power was tremendous. We know against what vices he directed that power. And though it is possible that the sunshine of Addison may have conquered more sinners than the cutting blasts of Pope, yet it is not in nature that the latter should have worked no effect. It was no vain boast that was contained in these beautiful lines—

‘Yes, I *am* proud : I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God afraid of me.’

A companion paradox to the assertion that Pope was no satirist is the equally bold statement that Junius was no rhetorician. Here again we are thrown back upon the inquiry, what is Rhetoric? Nor can we find in the essay in which this opinion is broached any satisfactory answer to it. Rhetoric has many instruments which are seldom all at the command of the same author. That Junius did not employ those which are most in favour with De Quincey, is quite possible. But in the majority of those which are specified by Aristotle he was not only a proficient himself, but the cause of proficiency in others. De Quincey was at liberty to give the world a new definition of Rhetoric, if he chose, which should shut its gates against the Letters of Junius, as he was at liberty to frame a new definition of Satire to

to exclude the *Essays of Pope*. But he has left them open; and while the laws of Aristotle are accepted in the one case, and the example of Horace in the other, it will be difficult to prevent our countryman from entering in.

We will not say whether the next and last point that we mean to notice separately can be properly described as a paradox. But we introduce it partly for the sake of its own intrinsic interest—partly because we cannot help more than half suspecting that De Quincey has in this case been guilty of something very like plagiarism. The point we are about to call attention to is an assertion of the similarity between Wordsworth and Euripides, as reformers of the public taste of their respective epochs. Now, we observe in De Quincey's article on Lessing an allusion to Lord Shaftesbury's writings on Taste; and upon turning to his Lordship's works, though not in the same treatise as that mentioned by De Quincey, we find the revival of simplicity in Athens attributed to Euripides and Demosthenes. Whatever, in the mean time, be De Quincey's obligation to Lord Shaftesbury, we believe that the opinion itself is of very doubtful validity. 'The common characteristic of the two poets,' says De Quincey, 'was that each strove to restore the poetic diction of his own age to the language of common life.' This is just one of that numerous class of generalisations which we admire and distrust at the same time. We admire it for the discovery of a particular coincidence hitherto unsuspected: we distrust it for the general error of which it is apparently the symptom. Both Wordsworth and Euripides rejected much of that professional, or as it were royal diction, which custom had consecrated to the use of poets. But they did not reject it in favour of the same substitute, nor instigated by the same motive. The one aimed at simplicity, the other at popularity; the one protested against the public taste, the other set it up as a standard. Both imitated the language of real life; but in England the language of real life was also the language of nature, while in Athens the language of real life had, if we may credit Aristophanes, become tainted with the jargon of the law courts. It was for pandering to this pernicious taste of his countrymen, for introducing into tragedy the argumentative displays of the dicasteria, that Aristophanes rebukes him: and we can hardly suppose he would have selected these points for attack had they not been to a great extent the causes of the popularity of Euripides. And here, indeed, the fanciful in such matters might draw a closer parallel between him and Wordsworth than is afforded by their verbal innovations only. Euripides, the object of fierce hostility to the Tory Aristophanes, reminds

us very strongly of the position of Wordsworth in relation to some of his critics. Both commenced their innovations at a period when the political passions of their respective countries were in a state of violent excitement. Departures of the most trifling character from established custom were received as evidences of a revolutionary habit of mind, to which Wordsworth's early political opinions, and the connexion of Euripides with the Sophists and his ambiguous tone regarding the national religion, lent additional colour. Aristophanes accordingly attacks the obnoxious tragedian in the very tone of a witty Church and State reviewer, who hated both his literary and political principles with equal violence. From this point of view, indeed, the parallel is curiously close.

It will be readily understood from all that has gone before that in what are commonly called practical matters De Quincey is not invariably a safe guide. His logic cuts like a razor; his imagination glows like a furnace. But just for this very reason he is an uncertain judge of those prosaic situations and unlogical arguments in and by which so much of the world's business is conducted. To have stood a contested election, or taken part in a parish vestry, would have greatly improved his judgment. And yet he himself saw clearly enough the danger to which we are exposed by ignoring the circumstances under which any given principle may be forced to evolve itself. He perceived this truth, but he did not always act upon it. His mind, in fact, whether by nature or by opium, was traversed by a vein of effeminacy which shrank from the real effort of compromise. We may observe this peculiarity in his disposition to extol Julius Cæsar at the expense of Cicero.

In De Quincey's views of English politics we observe the same want of practical sobriety. He goes much further, for instance, in his admiration of the Puritans than the facts of the case at all warrant. The Long Parliament is with him 'that noble Parliament.' From Wordsworth and Coleridge he had learned to depreciate Mr. Pitt. The French war of '93 he considered inexcusable. In all this we see the mind careless of detail, and satisfied with the contemplation of one or two salient points. But throughout the whole of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, if we except the period which intervened between the death of Queen Anne and the battle of Culloden, there was as much to captivate the imagination upon the one side in politics as the other; and De Quincey had sufficient fairness to see that Whigs and Tories did during all that time represent the two halves of one great truth, and were not opposed to each other as truth and falsehood, as Whig writers and speakers delight to represent them.

them. But his mind, which was prematurely virile, first began to think and question during the fever of the French Revolution. The first great mind to the influence of which he was subjected was Coleridge's. All conspired to imbue him with a dislike of the old forms and pedantic conservatism of the eighteenth century. He liked neither its Parr, nor its Paley, nor its Pitt, nor its Johnson, nor anything that belonged to it. But he sympathised as little with French Jacobinism as afterwards with French Imperialism. He was in fact a Tory from the spiritual and ideal side of Toryism; and during the rude material struggle of those early years this aspect of the creed was necessarily much out of sight. Latterly, however, and immediately after the Reform Bill, he became a Tory of the strictest sect. But this was rather because he revolted from the unimaginative and utilitarian character of Radicalism than because he approved the whole practical policy of the Tories. He was in many respects a 'Liberal' in the truest sense of the word. He was ready to challenge all comers, to investigate all problems, to hold every truth up to the light. But his well-trained intellect rested firmly on that deep and broad theory of politics which has its foundation in the ancient philosophy. That one thing is set over against another; that the universe is one vast fabric of graduated being rising tier above tier to the Deity; that each separate class is in itself a miniature of the whole; that each has a proper principle, according to which its own separate parts are adjusted to each other; and that each may be thrown into confusion if it attempt to move (progress) in disregard of this principle; these were the *ἀρχαί*, or starting-points, which formed the basis of De Quincey's creed. The fact that modern Radicalism was characterised by an avowed contempt of this principle or *ιδέα*, which underlay the organism of any given society, was sufficient to make De Quincey a Tory. The systematic preference of the *γνωριμώτερον ἡμῶν* to the *φύσει γνωριμώτερον*; the assertion that every particular, immediate, and sensible anomaly, or inconsistency, was all that concerned us; and that any anxiety to harmonize the correction of local disorders with the operation of a higher law was unworthy of a man of sense: these were the vulgarisms which drew an impassable line of demarcation between himself and the modern school of Reformers. These men, according to De Quincey's theory, approach every subject at the wrong end. Instead of examining the *ιδέα*, law, or final cause, of any institution, and trying to ascertain whether *that* has been worked out, and the institution is consequently effete, they fasten their gaze solely upon some ephemeral or aberratic development in some particular direction, which they lay

lay down as a test of obsolescence. In practical politics we see daily illustrations of this spirit. The small boroughs, for instance, are what is called 'a practical anomaly.' The representation of various interests is a principle of the Constitution. Do the Radical Reformers show the slightest inclination to respect the principle while devising remedies for the anomaly? On the contrary, men tell us openly that no practical anomaly can any longer be defended in England by reference to a *mere* principle; and they openly brag of their empiricism. The inequalities of income in the Church are perhaps another practical anomaly. But the existence of a territorial hierarchy represents another great principle, which has the possibility of this anomaly wrapped up in it. Are we to remove the anomaly at the risk of destroying the principle?—to cut off an excrescence that disfigures us at the risk of bleeding to death? Yes, certainly, say the Radicals. One great reason of this fatal tendency in modern times is doubtless this: that to grasp and appreciate principles of this description is a process of the intellect, and can only be achieved by minds of some logical discipline; whereas it is open to the meanest capacity to see the particular disproportion of numbers to representatives in the one case, and of income to work in the other. To reach the higher law requires, in the first place, some intellectual tension; and in the second place a belief in such laws. De Quincey, whose long study of metaphysics made him well acquainted both with the Platonic 'ideas' and the Baconian 'laws,' so admirably harmonized by Coleridge, seems also to have had faith in the Platonic theory of knowledge, which consisted in the apprehension of these ideas. Coleridge's political writings have constant reference to Platonism. His views on 'Church and State' are everywhere coloured by this philosophy. After giving us his *idée* of the State as a body representing three principles, *i.e.* the principle of permanence (the landed aristocracy), the principle of progress (commerce), and the principle of intelligence (the learned professions), he also gives us his *idée* of the Church as it exists at present, which starts from the highest *a priori* standing ground. His great objection to Roman Catholic Emancipation is that it may some day lead to the recognition of Irish Romanism as the Irish Church: a clear deviation from the *idée* of the Catholic Church. And this is precisely the view of the most orthodox, learned, and enlightened Anglicans. Whereas your chance neighbour in an omnibus or at a dinner party can only look at the coarse argument of numbers, and think that the present Irish Church must be the intruder, and not the disciples of the Church of Rome. Coleridge and the High

Churchmen deduce their conclusion from the pre-existent idea of a universal Church. Our friend in question gathers his from a posterior fact by which his own mental vision is bounded. So again, in the much-vexed controversy of Charles the First and his Parliament, both Coleridge and De Quincey took the side of the latter. But why? Not that they thought Charles was deliberately violating the laws as they existed in his reign, but because he was deviating from the 'idea' of the British Constitution.

To the ordinary arguments, whether of Conservatism or Whiggery, neither Coleridge nor De Quincey attached much weight. 'Vested interests,' 'the bursting of the floodgates,' and such like, were in their eyes phrases to scare children. The strenuous exercise of the pure reason landed them in a certain political theory. How it was to be carried out or defended was the business of statesmen to inquire. Certain eternal principles of human society they believed to be deducible from the constitution of nature. These pre-existent ideas are only understood by the more educated and thoughtful few. They can never be practically carried out in a state of abstract perfection. But we are to keep our eyes fixed upon this ideal: this should be the fountain from which we draw the conception of all legislative improvements; and if we attempt to remedy particular and casual evils, in neglect of this standard, it is more than probable that our medicines will turn out poisons, and the result death.

Underneath all these views lay the profound conviction that in Government and society there is 'something more than meets the eye.' The vulgar abuse of institutions was, in De Quincey's judgment, very like Johnson's refutation of Berkeley. The real verities which lie at the back of, and are often obscured by, phenomena, are neither understood nor respected by the Radical. He is a slave to the senses, and his powers of reasoning are limited in proportion. He is, in fact, the savage of civilization, to whom the venerable decencies of the social fabric are troublesome fetters, and the grand truths of political philosophy unintelligible jargon.

Such, as near as we can conjecture, was the political creed of Thomas De Quincey. It is not stated in his writings in so many words; but it exhales from them. He forms one of a very small class who bring to the consideration of material questions the habit of subtle thought which is acquired in the schools. The practical efficiency of such a creed is probably slight; but its value as adding dignity to a contest which is ever too apt to sink down into a scramble for ephemeral advantages cannot be exaggerated.

gerated. To the petty incidents of party warfare and the ignoble tactics of selfish ambition it imparts all the interest of that mightier conflict which has been waging since the world began: the conflict between truth and falsehood; between the empiric and the philosopher. It is well that we should be sometimes led to meditate on the transcendental side of all politics. The tendency of the present age is to lead us in the opposite direction. There can be no fear that what men call 'scholastic subtleties' should ever regain an undue ascendancy over our minds. That we should become gradually disabled from rising to general views, and cease to attach much importance to principles, is a far less improbable contingency. Against such dangers as these we find our best antidote in such writers as De Quincey. His inability to judge practical questions; his erroneous estimates of particular men and particular events; are no drawback to his value as a searcher after abstract truth. And to all who in these modern days do still feel a yearning after some spiritual and idealistic confirmation of hereditary beliefs; who would fain have some deeper foundation for their attachment to ancient institutions than either a dumb tradition or the slight excess of all but evenly-balanced evidence, we can most heartily commend the entire works of this author. Though they do not give him what he seeks in express terms, they will teach him where to find it for himself.

A great master of English composition; a critic of uncommon delicacy; an honest and unflinching investigator of received opinions; a philosophic inquirer, second only to his first and sole hero: De Quincey has departed from us full of years, and left no successor to his rank. The exquisite finish of his style, with the scholastic rigour of his logic, form a combination which centuries may never reproduce, but which every generation should study as one of the marvels of English literature.

ART. II.—1. *Les Moines d'Occident depuis Saint Benoît jusqu'à Saint Bernard.* Par le Comte de Montalembert, l'un des Quarante de l'Académie Française. Tt. i.-ii. Paris, 1860.

2. *The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard.* Authorized Translation. Vols. i.-ii. Edinburgh and London, 1861.

IT is somewhat more than a quarter of a century since M. de Montalembert, in the fervour of youthful enthusiasm, produced his 'Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary'—the prototype of a host of romantico-religious biographies which have appeared in

France, and which have their parallels among ourselves in such productions as the 'Lives of the English Saints,' edited by Dr. Newman, and the 'Life of St. Thomas Becket,' by Mr. Morris, 'Canon of Northampton.' The work now before us was begun soon after the publication of the 'Life of St. Elizabeth;' but the prosecution of it was interrupted by the author's entrance on that political career in which his eloquence made him one of the most conspicuous members of Louis Philippe's parliament, and in which, while there was not a little that might be regarded as indiscreet, extravagant, or grievously mistaken, no one could have failed to discern throughout a high and honourable mind, sincere conviction, undaunted courage, and disinterested zeal. The composition was resumed, he tells us, in consequence of some words spoken in honour of the monastic orders by Pius IX. amidst the enthusiasm which followed on his election, when the author seems to have dreamed that a new reign of the Roman Church, and of liberty through the Roman Church, was inaugurated; and it is now dedicated to the same Pope at a time when all around him is gloomy—when, after years of reactionary policy, after having been long obliged to rely on foreign arms for protection from the people of his own city, he finds himself stripped of the greater part of his territory, and helplessly at the mercy of princes who style themselves his children, and while, unlike the terrible Gregories and Innocents of older days, he does not venture to launch against them anything more awful than feeble and querulous protestations. But, sadly changed as is the Pope's condition, Count Montalembert's consistent devotion to him is something more than the mere show of constancy to a name: if there was a common cause between the author and his patron in 1847, there was also in 1860 a special ground of community in the feeling with which each must regard the man to whom M. de Montalembert is compelled to look as his despotic sovereign, and the Pope as his dangerous protector.

M. de Montalembert had at first intended to write only a life of St. Bernard; but the undertaking has grown in his hands. As Bernard's career in the twelfth century would not have been possible but for the labours of Gregory VII. in the eleventh, a life of Gregory seemed to be necessary as the prelude to the life of Bernard. But the seventh Gregory (or Hildebrand) had only carried out a work which was begun five centuries earlier by St. Gregory the Great; and Gregory the Great, in his monasticism, was a follower of St. Benedict of Nursia: nay, Benedict himself, the great monastic legislator of the West, did not appear until monachism had for nearly three centuries existed in the East; so that the story must go back to Gregory the Great, to Benedict, and,

and, far beyond, to Antony and Paul, the hermits of the Egyptian desert.* We confess that we cannot quite follow this reasoning. No doubt a biographer of St. Bernard ought to be acquainted with the earlier history of monachism, and with very much more of earlier history; and we are far from complaining that, through M. de Montalembert's idea of his duty as a biographer, we may reckon on much pleasant reading in addition to what a mere life of St. Bernard might have seemed to promise. But it is a somewhat alarming doctrine that the biography of a man eminent in any way must include lives of all his eminent predecessors in the same line; that the biographer of Napoleon the First, for example, must hold himself bound to begin with Nimrod and Sesostris; the biographer of George Stephenson with Tubal-Cain; and the biographer of Gifford or Jeffrey with the patriarch Photius, of Constantinople, who is, we believe, the earliest of known reviewers.

M. de Montalembert has undoubtedly read his authorities well, although his pages do not give us the idea of any very excessive labour, and although his protestations as to the amount of time and pains bestowed on things which make little show† are only such as might be made by every man who has been engaged in any sort of literary inquiry. In the work of a Frenchman, we take the quotation of Greek writers through Latin translations as a matter of course,‡ and, if M. de Montalembert sometimes quotes a secondary authority in a matter for which such an authority is really sufficient, we honour him for his superiority to that pedantry of small critics which will never allow a writer to cite anything less imposing than the most recondite volumes in the British Museum or the Bibliothèque Impériale.§

The book may be best described as a popular account of the subject, although executed with a love and a labour which

* *Introd.* pp. iii.-iv.

† *Ibid.*, p. cclxxvi.

‡ There is another French peculiarity in quotation,—that of culling out such words of the original authorities as are supposed to be important or characteristic, and stringing them together incoherently in the notes. As an example the following note from vol. ii. p. 311 may serve:—*‘Sæculari pompa se comitante . . . Fanum quod a Francis colebatur . . . diabolico machinamento . . . Franci et universa multitudo cum gladiis et fustibus . . . Regina . . . equam quem sedebat inantea non movit.’* This is, as we have said, the usual style of French quotation, and we do not specially blame M. de Montalembert for following the custom of his countrymen. But it certainly seems intended to combine superfluity with deficiency, and to be as utterly useless as possible.

§ The true view of this matter is, we think, given by Mr. Hallam:—*‘The utility, for the most part, of perusing original and contemporary authors, consists less in ascertaining mere facts than in acquiring that insight into the spirit and temper of their times, which it is utterly impracticable for any compiler to impart.’—Middle Ages*, i. 219, ed. 1841.

are beyond the mere literary workman. And as such we gladly welcome it. If (in so far as we may judge of it by the present specimen) it contain little that is new to the student who has a moderate acquaintance with Church history, it presents old facts with freshness and life, and it will be useful by reaching many who do not profess to be students of Church history. Nor do we think that there is any serious cause of apprehension lest the author's views as a Romanist should do harm to members of our own communion; for those must be very ill instructed members of the English Church who can be misled by M. de Montalembert's Roman peculiarities or even by the eloquence with which they are enforced. He has, indeed, learnt something since the publication of his first work,—perhaps more than he suspects or would allow. There is nothing here like the tone in which he affected five-and-twenty years ago to speak of 'La chère Ste. Elisabeth;' and legends such as he then related with an appearance of simple credence worthy of a 'Canon of Northampton' are here often treated in a style which reminds us of Paulus or Strauss. M. de Montalembert has found out the falsity of some ideals which once enjoyed all his reverence, and he has discovered that there may be good where in his earlier days he did not imagine that it could be found.

The new work opens with an Introduction, which occupies about half of the first volume. This is perhaps the most interesting portion of the whole, as being that in which we see most of the author's mind; but, as it appears to have been written later than the body of the book, and for the most part treats of later matters, we shall follow the order of production and of subject rather than that of arrangement.

Passing over the Introduction, therefore, we find that the First Book opens with a sketch of 'the Roman Empire after the Peace of the Church;' and a very dark sketch it is. M. de Montalembert tells us that, when Constantine made Christianity the religion of the empire, the corruption of Roman life was advanced beyond all possibility of cure; that it continued to advance, notwithstanding all the checks which the new faith could oppose to its progress; and that, in short, the Gospel must be considered to have failed in the empire. Some part of this appears to us very questionable. That the Christianity of the empire suffered grievously from the infection of Roman morals, there can be no question; and, of course, when Christianity was professed, the same evils were far more scandalous than they had been under heathenism. But if the general corruption was worse after the time of Constantine than before, M. de Montalembert has at least given no proof that it was. We cannot, however, go far in the book

book without discovering a reason why, if things were not really worse, they ought, in our author's opinion, to have been so; for M. de Montalembert has in a very high degree that characteristic which Arnold, in speaking of Mitford, called 'an acute feeling of his own times.' This shows itself not only in the Introduction (where it might be expected as a thing of course), but throughout the narrative chapters also there is a continual 'war of allusions'—the only kind of war which was possible for a French oppositionist in the beginning of 1860, whatever may be the effect of the changes announced in the name of the Emperor Napoleon towards the end of that year. We need not remind our readers how steadily this war has been carried on through all possible channels—academic discourses, allegorical histories and essays, and the like—with an ingenuity which was intended to leave the authorities whom it assailed no other alternative than that of choosing between silence and censure, as the least dangerous way of admitting that the parallels of history were against them. And thus we find, before reading many pages, that this is not only a history of Western Monachism, but a covert attack on the monarchy of the 2nd of December. Imperialism, according to M. de Montalembert, has been the great curse of the world. It was, above all other evil influences, the influence of the emperors that marred the Christianity of Rome. It was the imperialism of Constantinople, and the connexion of the Church with the Byzantine state, that ruined the Christianity of the East. And Rome and the East are made to serve as types of modern France. There is, for example, no mistaking the inner meaning of such passages as the following:—

'The senate, excluded from all political action since the time of Diocletian, subsists only as a sort of great municipal council, whose business it is to dishonour in history the name and the title of the most august assembly that ever governed men. Nothing ever equalled the abjectness of these Romans of the Empire. . . . With their ancient liberty, all virtue, all manliness have disappeared; there remains nothing but a society of functionaries, without vigour, without honour, and without rights. Without rights, I say, for in all the imperial world no one possessed even the shadow of a real and a sacred right. This I boldly affirm, in opposition to all the learned panegyrists of that government; for the Roman empire, the type and cradle of all modern slaveries, has found numerous apologists and admirers in our days, when people are glad to feel the necessity of justifying the present by theories borrowed from the past.'—i. 22-3.

And if the history of the monks engaged our author's attention under Louis Philippe, the following note may show that it has since acquired a fresh charm for him:—

'At the most degraded period of the literature of our century—under the First Empire—it is delightful to find these words in a letter of the honest and courageous Ducis—"My dear friend, I am reading the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert."—i. 57.

The same book which served under the First Napoleon to console Ducis, by carrying his thoughts to a world different from that of his own time, has since served the same purpose for M. de Montalembert. But to resume our analysis.

The evils of Roman society, says our author, were too strong for all the brilliant genius and all the indefatigable labours of the great men who adorned the Church in the centuries which followed the conversion of Constantine: had it been otherwise, they could only have succeeded in turning it into a sort of Christian China (i. 28). Without pretending to understand this, we should think that, as the great men in question rose above the Chinese influences (whatever these may have been) of the ages in which they lived, they would, if they had succeeded in influencing their contemporaries, have raised them, too, above the danger of becoming Christian Chinamen. But, continues M. de Montalembert, Providence made choice of another way. The hopelessly corrupt Roman society was overwhelmed by the barbarians, who brought with them an energy such as had long died out among the Romans, and along with it new ideas of liberty and of honour. But unhappily the barbarians themselves became tainted by the corruption of Roman life; and, in order to the restoration of the world, another new influence was needed—the influence of the monks (i. 35).

M. de Montalembert does not consider the idea of religious seclusion as peculiar to Christianity; he sees it in the Buddhist system, where he supposes it to have existed long before the Christian era; he sees it in Pythagoras and in Plato, in the Old Testament prophets from Samuel downwards, and especially in Elijah and St. John the Baptist; and, as to Christian times, he tells us that 'the highest authorities agree in acknowledging that it was born with the Church, and has never ceased to co-exist with it' (i. 41-6). If we ask who these highest authorities are, we are answered by quotations from St. Chrysostom,* St. Jerome, and St. Bernard, from Cassian's Collations, and from a council held at Thionville in 844, which declares that 'the sacred order of monks was inspired by God, and was founded

* We are not sure that (as M. de Montalembert assumes) St. Chrysostom, in contrasting the practical effects of the 'philosophy, which was introduced among mankind by Christ,' with those of the heathen philosophy (ad Pop. Antioch., xvii., t. ii., p. 173 E., ed. Montf.), means to speak of the Christian philosophy (i. e. monachism) as having existed from the very beginning of the Gospel.

by the Apostles themselves' (i. 46-7). We must say, however, that it would have been more satisfactory to us if authorities of a more critical and more impartial character had been cited; and we certainly think that M. de Montalembert would have shown a wise discretion by avoiding any attempt at Scriptural proof of his opinion, if he had nothing more cogent of this kind to produce than the only two texts which he has quoted—our Lord's speech to the rich young man (*Luke* xviii. 22), and His assurance that all who shall renounce worldly blessings for His sake shall in this world 'receive an hundredfold, with persecutions' (*Mark* x. 29, 30).

But, leaving these things to count for what they are worth, let us go on to the sketches of 'The Monastic Precursors of the East.' Here we find the well-known stories of Antony and other Egyptian recluses agreeably told, and extracts of considerable length from the 'Lives of Fathers,' published by Rosweyd. On this work (which, as we have seen, was read by Ducis as a relief from the troubles of the First Napoleon's reign) M. de Montalembert pronounces an enthusiastic eulogium:—

'What man could be ignorant enough and unhappy enough not to have devoured these tales of the heroic age of monachism? Who is there that has not breathed with love the perfume of these flowers of solitude? Who has not contemplated, if not with the eyes of faith, at least with the admiration which an incontestable greatness of soul inspires, the struggles of these athletes of penitence? It is impossible to tear ourselves from these narratives. Everything is to be found in them—variety, pathos, the sublimity and the epic simplicity of a race of men artless as children and strong as giants.'—i. 57.

For ourselves, we must avow that, as we read the book with different prepossessions from M. de Montalembert, so the impression which it made on us was different from that which is thus eloquently expressed. As to the question, in how far the stories which it contains are true, M. de Montalembert does not speak, and very possibly he may doubt or disbelieve much of what is more extraordinary in them. For our present purpose, however, the most important question is not that of their truth, but the value of the ideal which is embodied in them. And on this point M. de Montalembert must be prepared to find in his Protestant readers an irreconcilable difference from his opinion. When, for example, he tells us with admiration that St. Macarius of Alexandria, having received a bunch of grapes, and feeling a strong desire to eat them, handed it to one of his brethren; that this brother, with a like control over a like appetite for the tempting fruit, passed it on to another; and that thus it made the round of the whole

whole monastic party, until it returned to Macarius himself, who thereupon threw it away (i. 66),—he must allow us to think that such heroism as this is a triumph of fantastical affectation over that truer piety which sees God's goodness in His earthly gifts to man. Nor must he expect us to admire the same Macarius, because, in order 'to subdue the rebellion of his flesh,' he exposed his naked body for six months in a morass, where the gnats were as large as wasps, and could sting through the hide of a wild boar (i. 66). Perhaps, indeed, M. de Montalembert, in choosing between the version of this story which we have quoted from him, and another in which the motive of the penance is said to have been remorse for having killed a gnat,* may have been influenced by a wish to avoid reminding his readers of a later and better-known professor of extraordinary sanctity, who penitently accused himself,—

‘D'avoir pris une puce en faisant sa prière,
Et de l'avoir tuée avec trop de colère.’

M. de Montalembert expresses great admiration on account of the number of the Egyptian monks.

‘Nothing, in the marvellous history of these solitaries, is more incredible than their number. But the most imposing authorities agree in affirming it. It was a sort of emigration from cities to the desert, from civilisation to simplicity, from noise to silence, from corruption to innocence. When once the current was established, swarms of men, of women, of children, throw themselves headlong into it, and flow along during a century with irresistible force. Let us quote some figures. Pachomius, who died at fifty-six, reckons 3000 monks under his rule; his monasteries of Tabenna soon contained 7000; and St. Jerome affirms that at the annual meeting of the congregation of monasteries which followed his rule, as many as 50,000 monks were to be seen. . . . It is even asserted that in Egypt the number of monks in the desert was equal to that of inhabitants in the towns. Nay, the towns themselves were, as it were, inundated with them, since in 356 a traveller found in the town of Oxyrynchus alone 10,000 monks and 20,000 consecrated virgins.’—i. 68-9.

There are, as we shall again have occasion to observe, questions of political economy as to the expediency of allowing such enormous numbers of men and women to withdraw themselves

* See Migne's 'Patrologia,' lxxiii. 1113; lxxiv. 270-1. In common with M. de Montalembert (Introd. cclxxix.) we are glad to express our gratitude to the Abbé Migne for having in this series made the Christian writers of the first twelve centuries accessible at a wonderfully cheap rate; but we must express the regret, which every one acquainted with the work must feel, on account of its frequent inaccuracy in printing. We have lately been informed that M. Migne, having already carried his Latin series as far as Innocent III., and his Greek series as far as Photius, intends to continue the Greek 'Patrologia' to the Council of Florence, and the Latin to the Council of Trent.

from the duties of active life and society. But, without now entering into these questions, we may remark that the statements which we have quoted suggest the inquiry whether such multitudes can really have been what the monastic profession supposed them to be? whether they did not, for the most part, follow the fashion of their times, rather than any prompting of their own spiritual desires? whether it is to be believed that so many myriads could have quitted the pleasures of the most corrupt society to follow in sincerity a life of rigid mortification and devotion? And on the other side there is plentiful evidence that the great mass of monks were not the saintly innocents that we are required to suppose. They appear ready for all manner of violence; their conduct in times of controversial excitement (even where they were on the orthodox side) is that of a fanatical and ruffianly mob;* they disgust the heathen, not (as M. de Montalembert represents) by their piety, but (as is clear from well-known passages of Eunapius, Libanius, and Zosimus)† by their grossness and brutality, their greed, their assumption, their turbulence. The conduct of the Asiatic monks towards the great and good Chrysostom, whom they endeavoured to waylay as he was proceeding to the place of his exile, may be mentioned as one specimen of the monastic unruliness. In short, whatever of mischief might be expected from the mistaken principle of their foundation, the expectation is amply borne out by the actual records of monastic life.

Over some of the more extravagant developments of the monkish spirit—such as the life of the solitaries who spent their days on the top of lofty pillars, or that of the ‘grazers’ who went on all fours and browsed on the grass of the field—M. de Montalembert passes with as few words as possible (i. 97); for it is pretty clear that his own judgment of them differs from that of the writers who admiringly recorded their fanaticism. Indeed, Eastern monkery very soon loses its attraction for him, and he tells us that ‘after an age of incomparable virtue and fecundity, after having presented to the religious life of all ages not only immortal models, but also a sort of ideal which is almost unattainable, the monastic order allowed itself to be mastered, throughout the Byzantine Empire, by the enfeeblement and the barrenness of which Eastern Christianity has been the victim’ (i. 132). Under the influence of the imperial power (that bane of all goodness!), the Eastern monks are described as having sunk into stagnation, which for fifteen centuries has become

* See t. i. pp. 112-3.

† These are collected by Gieseler, I. ii. 28, 232.

only more and more complete and hopeless. We cannot say that this view of the matter altogether agrees with our own recollections of history: for example, throughout the controversy as to images, which lasted to the middle of the *ninth* century, the monks of Constantinople were furious opponents of the iconoclastic emperors, and many of them endured tortures, banishment, and death on behalf of the cause which M. de Montalembert would approve. And if, as our author holds, imperialism was the ruin of Eastern monkery, surely there must be a deplorable want of vigour in a system of religion which, while it professed a peculiar superiority to earthly things, could be ruined by such altogether earthly means.

But from the decay of Eastern monachism we now come to the proper subject of the book—the Monks of the West. M. de Montalembert strongly holds the doctrine that—

‘Westward the course of empire takes its way.’

‘It has been with religion as with the glory of arms, and with the splendour of literature. According to a mysterious but indisputable law, it is always from east to west that progress, light, and power have proceeded. Like the light of day, they are born in the east, but it is to arise and to shine more and more in proportion as they advance towards the west.’—i. 134.

And perhaps (although we are not explicitly told so) he may expect that the great future which he believes to be in store for monkery is to be realised beyond the Atlantic. :

The introduction of monachism at Rome is due to St. Athanasius, who, in one of his many exiles from his see, arrived there with a train of Egyptian monks. The appearance and manners of his companions excited a great sensation, and within a few years monachism became fashionable in the capital of the world. Many men of high birth and great wealth, without secluding themselves in cloisters, adopted the monastic severity of life (i. 146), while among the patrician ladies it found many enthusiastic votaries and countless admirers.*

Among the promoters of monachism at Rome, the most

* M. de Montalembert appears to antedate the use of the term *religio* as exclusively applied to monachism, by referring it to the middle of the *fourth* century (i. 142). This seems, indeed, to be its sense in the words which he quotes from Eucherius: ‘Unus in religionis, alius in sacerdotii nomen ascendit’ (ad Valerian. ap. Migne, l. 719). But Eucherius was of later date, as he died in 450; and in Salvian, who survived him, the name of *religiosi* includes not only monks, but clergy and all others who professed an especial strictness of life. (See Baluze’s notes on Salvian, ib. liii., 31, 86, 209.) The Council of Epaone, in 517, uses *religio* as equivalent to *professio continentiae*, requiring it as a condition of ordination (Hefele, ‘Conciliengeschichte,’ ii. 666); and the Second Council of Lyons, in 566 (Can. 2), includes the clergy as well as the monks among ‘*religiosi*.’

eminent and the most active was St. Jerome, 'that lion of Christian polemics; a lion at once inflamed and subdued—inflamed by zeal, and subdued by penitence' (i. 158). To this celebrated man our author pays the tribute of respect which is justly deserved by his abilities, his learning, and his labours in the cause of religion, while he does not affect to be blind to the fact that there was much of a less admirable kind in him. But perhaps it may be fairly asked whether this mixture of evil with good in Jerome has not something to do with the question as to the merits of monasticism. If, indeed, he were merely a monk who had been famous as a scholar or as a controversial theologian, we should consider his faults as only personal, and not as discrediting his profession. But when we consider that he was set forth as a pattern of a practical and very elevated Christian life, that in his own time he was the most revered exemplar of it, we may surely say that the idea of that life, however high its pretensions may have been, was very imperfectly Christian. For the case of Jerome is a proof that a man might pass through the severest monastic discipline, and might be regarded as having attained to a very lofty degree of monastic sanctity, without subduing his violent irritability, his imperious pride, his bitter envy; nay, perhaps, that the effect of the monastic training was even to exasperate these vices.

From Jerome we come to the more illustrious name of Augustine. That this great father was a monk we believe M. de Montalembert to be wrong in maintaining (i. 199); for the companions whom, when a bishop, he gathered around him for something like a monastic life were all clergy, whereas, in his time, and long after, monks were usually laymen; nor is there, in so far as we know, any trace of their having been bound to their manner of life by any vow; while the rule which passes under the name of St. Augustine, and which M. de Montalembert attributes to him (i. 206), is supposed by competent critics to have been really framed (chiefly from Augustine's writings, it is true) in the latter part of the eleventh century.* We might, therefore, take exception to some expressions in the following passage; but we quote it not only for its eloquence, but for the justice with which our author characterises the great African father:—

'The monastic institute, then, can claim the glory of him who has been declared [by Bossuet] to be the most renowned and the greatest of theologians, the father and the master of all preachers of the holy Gospel, and who takes his place between Plato and Bossuet, between

* Gieseler, II., ii. 282.

Cicero and St. Thomas of Aquino, in the first rank of those rare spirits who tower above the ages. It was among the exercises and the austerities of the cloistral life that this man specially formed himself—great alike in thought and in faith, in genius and in virtue, born to exercise the most legitimate sway over his own time and over all times. No doubt all is not perfect in the remains of him which we possess. The subtlety, the obscurity, the bad taste of an age of literary decline are to be found in them. But who has ever surpassed him in the immensity, the variety, the inexhaustible fertility of his labours, in the deep sensibility and the charming candour of his soul, in the glowing curiosity, the elevation, and the reach of his spirit? From the midst of his innumerable works two masterpieces stand out, which will endure as long as Catholic truth itself—the “Confessions,” in which repentance and humility have involuntarily put on the sublime adornment of genius, and which have made Augustine’s inmost life the patrimony of all Christians; the “City of God,” which is at once a triumphant apology for Christianity and a first essay in the true philosophy of history, which Bossuet alone was to surpass. His life, inflamed, devoured, by an inextinguishable ardour for good, is but one long struggle; first, against the learned follies and the shameful vices of the Manichaeans; then, against the blameable exaggerations of the Donatists, who carried their sanguinary rigorism to the length of schism, rather than acquiesce in the wise indulgence of Rome; then again, against the Pelagians, who claimed for human freedom the right to dispense with God; lastly, and always, against the remains of paganism, which struggled in Africa with the old Carthaginian obstinacy against the new and victorious religion of Rome. He died at the age of seventy-six, on the ramparts (?) of his episcopal city during its siege by the Vandals—a living image of that church which erected itself between the Roman empire and the barbaric world, to protect the ruin, and to purify the conquest.*—i. 200-2.

But after Augustine and his contemporaries, the splendour of Western monachism too began speedily to pass away; and in the beginning of the sixth century it had greatly declined, when a revival was effected by Benedict of Nursia, with whom M. de Montalembert considers his history more properly to begin.

We need not follow the career of Benedict, from his withdrawal in boyhood to the cave near Subiaco,† to his death, after having founded

* This passage is followed by one on the subject of the views which Augustine at different times entertained as to the toleration of religious error—his later opinions, as is well known, having been in favour of such coercion as he had at an earlier time reprobated (i. 202-4). M. de Montalembert’s language is curiously affected by his position as a member of a Church which, when triumphant, has never hesitated to persecute, while his own disposition is sincerely in favour of that tolerance which, in the present circumstances of his country, his Church is glad to profess.

† Of this cave M. de Montalembert says, ‘Tous y reconnaissent le site sacré que le prophète Isaïe semble avoir montré d’avance aux cénobites par ces paroles d’une

founded the great monastery of Monte Cassino, and governed it by a rule which became the general law of Western Monachism. The spirit of that rule, we need hardly say, was especially distinguished from the spirit of the earlier Eastern Monachism by greater reasonableness, mildness, and elasticity. But the principle of obedience to superiors, which it laid down, seems to us to be quite deserving of the words in which it has been characterised by M. Guizot—'The fatal present that the monks made to Europe, and which so long altered or enervated its virtues.*' According to M. Guizot, the idea of this obedience was copied from 'the worship of the imperial majesty,' and M. de Montalembert quotes these words with respectful reprobation:—

'No; it is not a production of social decline, nor a mark of religious slavery. It is, on the contrary, the triumph of that moral and spiritual liberty of which imperial Rome had lost all notion, which Christianity alone could have restored to the world, and of which the reign, propagated and assured above all by the children of St. Benedict, has rescued Europe from the anarchy, slavery, and decrepitude into which the Roman empire had precipitated it.

'Without doubt, this passive and absolute obedience, in temporal matters, and under chiefs imposed from without, and who command according to the will of their interests or their passions, would constitute an intolerable servitude. But, besides that among the Benedictines it was always and for all to be the result of a free determination, it remains at once sanctified and tempered by the nature and the origin of the command. The Abbot holds the place of Christ; he can ordain nothing but what is conformable to the law of God. His charge is that of a father of a family, that of a good shepherd. His life ought to be the mirror of his lessons. Charged with the awful mission of governing souls, he owes to God the strictest account of it, and almost in every page the rule enjoins on him never to lose sight of this fearful responsibility.'—ii. 51.

To us we confess that M. Guizot's derivation of the principle seems fanciful, but as to its character and effects we entirely agree with him. How such an obedience as would have been an intolerable slavery if required by any secular authority, can have become the very reverse when required by an abbot, we are altogether unable to understand. If the abbot was tyrannical, it was no consolation to his subject monks that they had voluntarily chosen the monastic life, and that perhaps they had shared in the mistake of electing him for their head. It is useless to tell us that abbots were solemnly charged to be guided in their re-

d'une application si parfaitement exacte—*Attendite ad petram de qua excisi estis, et ad CAVERNAM LACI de qua præcisi estis*, (ii. 13). Unluckily other versions are less adapted to the monastic application than the Latin Vulgate.

* 'Civilisation in France,' Lect. xiv. (vol. ii. p. 77, Hazlitt's translation).

quirements by the rule of Christian duty ; for if solemn charges of this sort were enough to secure their own fulfilment, we should have heard nothing under the Christian law of bad kings or bishops, or monks, or clergy ; and that many abbots *were* tyrants we have abundant evidence from monkish chronicles. Nor will the condition that the abbot's commands be agreeable to Christ's Law afford any safeguard ; for who was to be the judge of this ? Nay, was Benedict's rule itself unquestionably conformable to the Divine Law in every respect ? The rule of monastic obedience, therefore, might impose much hardship on those who were subject to it, without allowing them any redress. But the chief objection to it is, that, even if willingly fulfilled, it made the grievous mistake of interposing a human will between the soul and God—of erecting a capricious standard as more perfect than that of the Gospel—of teaching that the highest religious life could not be led, except by submission to particular rules which professed to have improved on and developed the broad precepts of the New Testament. There was the pernicious error of teaching men and women to fancy that, instead of regarding themselves as directly answerable to God for their acts, they might throw their responsibility on some intermediate person or thing—on a monastic rule or a monastic superior—a doctrine which, by substituting a visible for an invisible authority, tended altogether to do away with the principle of faith. How the details of the rule pressed on the Benedictines, we know from their frequent attempts to relax it by explaining it away in certain points. And as a witness against the principle of obedience illustrated in the '*Vitæ Patrum*,' and incorporated in the Benedictine rule, we may even cite St. Bernard himself, who laughs at a monk as 'a modern Paul the Simple,'* because in the case of a disputed election to the Papacy he pleaded the duty of following his abbot in adhesion to the cause of which Bernard disapproved.† It is possible, therefore, that on this point the biographer of St. Bernard may find himself at issue with the Saint of Clairvaux himself.

The next great monastic hero is Pope Gregory the First—a man who takes his place with Leo the Great, with Nicolas I.,

* Paul the Simple was a famous Egyptian monk, for whom see the '*Historia Lausiaca*,' gc. 23-4, in Rosweyd. We must, however, allow that in St. Bernard's own time, and later, the old Egyptian idea of monastic obedience continued to be enforced and illustrated by tales like those of the '*Vitæ Patrum*.' Thus, in the Life of Stephen, Abbot of Obaize, we are told of a monk, who, while drawing wine from a cask, was summoned to wait on his abbot, and obeyed at once, carrying the spigot in his hand. In reward for this obedience he not only found that none of the wine had run out during his absence, but the cask was fuller than before ! Baluz. *Miscellanea*, iv. 153, 8vo. edit.

† Bern. Ep. vii. c. 12.

with Gregory VII., and with Innocent III., in the foremost rank of those Popes who have contributed to advance the power of their see, while he is perhaps the only one of them all that a Protestant, at least, can regard with any affection. For Englishmen, in particular, his name has an interest, on account, of the mission which he set on foot to this island, and to which the revival of Christianity in the southern part of it is due. That Gregory was a monk is certain; we may still visit the monastery which he founded in honour of St. Andrew in his family mansion on the Cœlian Hill, and which, like many other religious houses, has since taken the name of its founder instead of that of its original patron. There we may see, in addition to older memorials of the connexion with England, some interesting monuments of English Romanists since the Reformation—especially that of Queen Mary's ambassador, Sir Edward Carne, who, after the accession of Elizabeth, preferring his religion to his country, lived and died at Rome; and in the monastic church the devout Romanist will find provided for his use a prayer, that the work of Gregory and Augustine may be repeated by the conversion of 'the noble English nation' from the errors of false doctrine and schism. But whether Gregory's monachism, and, consequently, that of the missionaries whom he sent forth to convert the English, was of the Benedictine kind, has been a matter of great and learned controversy. The 'Apostleship of the Benedictines in England' is maintained by Reynerius, in a formidable folio printed at Douay in 1626; and, for the glory of St. Benedict, the same doctrine has been strenuously upheld by the great Mabillon and other members of his order, although denied by Pagi* and other eminent writers of the Roman communion, as well as by many learned Protestants—who, indeed, are in such a matter to be regarded as the most impartial judges. M. de Montalembert, as might be expected, takes the Benedictine side of the question (ii. 90), and in this he is countenanced by so much of evidence and authority as is sufficient to render his opinion at least not improbable. We cannot, however, say as much of other passages in which he adheres to the traditional Roman views, with a lofty contempt of later criticism. We find him, for instance, reproducing the story of Gregory's having seen an angel on the top of Hadrian's Mole. He cites as genuine the privileges for monasteries at Autun, in which 'the direct subordination of the temporal to the spiritual power is, for the first time, precisely stated' †—documents which are altogether out of keeping with the time of Gre-

* In Baron., ed. Mansi, t. x. p. 368.

† ii. 133; Greg. Epp. xiii. 8, 9; Append. ad Epistolas, in Migne, lxxvii. 1330-3. Vol. 110.—No. 219.

gory the Great, and were most likely forged nearly five centuries later, in the age of Hildebrand, by whom they are for the first time cited.* He treats with scorn, not only the mediæval fable that Gregory destroyed the Palatine library, but the certain fact that in his letter to Desiderius of Cahors he expressed a detestation of pagan literature.†

There is the story of the Lombard Queen Theodelinda having been a Bavarian Princess, and, as such, a Christian from her infancy, although Rettberg has shown that it is very doubtful whether the Bavarians were in that age converted, and that Theodelinda was probably a Frank.‡ There is the statement that Gregory 'impressed the seal of humility on the papacy itself, by being the first among the Popes to take, in the heading of his official acts, that beautiful name of *Servant of the servants of God*, which has become the distinctive title of his successors' (ii. 114); the fact being, we believe, that it had long before his time been used by bishops, and even by secular princes, and that it was not appropriated by the Popes until five centuries later.§ There is the assertion that Gregory's rival, John, Patriarch of Constantinople, claimed the title of *Universal Bishop* in the same sense in which it has been used by later Popes of Rome (although Gregory himself declared it to be unfit for any Christian); whereas there can be no doubt that, as the style of *ecumenical* or *universal* originated in the fondness of the Greeks for inflated titles, so it ought to be interpreted by the Greek usage, which did not attach to it any exclusive sense, but would have admitted an 'Ecumenical Patriarch' at Rome, as well as another at Constantinople.|| But while in these matters M. de Montalembert must be charged with a somewhat uncritical following of the old Roman track, there is one point of Gregory's history in which he rises conspicuously above the feeble or impudent artifices of his predecessors—we mean the Pope's behaviour towards the detestable Phocas, who, by the deposition of Gregory's ancient friend the Emperor Maurice, and by the barbarous extermination of the Imperial family, had raised himself to the throne of Constantinople. In reporting the flattering congratulations which Gregory addressed to the usurper, writers of the Roman communion have sorely racked their ingenuity for some justification.

* Greg. VII. ap. Hardouin. Concilia, vi., 1470. See Gieseler, II., ii. 8.

† ii. 151; Greg. ep. xi. 54. See Lau's 'Gregor der Grosse,' 20.

‡ 'Kirchengeschichte Deutschlands,' ii. 180.

§ See Ducange, s. vv. *Servus Servorum Dei*; Schröckh, xvii. 78-9; Gieseler, I., ii. 414.

|| See 'The whole Evidence against the Claims of the Roman Church,' by the Rev. Sanderson Robins, p. 199, for much valuable information on this subject.

'Some

'Some suggest that Gregory meant to indicate to Phocas what his conduct *ought* to be; that he did not suspect his hypocrisy, or foresee his misconduct, &c. Dom Pitra goes to the *Iliad* for a justification—"S'il descend à la louange officielle envers l'assassin de Maurice, souvenons-nous de Priam aux pieds d'Achille" (!). But M. Rohrbacher settles the question more boldly, and to his own perfect satisfaction. After quoting Gregory's letter to Phocas, "C'est ainsi," says the Abbé, "que le chef de l'Eglise universelle, le chef de l'univers Chrétien, juge l'Empereur qui n'est plus, et admoneste celui qui le remplace!"*

M. de Montalembert, on the contrary, relates Gregory's behaviour without any attempt at disguise or palliation, and is even careful to point out that the Pope cannot be excused on the plea of haste, inasmuch as, at the date of his flattering letter to Phocas, many months had passed since the murder of Maurice and his family. The only thing that is said by way of mitigation is, that the frequent disputes which had taken place between Gregory and Maurice on ecclesiastical affairs may serve in some degree to account for the Pope's conduct, although not to excuse it (ii. 120-1). In short, our author, however unwillingly, finds himself obliged in this affair to give up his hero; but whether the grief which he must have felt at doing so was altogether without consolation, our readers may judge from the following passage:—

'It is true that in this same letter, and in another, he points out to Phocas the duties of his office, he exhorts him to put an end to all the disorders of past reigns, and entreats him so to act that under his reign every one may enjoy his property and his liberty in peace. "For," says he, "there is this difference between the barbarian kings and the emperors of our state, that the former command over slaves, and the latter over freemen." It was exactly the reverse of the truth; and, moreover, it was a sad and blameable homage addressed to a man who was to be one of the most hateful tyrants of his age, and who had just acquired the empire by an *attentat* unexampled even in the annals of that abominable history.'—ii. 123.

Was there no thought here of any later emperor who had gained his power in a questionable way, or of bishops who had offered to such a potentate a nauseous mixture of advice and adulation? That there are, in M. de Montalembert's opinion, among the Frenchmen of the present time people servile enough to flatter Phocas himself if they had the opportunity, may be inferred from a sentence a little further on, where he describes the Roman empire as an 'absolute domination exercised by monsters or *adventurers*, and admired in our days by base souls

* Robertson's 'Church History,' ii. 12, note.

who would have deserved to live under Caracalla or Arcadius' (ii. 126).

We must not, however, dwell on matters which, although they belong to the biography of Gregory, have nothing to do with the history of monasticism. The most remarkable circumstance of his pontificate in relation to this was that he may be regarded as the principal author of that practice of exempting monasteries from the control of bishops,* which, although at first intended as a necessary protection against the oppression and rapacity of some bishops, and accompanied by limitations agreeable to this character, was carried by some of Gregory's successors to a length which enabled all considerable monasteries to defy the episcopal authority, while it secured them to the Papal despotism as immediate dependents and unfailing allies.

From the biography of Gregory—passing over for the present the history of Augustine's mission to England—M. de Montalembert proceeds to the contemporary history of monachism in Spain, where the Visigoths had renounced the Arian heresy in 589. He sketches the lives of eminent Spanish prelates; and we are told (as M. Guizot had already pointed out) that the influence of the clergy in the mixed assemblies of temporal and spiritual dignitaries gave to the Spanish legislation of those days a marked and peculiar character—a tone somewhat savouring of the pulpit, but honourably distinguished by a spirit of gentleness and humanity (ii. 218). But here again we meet with a significant passage. The mixed assemblies of Spain, it is said—

'Make the laws and the kings. They regulate the conditions of the elective royalty, too often disregarded in practice through the sanguinary violence of pretenders, or of the successors designated for the throne. And, although the accomplished facts which they found it good to sanction, too often substituted violence for right, they always in principle proscribe every candidate whose claims should not be founded on an election made by the nobles and the clergy, on the purity of his Gothic origin, and on the probity of his character.'—ii. 213.

From Spain M. de Montalembert returns to France, and in a chapter on monasticism under the Merovingian kings, we find ourselves going over that tangled story for which Gregory of Tours is the great authority, and to which Augustin Thierry, in his '*Récits*,' is the ablest and most popular of later guides. The corruption of a society in which barbarism had adopted the vices of an effete civilisation was frightful; the secular clergy

* ii. 160; Gieseler, I. ii. 426. Something of the kind had been before practised in Africa, as appears from the Acts of Carthaginian Councils in 525 and 534.

were too much mixed up with that society, and too much infected by its spirit, to do much towards checking its disorders; and the only civilising power, according to our author, was that of the monks (ii. 249), although among them, too, there was a strange and incongruous mixture of evil with their good.

A considerable part of this chapter relates to Brittany, with its peculiar hagiology, the legends of which are characterised by the Bollandists as 'ad stuporem magis quam ad imitationem collecta.'* M. de Montalembert finds a pleasure in lingering over these legends, although he agrees in the Bollandist estimate of them, and sometimes deals with them as unceremoniously as a liberal German (or Lampeter) critic would deal with the Scripture narrative. Thus, when it is related that the Scotch missionary St. Fiacre, by drawing a line on the ground with his stick, produced a deep ditch, and made the trees of the forest fall down to the right and to the left of it, the story is explained as symbolising 'the profound impression produced on the mind of the people by the hard labours of the monastic pioneers' (ii. 398). Among the saints who are mentioned in connexion with Brittany, we are surprised to meet with the well-known name of Dunstan, who here appears in a light that is altogether new to us. The renowned English archbishop figures in Breton tradition as an inmate of the monastery of St. Gildas at Rhuy, which thus becomes a link to connect the persecutor of Elgiva with its famous abbot, the lover of Heloisa; and it is said that, in consequence of having been carried off from his native island to Brittany by pirates, he has, under the name of Goustan, come to be revered in those parts as the especial patron of sailors, and is invoked by their wives in these rhymes:—

'Saint Goustan,
Notre ami,
Ramenez nos maris;
Saint Goustan,
Notre amant,
Ramenez nos parents.'—ii. 286.

The restoration of husbands and kindred is certainly a very different sort of work from anything that we read of in the English accounts of Dunstan; but as we have in vain searched the old biographers for any notice of his having been carried off by pirates, or having ever visited Brittany,† we imagine that either

* Quoted by Montalembert, ii. 288.

† We may add that there is no mention of such adventures in Dean Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*—a work which we trust that the author will be enabled to complete with the same vigour and good sense which he has displayed in the first volume.

the identification of him with the Goustan of the Breton rhyme must be a mistake, or the Breton claim to a connexion with Dunstan is founded on a legend invented for the purpose.

From the Merovingian princes and the Breton saints it is pleasant to escape to a chapter which bears the title of 'The Monks and Nature.' Here we find an eloquent description of the state of Gaul about the sixth and seventh centuries—the wide-stretching deserts, the vast forests, in which, to the real terrors of savage beasts, the popular imagination added those of monsters, evil spirits, and demons derived from the old superstition of the country; and the faith and courage of those who penetrated these solitudes as the pioneers of religion and civilisation are set forth with that admiration which is justly their due (ii. 335-340). Here, as in the older stories of the Egyptian eremites, the brute animals, fabulous as well as real, play a large and remarkable part. We are told, for instance, how a wolf, who had eaten up St. Malo's donkey, did his best to atone for his crime by submissively offering, day after day, to carry the holy man's panniers of wood (ii. 386). M. de Montalembert is very enthusiastic as to the labours of the monks in promoting at once the spiritual and the temporal good of the people among whom they laboured. Thus, after telling us how St. Theodulf's plough was suspended in a church as a relique, he bursts forth:—

'In truth it was one—a noble and holy relique of one of those lives of perpetual labour and supernatural virtue, of which the example has happily exercised a more fruitful and more lasting sway than that of the proudest conquerors. Methinks we should all contemplate it with emotion if it still existed—that monk's plough, twice consecrated, by religion and by labour, by history and by virtue. For myself, I feel that I should kiss it as willingly as the sword of Charlemagne, or as the pen of Bossuet.'—ii. 401.

Last of the monastic heroes who are celebrated in this volume is St. Columban, the zealous and fiery Irish missionary who, in the end of the sixth and in the beginning of the seventh century, founded Luxeuil in the Vosges and Bobbio among the Cottian Alps. Of the peculiarities of Irish monachism—of its home life and of its missionary achievements in other countries—we hope to hear more in the volumes which are to follow, down to that which will relate the connexion of St. Malachy of Armagh with his biographer the abbot of Clairvaux.* Dr.

* At vol. ii. p. 475, M. de Montalembert quotes, from the 7th chapter of St. Columban's Rule, a passage in which there is mention of 'a thousand abbots' as being 'under one archimandrite;' and understanding this statement to refer to Ireland, he is naturally startled at it. On considering the whole passage (Migne, lxxx. 213), however, we incline to think that it does not relate to Ireland, but rather

Dr. Reeves, in his very learned and valuable edition of Adamnan,* remarks, that 'If we may judge from the biographical records which have descended to us, primitive Irish ecclesiastics, and especially the superior class, commonly known as saints, were very impatient of contradiction and very resentful of injury' (Preface, p. lxxvii.); and these characteristics were fully exemplified by Columban both in his quarrels with the Frankish princes, and in his letters on the time of Easter and on the controversy of the 'Three Articles'—the latter a subject into which he plunged without, apparently, knowing anything about it, but with all the confidence of infallibility. It would seem that some late French writers have amused themselves by attributing to this saint all manner of profound and mysterious designs; that they have made him the chief of a secret conspiracy, a revolutionist in politics and in religion, a seventeenth-century combination of Luther and Mazzini (ii. 472-4, 503); and we fully agree with M. de Montalembert in regarding such speculations as ridiculous nonsense. But that Columban's regard for Rome was far short of the Roman idea, and that in this respect he was only a representative of that independence which marked the whole character of the early Irish church, appears to us altogether unquestionable. There are, indeed, in his letters to popes some strange and hyperbolical expressions of respect; but when we look to the substance of those letters, we find an entire freedom of opinion and a sturdy resolution to maintain his own peculiar views; and, while he highly magnifies the dignity of the Roman see, he yet expressly places it below that of Jerusalem—'the place of the Lord's resurrection' (Ep. v. sect. 18). M. de Montalembert quotes the passage, but significantly abstains from making any comment (ii. 467).

Columban is chiefly memorable on account of his monastic rule, of which M. de Montalembert gives an abstract (ii. 475-6). We are rather surprised to find that, among other characteristics, he speaks of it as being vaguer than the Benedictine rule; for, if we judge of the system by taking Columban's Penitential in connexion with the rule to which it is a necessary supplement, we should rather consider that Columban erred on the side of too great precision, by prescribing exact measures of obedience, or of punishment for disobedience, where Benedict had left the determination of such things to the discretion of the abbot. There

rather gives the substance of what Columban had learnt as to 'certain Catholics' elsewhere—perhaps the Egyptian monks of St. Pachomius, with whose arrangements as to psalmody the account of the practice of the 'Catholics' in question agrees pretty closely.

* Published by the Irish Archaeological Society, Dublin, 1857.

is, for instance, nothing in the Benedictine code like that legislation which enacted six strokes as the penalty for omitting to make the sign of the cross on a spoon or a candle, six for coughing at the beginning of a psalm, and ten for spilling beer on the table of the refectory. M. de Montalembert denies, and with reason, the opinion of Mabillon and others, that Columban himself, in his Italian monastery, adopted the Benedictine rule instead of his own (ii. 474); but he tells us truly that in no long time the rule of Columban was generally superseded by the Benedictine, and he accounts for this by saying that the Benedictine discipline was in alliance with the Roman influence. No doubt this alliance must have shared in producing the result; for even in the seventh century the papacy had become a considerable power, and able to contribute much towards the spreading of such usages as it countenanced. But surely the difference of character between the two rules—the superior good sense and the greater elasticity of the Benedictine—contributed even more than the influence of Rome to the victory which the Benedictine system gained over the peculiar, and in many respects eccentric and ridiculous, regulations of Columban. Columban, as M. de Montalembert truly remarks, was the man who gave the greatest impulse to the monasticism of the seventh century; but he was without that foresight which is necessary for a legislator whose work is to endure for ages (ii. 478).

And now, having indicated the contents of the narrative part of these volumes, we may go back to the Introduction, in which the author has expressed his views of monachism in general. We cannot but think that he has regarded matters too exclusively from his own position; that, although he occasionally refers to other countries, he thinks almost solely of France. Everywhere, he says, monachism was suppressed in the eighteenth century; everywhere, if freedom of action be allowed, it revives in the nineteenth (viii.). But in order to justify the first part of this saying, he is obliged to forget the fact that in Italy, Spain, and Southern Germany, the monastic communities survived the eighteenth century; and there is the awkward fact that, among the people of Spain and of Italy at least, the tendency of the nineteenth century is not to be content with what they have,—to profit by the sad experience of others, and to be thankful that they may spare themselves the evils of the suppression and the labour of the restoration,—but simply to get rid of monkery, without regard to what may follow. And what is the revival? So small, so partial, so strongly suggesting by its appearance the suspicion that in most cases it is merely theatrical, as to dis-
pense

pense us from the necessity of seriously considering it. If M. de Montalembert's object were merely to obtain a fair recognition of the services formerly rendered by the monks to mankind, we should have little to say against him; but, since he declares his belief in a coming general restoration of monachism, and designs his book as a contribution towards that object, we are obliged to say that we think such a movement at once unlikely and undesirable.

M. de Montalembert tells us that, when he began his work, he had no idea what a monk really was. In the whole course of his education, whether at home or in public schools and colleges, no one of his tutors in history or religion had ever spoken of the religious orders; and when he first saw a monkish habit, it was on the stage of a theatre (xi.-xii.). Yet at that very time the Protestant Guizot was delivering those lectures to which M. de Montalembert so often pays deserved compliments for their author's just understanding and estimate of the middle ages in general, and of the monastic institutions in particular; while in Germany such Protestants as Voigt and Raumer had shown a full appreciation of the good of monachism in their historical works, and in England the Protestant Wordsworth had 'celebrated the glory of the monastic orders with a truth and an emotion, and had lamented their ruin with an eloquence, unsurpassed among modern poets' (cxii.). It would seem, therefore, that Protestants had mastered the subject of monachism while the youth of high royalist and high Catholic noble French families were trained in ignorance of it; and, if our ignorance as to these matters, when we began to read M. de Montalembert's book, was less than that with which the author entered on his preparation for it, he must not expect us to hail his accounts of the monks as new and startling revelations, or, for the love of mediæval monachism as represented in his pages, to become converts to the church which kept her future champion so entirely in the dark with regard to it.

As to St. Bernard, in particular, M. de Montalembert tells us that, although all the world owns him to have been a great man, no one understands that his monastic profession was the secret of his greatness (iii.). We cannot tell on what this statement is founded; but here again it would seem that Protestant historians have apprehended the matter better than those writers with whom M. de Montalembert is more conversant; for it is, we believe, the common opinion of the more recent Protestant writers that Bernard ruled his age because he was the highest pattern of that kind of sanctity which it most admired, and that he was but little conscious of his almost unlimited and unequalled power.

But

But while we acknowledge that many monks were great men—nay, that in some of them, their greatness (or, at all events, their influence) was in no small degree due to their monastic character,—we protest against the fallacy of holding up these ornaments of monachism by way of answer to objections against the more ordinary specimens of the order. We protest against holding up monastic founders in reply to objections against their successors—against holding up monastic rules in reply to complaints that these rules were not observed; against telling us that because some monks were very active, none can ever have been lazy. It might, indeed, seem needless to expose such palpable fallacies; but they are repeated by one advocate of monasticism after another, and in the use of them Mr. Digby is followed by M. de Montalembert. Even as to the most eminent of monks, there may be room for questions whether their profession did not injure them in some respects while it benefited them in others? whether in different times and circumstances their energies would have taken the monastic form? whether, even in their own circumstances, they might not possibly have done still better under some other form? whether the monastic character would be any aid to them if they lived in our own day? And a main objection to monkery is, that, however well it may succeed in certain cases or for a limited time, it is mischievous if laid down as a rule for a great number and for a long succession of men; when, instead of serving as a shape into which a few may cast their already excited feelings, it is made a mere outward law for multitudes, who have not that preparation of heart which would fit them to benefit by its good;* that the great mass of ordinary men who come under its discipline will not apprehend whatever there may be in it of a higher and more spiritual kind, but, even if the severity of the prescribed obedience should be maintained, will sink into a dull and mechanical system of minute and trifling observances, while there will, of course, be the strongest temptation to evade the rule.

* One form of the mistake may be illustrated by a quotation from Caesarius of Heisterbach, a monastic writer of the thirteenth century. 'I have understood,' says one of the speakers in his Dialogues, 'that some have come to our order with a good intention, and as very innocent youths, who in process of time looked back and were lost.' 'I,' answers Caesarius, 'have often heard such things. My Lord John, Archbishop of Trèves, a prudent man and well acquainted with the secrets of our order, used to say that it was rarely that boys or youths coming to the order with their consciences unburdened with the weight of sin, are fervent in their religion: nay, which is pitiable, they either live in the order lukewarmly and badly, or altogether leave it, because there is not in them the fear of an accusing conscience; they presume on their virtues, and so, when temptations arise, they make little resistance to them.'—*l. i. c. 3*, pp. 12-3, ed. Colon. Agr. 1599.

M. de Montalembert tells us that every one who believes in the mystery of the Incarnation ought to acknowledge in monachism 'the noblest effort which has ever been made to strive against the corruption of nature, and to approach to Christian perfection' (xv.)—a sentence in which (not to speak of other objections) it seems to be forgotten that such efforts to subdue nature are not peculiar to monachism or to Christianity. He tells us that monks are the very pith and marrow of the Church; that they must be so, because the persecutors of the Church have always made them the especial objects of their fury. But is this argument sound? The heathen persecutors of the early Christians had no monks to persecute; and, if we come to later times, we may ask, Was it because the monks realised the Christian virtues too intensely that they became odious to those who hated Christianity? or may it not have been because they too commonly presented to such people an appearance which would have brought discredit on any religion? Is it merely from hatred of all good that the abolition of monachism is now desired by many who profess themselves faithful to the Roman Church and its doctrines?

In truth, monachism is no part of the Church's proper organisation. It is older than Christianity, it is not peculiar to it, and did not arise within the Church until after those ages to which we are accustomed to look as the time of purest faith, and which Count de Montalembert himself would probably respect, not because they were early or pure, but because the Church was then unconnected with the State. Indeed, we may say that monkery was anti-ecclesiastical, like the Pharisaism of earlier days,* or like other fashions of religionism which have succeeded to its popularity. It was founded on personal pretension to holiness; it was knit together by other bonds than those of ecclesiastical communion; it made little of the orders of the Church, which it regarded as even incompatible with the highest degrees of sanctity; it taught a retirement which in many cases involved a withdrawal from the sacramental means of grace; it set itself in opposition, or assumed a superiority, to the ordinary rulers of the Church. Hence in the middle ages came the claims of exemption from the authority of bishops, and the close alliance with the Papacy; hence the contempt with which the regular clergy

* St. Athanasius, a zealous friend to monachism, is quoted by a Byzantine writer of the ninth century (whose chronicle has lately been published for the first time as a whole) as saying in all simplicity that the monks were the Pharisees of Christianity (Georgius Hamartolus, p. 249, ed. Murali, Petropol. 1859). It would seem from the editor's note that the passage of Athanasius is not otherwise known.

looked down on the seculars, and their constant endeavours to shut these out from popularity, influence, and a fair portion of emolument.

How is the continual need of reformation among monks to be accounted for? How was it that those of the East, as M. de Montalembert has told us, sank after a very short period of brilliancy into utter and hopeless stagnation? How was it that the monachism of the West had fallen into decay when Benedict arose to revive it? that the Benedictines have in all times been desirous to mitigate their rule by evasive glosses? that the Cluniacs in the tenth century began in severity, and in the twelfth had degenerated into luxury? that the Cistercians, having set out with a rigour which was intended to shame the Cluniacs, themselves within a century had fallen into the same faults, when the Mendicant orders arose? That the mendicant Franciscans, according to Matthew Paris, degenerated more within a quarter of a century after their first appearance in England than the older orders had done within three or four centuries,* and became marks for satire beyond all the other orders, as being patterns of all that their profession bound them not to be? 'Who,' asks M. de Montalembert triumphantly, 'would dare to say that the abuses of monachism were the natural or necessary consequence of the institution? Good sense and history prove the contrary. But human weakness, as we know but too well, is little compatible with sustained perfection' (clii.). To us it seems, on the contrary, that history *does* show a connexion between the institution and the abuses—not as if these were the fruits which monachism was intended to produce, but because they were the natural effects of it, seeing what the institution was and what human nature is. There was the fundamental error of an over-strained ideal, which might, for a time, find people ready to strive after it, but, when the fervour of novelty had passed away, was sure to be found impracticable; and hence it is that, as one of the greatest of mediæval monks, the 'venerable' Peter of Cluny, witnesses, monastic reform usually took the form of new foundations, instead of a restoration of discipline in those which already existed.† If monachism were all that M. de Montalembert supposes it to be, it would have remained pure while all around it was corrupt. But, far from showing this as its actual result, he can only tell us that, if religion flourished beyond the monasteries, monachism flourished too; that if monks were bad in any age,

* Matt. Paris, p. 612, A.D. 1243, ed. Wats.

† 'Nam, sicut novit sapientia vestra, in negotio religionis facilius possunt nova fundari quam vetera reparari.'—Pet. Clun. Ep. i. 23.

their contemporaries of other classes were probably somewhat worse (Introd., xvii.-xx.); and he does nothing to account creditably for their universal tendency to degenerate.

M. de Montalembert is fond of throwing his defence of monkery into the form of an attack on those who object to it. He tells us that the same complaints which we make against monastic wealth and luxury are made by communists against our own wealth and enjoyments. He tells us that everywhere the labours of one generation are meant to prepare the way for the ease of another; and he asks, Why should it be wrong in monks, rather than in other men, to enjoy the good things which their predecessors have acquired? (cxxxii.-ii.). It is difficult to believe that this can be seriously meant. We admit, indeed, that monks may in some sense rightly benefit as to temporal things by the exertions of their predecessors: we would not, for instance, maintain that those of Clairvaux ought for ever to have lived on the beech-leaves to which St. Bernard and his first companions in the 'Valley of Wormwood' were sometimes reduced for food, or that they were bound never to substitute good stone buildings for the wooden huts which had sheltered their community in its infancy. But the parallel which our author attempts to draw is no parallel at all. That succession of ease to labour which is blameless in ordinary men is wrong in monks, because it is against the very nature of their profession, against the very principle of their existence as a special and separate class; because the new recruits, as well as the first members, profess obedience to a discipline which forbids such things. Was it the object of a severe monastic founder, as it is that of a busy merchant, or manufacturer, or lawyer, or physician, that his successors should live on their lands in the enjoyment of riches and dignity? Was it the purpose of his strict rule that they should have the opportunity of running into the same corruptions which had offended him in the older orders, and from which every new order in its turn was a reaction? *

But

* As a picture of monastic luxury, we may quote the description given by Giraldus Cambrensis of a dinner in the refectory at Canterbury Cathedral, on Trinity Sunday, 1179. 'Of the dishes, and the multitude of them, what shall I say? Sixteen or more, very sumptuous, were served up in order, not to say against all order; and at last, moreover, by way of *generale* (a monastic term, for the explanation of which we must refer to Ducange), vegetables were served upon every table, but were scarcely tasted. For you might see so many kinds of fish, roast and boiled, stuffed and fried, so many skilfully dressed with eggs and pepper, so many savours and salt things prepared by the art of the cooks in order to provoke gluttony and excite the appetite. Moreover, you might see here wine and strong drink (*sicceram*), spiced cup and hipocras (*pigmentum et claretum*), must, and mead, and mulberry wine, and all that can intoxicate, in such profusion, that ale, which is made of the best quality in England, and especially in Kent, had no place

But why, asks M. de Montalembert, should we blame the monks for a life which, after all, had no fault except that of being only too like our own?

‘What! the Benedictines ate meat; the barefooted Carmelites wore shoes; the Cordeliers no longer girt their loins with a cord! Indeed? and you who accuse them, how much of all this do *you* do? They did not flog themselves so often as in former times! But you—how often in the week do you undergo such discipline? After all, the most blameable, the most depraved, lived as you live; this is their crime. If it be one, it is not for you to chastise it.’—190.

We must think that our author’s sarcastic eloquence has quite run away with him in this passage. Surely we may at once believe our own practice to be Christian, although without monastic peculiarities, and yet fairly censure a monk for the breach of his special obligations—just as, although we be no soldiers ourselves, we may despise a soldier who runs away in battle.

Again, when M. de Montalembert tells us that, if the monks of later days were unlike their founders, so too have Christians in general become unlike the primitive Christians, we answer by denying the parallel. That the good Christians of our own day, to whatever communion they belong, are in many respects unlike the good Christians of the primitive times, we fully admit (and it is not with the false professors of either age that we are now concerned). But there is this difference between the two cases—that Christianity, being a system of principles rather than of rules, can adapt itself to all changes of circumstances, whereas monachism, being a system of strict and detailed rules, is nothing unless these be observed. A man, therefore, may be a good Christian now without being like the fishermen of Galilee in outward things; but if he wear shoes, he cannot be a good barefooted Carmelite; if he indulge in the forbidden vanity of keeping a peacock or a monkey, he cannot be a good Praemonstratensian.

Nor do we think that M. de Montalembert is very successful when he sets one accusation against another, with the intention of making them destroy each other. Thus he tells us that, if monks observed their rule strictly, they were condemned as being

place among the rest; but here ale was among the drinks as vegetables had been among the dishes. What would Paul the hermit say to such doings? or Antony? or Benedict, the father and institutor of the monastic life? Gir. Cambr. de Rebus a se Gestis, i. 5 (in vol. i. of his Works edited by the Rev. J. S. Brewer for the ‘Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland’). We suspect that an American traveller who has lately recorded ‘a delightful visit to Canterbury, where I was made so happy under the very shades of the Cathedral’ (‘Ninety Days’ Worth of Europe,’ by E. E. Hale, Boston, 1861, p. 194), had no experiences equal to this.

not

not of the age; while, if they lived with greater laxity, their laxity was no less condemned (clxxxvi.). We beg that we may not be supposed to defend any enemies of monachism who have advanced these charges as a pretext for plunder; but we yet believe that in both cases the charges may have been just, simply because monachism had outlived its time. The monastic rules were unfitted for the eighteenth or the nineteenth century, while yet those who had bound themselves to them were wrong in neglecting them. So again, as to the alleged contradiction and injustice, that monks, if they managed their estates badly, were accused of neglecting their duty to society, while if they managed them well, they were charged with being too rich. It may be answered, that to be careless landlords is blameable in monks as well as in other men, while to make the very utmost of their property, and freely to enjoy the income of it, was in them a different thing from what it would have been in a lay landowner, or in a corporation not bound by a vow of poverty. In like manner, as to the dilemma that they were sometimes charged with being too many, and sometimes with being too few. In the one case, the retirement of a large body of men from active pursuits may have interfered with the development of industry in a country; in the other case, a small and wealthy society of monks may not have been enough to make a right use of their property without running into indulgences forbidden by their rule. Again we beg that we may not be supposed to justify spoliation; but we do not think that the contradictory pleas advanced for it are, as our author too readily assumes, destructive of each other.

The great good of which these two volumes contain the evidence was the inestimable service which the monks rendered to religion, learning, and civilisation in the transition from ancient times to the middle ages. And on this M. de Montalembert eloquently descants, while he yet truly says that the object of the institution was something different—namely, the discipline of the soul (xii.-xv.). In thus stating the purpose of monachism, he takes lower ground than some others of its apologists, who suppose it to have originated, not in that care for self-discipline which might under such regulations have sometimes degenerated into selfishness, but in a desire to give up the mind to the undisturbed contemplation of the Godhead. We believe, however, that M. de Montalembert's view is right, and is supported by historical fact; and that, although pure contemplation may have been the employment of many monks—especially in Egypt and the East—it was, like the cultivation of learning, or like the other services rendered by the monks to civilisation, rather a graft on the main idea, and a matter of individual taste, than any part of the original intention.

intention. But, taking M. de Montalembert's representation to be correct, it appears to us that the idea of monachism was necessarily above the great multitude of those who adopted the profession. And if we wish to see in how far the monastic ideal was fulfilled by the great mass of the monks, we have only to read any chronicle which records the life of a monastic community—such as Jocelin of Brakelond's *Chronicle of St. Edmund's Bury*, or Thorn's *Chronicle of St. Augustine's*, or the *History of Vezelay* by Hugh of Poitiers. From these unadorned narratives, we see that monks, instead of answering to their ideal, were, on the whole, merely like other men, but with some of their earthly characteristics made more intense by their peculiar circumstances. Or let any one look at the monks who swarm in the streets of an Italian city; and let him say whether their appearance is such as to give the idea of any especially elevated Christianity.

We have again and again admitted that under God's providence monachism was the means of immense good in former days. But, if we own this, we may also see a providential use in the acts of those who—it may have been from the grossest and the worst of motives—suppressed the monastic communities in various countries. The civilising work of monks was done long ago; and modern civilisation is carried on by many agencies, among which the influence of monachism has no place. The question for our own time is, whether monachism ought now to be maintained as one form of religious life; and for ourselves, whatever may be thought as to the desirableness of finding some places of quiet retreat for devotion or study, we do not think that there is any need for anything properly monastical.*

To the common objection that monks were idle, M. de Montalembert replies, first, by saying that they were not idle; that they tilled the soil; that they preserved ancient literature by their transcripts; that they wrote books of their own; that they bore all the toil of missionary labour; and, with his usual logic, he asks which of the objectors would like to endure for a day 'that life of unceasing fatigues, of disgusts, of privations, of watchings, of distant journeys, which is the portion of the last of the missionaries, or of the most obscure of the confessors whom the monastic

* M. de Montalembert is indignant with those who, like Chateaubriand, represent monasteries as places of refuge for sick spirits; on the contrary, he says, their inmates were the very healthiest and strongest spirits of all, and were invigorated by the monastic discipline (Introd. xxviii., xli.). We believe that the representation which he denounces has its foundation more in romance than in fact; yet surely it will hardly be denied that monasteries sometimes served as refuges for weary souls, and it is certain that this is one of the pleas by which their advocates have most frequently endeavoured to overcome the objections of Protestants to the monastic system.

orders furnish to the Church?' (cxxxviii.). We need hardly reply that the objection is not intended against missionaries or confessors, nor even against laborious workers in the field or in the *scriptorium*, but against those monks whose lives were not dignified by any labour worthy to employ the energies of a man. But, says our author again, they were not idle, for they prayed; and, 'for every Christian, prayer is the most legitimate and the most useful kind of labour' (cxxxix.). But here again we have a fallacy, and one of a somewhat complex kind. In the first place, it is a mistake to speak of monastic prayers as if monks alone were diligent in prayer; and prayer is not prescribed in the Gospel as if it were the entire duty of any class of persons. If it were right to give up all our time to prayer, then all the other employments of the monks, instead of deserving our praise, ought to be reprobated as a deflection from their proper duty. And the idea of monastic prayer here set forth involves a doctrine which we cannot but regard as very dangerous—the notion that intercessory prayer may save those who are the objects of it from the necessity of strenuous personal exertion. But, after all, how much *did* the monks pray? Are we to give the name of prayer to the repetition of forms reckoned by tale and registered by beads or pebbles—a sort of devotion on which, according to M. Huc, the Buddhists of Thibet have improved by the invention of a prayer-mill? May not prayer have been, in many cases, a name for vacant idleness?

Another great work of the monks, we are told, was charity. They got from the rich, and distributed to the poor; whatever the faults of the later monks may have been, this duty, at least, was always performed; and old people in the neighbourhood of each monastery still remember with regret the good almoner and the unfailing dole at the gate (lix.-lxi.). We can well believe this; but yet there can be no doubt that monastic charity did not answer the purpose of a general system of relief. In support of our opinion, we may quote the remarks of Hallam, which, although written with a view to England only, are of far wider application:—

'The monastic foundations, scattered in different counties, but by no means at regular distances, and often in sequestered places, could never answer the end of local and limited succour, meted out in just proportion to the demands of poverty. Their gates might, indeed, be open to those who knocked at them for alms, and came in search of streams that must always be too scanty for a thirsty multitude. Nothing could have a stronger tendency to promote that regular mendicancy, which unceasing and very severe statutes were enacted to repress. . . . Even while the monasteries were yet standing, the scheme of a provision for the poor had been adopted by means of

regular collections. . . . It is by no means probable that, however some in particular districts may have had to lament the cessation of hospitality in the convents, the poor in general, after some time, were placed in a worse condition by their dissolution.*

The statute-book, to which the historian refers, contains ample evidence that, long before the suppression of monasteries, beggary was so abundant in this country as to require the enactment of severe—nay, even barbarous—penalties; and all countries in which monasticism has flourished will, we believe, confirm the truth of his observation, that monasteries do more to create beggary than to relieve it.

M. de Montalembert, of course, expends a vast deal of indignation on political economists (lxiii., cxx., &c.) Now, we would certainly not allow the principles of the economists to have uncontrolled sway in the matter of relieving the poor, so as to shut out the exercise of Christian beneficence. But surely the best system is a joint action of the two; that the trade of begging should be checked by such means as a sound economy can devise, while Christian kindness, guided by wise discrimination, should have its work in ministering such relief as is beyond the scope of any legal provision. If almsgiving be so mismanaged as to encourage beggary, and even to call it into existence, we think that the economists may fairly be allowed to state their objections to it. So, too, if a life which withdraws men from the active duties of the world be followed by such multitudes that they are really *missed*—that the want of their services creates an embarrassment to society—there again political economists may fairly complain; and, without allowing political economy to set the measure of spiritual things, we may fairly take from her complaints the suggestion to ask, on grounds of Christian prudence, first, whether the principle of the life in question be a correct one? And, even if this be answered favourably, there will remain the further question, whether, on a consideration of human nature, it is to be supposed that multitudes of men have such a vocation for the monastic life as would make them serve God better in it than in the ordinary duties of secular life?

The wealth of monasteries has been one great mark for assault. Yet nothing, says M. de Montalembert, could be more legitimate in its origin; it came from a free gift. The middle ages endowed the monks for doing the best possible work by their prayers; it was the tribute of faith and of gratitude (lv., cxxxiv.). We shall not repeat what we have already said as to monastic prayers, nor shall we here enter into any argument against the use of prayers

* Constitutional History of England, i. 79, ed. 1842.

and masses for the dead. But we may ask, in how far that can be described as a free gift which is extorted from the donor by the terrors of another world, and by the inculcation of a belief that bounty to monks is a means of escaping them? That alms are, according to an expression current throughout the middle ages, 'the prices of sins,'* is very plainly laid down by our author (cxxxviii.); and, however different our own view of the matter may be, we do not quarrel with him for maintaining the doctrine of his own communion. But we must say that our tolerance is rather severely tried, when, as specimens of the beneficial working of the 'free-gift' system, we are told how a knight bestowed a manor on a certain monastery by way of recommending himself to the prayers of the monks before fighting a duel (cxxxviii.); and how a king founded a convent in order to benefit the soul of 'a being loved without measure and without right, but whom the Church did not forbid him to cherish beyond the tomb' (cxl.).

But, however property may have been acquired, it seems to us that with regard to it there was altogether a mistake in the monastic system. If monks professed poverty, it was the duty of other Christians to relieve them; but the result of this was, that their poverty was exchanged for luxury, their penitence for enjoyment: and so soon was this effect manifest, that, centuries before any reformation of religion or any suppression of monasteries was thought of, their superfluous wealth attracted the greedy desires of princes and nobles. While the devout and the penitent were always giving, the undevout and impenitent were always taking away—by bullying the monks into granting them their lands in fee, or by plundering them under the pretence of acting as their advocates† and official protectors, if not by undisguised robbery.‡

M. de Montalembert is very fond of telling us that in England and in other countries which embraced the Reformation, monachism perished in its purity, and that in France it had been corrupted, not by the monks themselves, but by influences external and hostile to it, before its fall in the end of the eighteenth century. But, without implicitly believing all that was said

* 'Pretia peccatorum.' Salvian, who flourished in the middle of the fifth century, is, we believe, the earliest writer by whom this is distinctly said (*Adv. Avaritiam*, i. 12).

† The title of Advocate, or Vidame, was used from the seventh century to designate a person who undertook certain secular duties connected with the estates of a cathedral or a monastery, such as the command of the contingent which it contributed to the national force, the defence of its property, and the holding of courts. The services of these officials were dearly bought, and many of them contrived to make their office hereditary.

‡ There is a remarkable passage to this effect in a tract 'De Religionum Origine,' by an unknown Carthusian, printed in Martene and Durand's *Collectio Amplissima*, vi. 32-3.

against the English monasteries by those who were interested in suppressing them, we must confess our astonishment at this broad declaration of their freedom from corruption. And, even if all the evils of French monachism were to be ascribed, as our author ascribes them, to the system of the Commendation, by which the abbacies were bestowed according to the will of the sovereign, without any regard to the fitness of the receivers, it seems to us that this mischief arose out of a fundamental error in the nature of monachism itself. Were monasteries to go on acquiring for ever? If so, what would the world have come to? It seems to us that the glaring inconsistency between the profession of poverty and the ever-increasing possession of wealth is the explanation of all that followed. In the middle ages it had invited the rapacity of Advocates or Vidames, of Seneschals, Truchsesses, and others who, under the name of dependants and officers, preyed upon the monastic wealth; in later times it invited the despoiling violence of kings and mobs, or the more gradual drainage of the revenues by the secular abbot or abbess appointed through royal favour. Whatever, therefore, the scandals of the Commendation may have been—and we may observe, that even the worst of them were not without example from times much earlier than those which M. de Montalembert describes as especially a prey to that system*—we must not only remember that Commendations, if practised by kings, were sanctioned by popes, and that the Council of Trent did not venture beyond the expression of a wish for reformation of this abuse†—that the faults of the system, therefore, are not to be charged exclusively on the royalty which M. de Montalembert detests, but partly also on the papacy which he reveres—but that the very system of monachism almost necessarily laid the monastic communities open to such practices.‡

The monks, we are told, deserved to fall in France, notwith-

* For instance, in the eighth century, a brother of King Pipin gave the abbey of Beze, near Dijon, to an Englishwoman, the wife of one Theodard, 'quia ejus stupro potitus fuerat.'—Chron. Besuense, in Migne, clxii. 871.

† Sessio xxv. de Reg. et Mon. c. 21; Montalemb. *Introd.*, clx., clx., clxv. See Thomassin, *Vetus et Nova Ecclesiae Discipl.*, t. vi. 113-4. (In which volume will be found a full history of the subject.)

‡ That the Cistercians would fall a prey to the Commendation was foretold, within a century from the foundation of the order, by Abbot Joachim of Fiore—out of Jeremiah xi. 22! 'The young men [Cistercian priors] shall die by the sword [of the State, through having commendatory abbots set over them]; their sons [the monks] and their daughters [the monasteries] shall die by famine [the monks, by famine of Catholic doctrine in consequence of the negligence of the commendatories; the monasteries, through the dissipation of their property].' (*Acta Sanctorum*, Mai. 29, p. 488.) This is exactly in the style of Mrs. Elizabeth Cottle—a lady whose oracles are sent by post to legislators and other eminent persons in our own day.

standing that in the new orders, such as that of La Trappe, there was much piety, and that among the Benedictines of St. Maur there was unequalled learning. The rest deserved their fate; for otherwise, asks M. de Montalembert, how could we understand the Divine justice in permitting it? (cl.). It was in vain that Bossuet and Fénelon had raised their cries for a reform; the Church, which might probably have been able to obtain the aid of the sovereign for such a reform, did not undertake it (clxxvii.-clxxxvii.); and the depth of the monastic decline was manifested in the day of trial, by the fact that the clergy whose heroic endurance then shed lustre on the French church were not the monks, but the bishops and the curés (clxxiv.-v.). And, says M. de Montalembert, when the regular clergy, instead of being superior to the seculars, sink below them, their profession is a failure. But, he adds, with a solemn flourish of quotation from Joseph de Maistre (whose authority we should have thought unnecessary for the enunciation of so trite a truth), 'the world is full of very just punishments, the instruments of which are very guilty' (clxxxiv.). M. de Montalembert is fond of mixing up all the opponents of monachism, as if every one of them were answerable for all that has been wrongly said or done by all the rest; but we must decline to make ourselves responsible for the men of the first French Revolution, for the infidel writers who paved the way for it, or even for Henry VIII. of England. Without feeling ourselves concerned to justify the means by which monachism was suppressed here, in France, or anywhere else, we may be glad that it is suppressed: without even committing ourselves to any opinion on this head, we might think that, since it has been suppressed, a revival of it is not to be desired. M. de Montalembert not only thinks that it ought to be revived, but confidently prophesies that it will be; for, he says, everything else that was overthrown in the frenzy of the first Revolution has risen again—monarchy has risen again; even nobility has risen again, although everywhere but in England it is a cipher; everything has risen again, with the single exception of monasticism, the best and the most useful thing of all (cxciv.-v.). For ourselves, we do not pretend to any prophetic gift, and shall content ourselves with saying, that we do not see why it *should* rise again. We do not need it for religion, for beneficence, for literature; we are not to be impressed by it, but believe that by other organizations, more fitted to the spirit of modern times, it is possible to do all that is now needed of the work which once was done by monasticism. M. de Montalembert, indeed, is himself a striking instance of the needlessness of monastic institutions. In former times a disappointed politician hid his sorrows in a cloister, and it was from cloisters that the learned

books

books of those ages came forth ; but now, as we see in this and in other eminent instances, statesmen whose political career has been cut short or suspended by revolutionary changes betake themselves to the production of laborious books—one brilliant orator among them even choosing monastic history for his theme—and, without the shelter of a cloister, do what the monastic students did in earlier days for the enrichment of literature. So, if the monks were the fighting men of the Church in the middle ages—if it was they alone who ventured to oppose the despotism of the East or of the West, when bishops and even popes were too ready to submit (xxxiii.-vi., xl.-i.)—would M. de Montalembert wish, even in the absence of a parliamentary opposition, to see the present government of France controlled by a mob of roaring monks besieging the Tuileries, rather than by a press which even its liability to official warnings cannot wholly subdue, an Academy with its significant reception-speeches, and a literature filled with its ‘war of allusions?’

M. de Montalembert is full of indignations and antipathies. It is not only Napoleon III. that he dislikes, nor M. Dupin ‘in 1844, as now, Attorney-General at the Court of Cassation’ (cxix.), nor the Emperor of Russia, nor Victor Emmanuel ; but his foes are they of his own household, and among them the especially clerical and high-church party is marked by his particular dislike. This feeling is strongly shown in a chapter ‘On the True and the False Middle Ages,’ and in one which is somewhat shocking to our English ideas of an author’s self-respect, ‘On the Fortunes of this Book.’ The book, he says, will not make such a sensation as the *Life of St. Elizabeth* did ; for things have changed for the worse in the meanwhile. *Then* all Catholics fought side by side ; *now* there is a new pseudo-Catholic school, narrow, ignorant, and bitterly intolerant, which proscribes all who will not fall down and worship it ; and at the hands of this school M. de Montalembert expects that his own book will fare no better than the excellent work of M. Albert de Broglie, on ‘*The Church and the Empire in the Fourth Century*,’ has done (lxxv., cclxxxii.-iii.). Moreover, the *Life of St. Elizabeth* was a novelty, whereas it has since found many imitators who have made such hagiology rather vulgar, and by their wrongheaded extravagances have given a fresh impulse to the enemies of the Church (ccxxxvii.). And thus, where a panegyrist of ancient monachism might have hoped to find his surest supporters, M. de Montalembert is obliged to expect, instead of a friendly welcome, the attacks of a set of ill-conditioned scribblers, who will try to denounce him as a liberal, a rationalist, and ‘above all a naturalist’ (cclxxxiii., cclxxxix.). These writers, he says, altogether misrepresent the middle

middle ages; knowing neither what really was there, nor what they ought to look for there, their grand mistake is that of identifying the middle ages with that so-called 'old régime,' which really killed the middle ages—which swallowed up all the liberties of the middle ages in despotism (ccxxxi.). For the middle ages, he holds, were full of liberty—liberty of thought, of speculation, of action—'they bristled with liberties' (ccliii.). They were not times when everything was subject to the Church, but the Church had to struggle at every point with princes, while, as Father Lacordaire has said, it was itself prevented by civil liberty from degenerating into a dominant theocracy. The glory of the Mediæval Church was not that it was absolute (surely M. de Montalembert would not deny that Gregory VII. and his followers designed it to be so), but that it was free (ccxlix., ccl.). If the middle ages are to be admired, it is precisely for what their modern admirers would reprobate (ccliii.).

'There is nothing more false or more childish than that strange pretension which certain late recruits of the Catholic revival make, to present the Middle Ages to us as a period in which the Church was always victorious, always protected: as a land of promise, flowing with milk and honey, governed by kings and nobles piously kneeling at the feet of priests, and peopled* by a crowd, happy, silent, and docile, stretched out in tranquillity under their pastor's crook, under the shade of the double and inviolably respected authority of the throne and the altar. Far from it! never was there more of passions, more of disorders, more of wars, more of revolts; but also never was there more of virtues, more of generous efforts in the service of good. All was war, danger, tempest, alike in Church and in State; but also all was strong, robust, vivacious; everything bore the stamp of life and of struggle.'—ccli.

In modern times, according to M. de Montalembert, the true appreciation of the middle ages began, not with the clerical party which claims them for its own, but with Protestants such as Guizot, Maitland, Voigt, Leo, and Raumer,† by whose lessons the priestly party has been too dull to profit (xvi.); and among Roman Catholics it has been continued, not by the clergy, but by laymen such as Digby, Ozanam, and M. de Montalembert himself.

In most of what is here said we fully agree, although we may think it rather hard, that when some of our weaker brethren and

* The 'authorised' translator has made something very like nonsense here, by entirely overlooking the word *peuplées*.

† In repeating these names, we must guard against the possibility of being supposed to place them on a level. Professor Leo, for instance—a mere spinner of affected paradoxes, although not without ingenuity or learning—is a person of very different mark from M. Guizot.

sisters have been won to Romanism by the ideal picture of the middle ages, we should now hear from a learned and very zealous Romanist that that picture is as false as we had ourselves believed it to be. But, taking M. de Montalembert's view of the middle ages as the true one, we may say that there were two ways of issue from their struggles:—the one, that some one of the contending parties should overpower the rest, and should rule without control; the other, that, gathering up all the results of the contest, men should establish a system of mutual checks and counterpoises, by which each power should be prevented from encroaching on the other, and we should be able to enjoy the benefits of the mediæval struggle, without being under the necessity of renewing it for ourselves at every step. And, however careless we in England may be as to theories and ideals, we have yet in practice so far secured the advantages of this second way, that we trust we can look dispassionately on the middle ages, can understand them fairly, and can criticise their eulogist with greater justice than he expects either from those among his countrymen who may be regarded as his natural opponents, or from those worse enemies who might have been supposed to be his natural allies.

When the work is completed we may perhaps return to it. In the meanwhile we trust that, although we have been obliged to express much difference of opinion from M. de Montalembert, we have said nothing inconsistent with the respect which is justly due to his high character and his great abilities, or with the gratitude which we owe to him for his very interesting volumes.*

* Our article was already in type when we received the translation which is named in the heading of it. If this version had reached us earlier, it might have saved us some trouble, as, on a comparison of our own extracts with the corresponding passages, we have found it to be in general both faithful and spirited, so that we should have been glad, for the most part, to make use of the translator's words instead of doing his work for ourselves. We must not, however, suppress a suspicion that, while well acquainted both with the author's language and with his own, he is not altogether at home in the subject of the book. 'St. Thomas d'Aquinas' (i. 442), for instance, is a form wholly new to us; 'The Abbot of Feuillans' (i. 146) is an odd way of rendering 'l'Abbé des Feuillans;' and we are startled at finding that, in two consecutive pages of an English book, a Greek monk of the sixth century is spoken of as '*Jean Moschus*,' and a German volume of miscellaneous writings is cited under the title of '*Mélanges*' (i. 304-5).

- ART. III.—1. *The Works of Virgil*. Translated by the Rev. Rann Kennedy and Charles Rann Kennedy. 2 Vols. 1849.
 2. *My Book*. By James Henry. 1853.
 3. *The Works of Virgil: closely rendered into English Rhythm*. By the Rev. Robert Corbet Singleton. Vol. I. 1855.
 4. *Virgil: literally translated into English Prose*. By Henry Owgan, LL.D. 1857.

NOT long ago* we invited the attention of the public to Horace and his translators. From Horace to Virgil is a natural and easy transition, and we are now accordingly going to offer some remarks on the English translators of Virgil, though we cannot plead the excuse of the appearance of any recent versions by eminent hands, by noble lords or accomplished statesmen. Our intention is to furnish some answer to two distinct though connected questions: How has Virgil been translated? and how may he be translated?

To attempt an exhaustive account of all the translations of the whole or parts of Virgil which have been made in English is a task which would exceed our own opportunities, as it probably would the wishes of our readers. Many of these productions are doubtless unknown to us: with others we are acquainted by name or by character, but they do not happen to be within our reach. It is obvious too that there must be a considerable number which do not deserve even the slender honour of a passing commemoration. Here, as elsewhere, something will depend on the date and consequent rarity of the book. A worthless translation of the nineteenth century calls for no mention at all; the work can be procured without difficulty, or the reader, if he pleases, can himself produce something of the same character. A worthless translation of the sixteenth century has an adventitious value: it is probably rare, and at any rate the power of producing anything similar is gone for ever. While, therefore, we do not cater for professed antiquaries, we may perhaps hope to interest those who care to see how Virgil has fared at the hands of writers, great and small, belonging to the various schools of English poetry—who for the sake of a few instances of beauty and ingenuity will pardon a good deal of quaintness and even some dullness, and are not too severe to smile at occasional passages of rampant extravagance and undisguised absurdity.

A very few words are all that need be spent on the first translation of Virgil into English by Caxton. The title, or rather tail-piece, runs as follows: ‘Here fynyssheth the boke of Eneydos,

* No. ccviii. Art. 2.

compyled by Vyrgyle, whiche hathe be translated oute of latyne in to frenshe, And oute of frenshe reduced in to Englysshe by me Wyllm Caxton the xxii. daye of Iuyn, the yeare of our lorde m.iiii. clxxxx. The fythe yeare of the Regne of Kynge Henry the seuenth.' Some account of the original work (by Guillaume de Roy) may be found in Warton's 'History of English Poetry,' Section xxiv. It seems, in fact, to be a romance made out of the *Æneid* by numerous excisions and some additions, the bulk of the whole being comparatively small. We have only glanced at the translation, the printing as well as the language of which is calculated to repel all but black-letter students; but its chief characteristic seems to be excessive amplification of the Latin. This is apparently the version of Virgil's two lines (*Æn.* IV. 9, 10):—

'Anna soror, quæ me suspensam insomnia terrent!
Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes!'

'Anne my suster and frende I am in ryghte gret thoughte strongly troubled and inceded, by dremes admonested whiche excyte my courage tenquire the maners & lygnage of this man thus valyaunt, strong, & puyssaunt, whiche deliteth hym strongly to speke, in deuyssing the hie fayttes of armes and perillys daungerous whiche he sayth to haue passed, neweli hither comyn to sojourne in our countreys. I am so persuaded of grete admonestments that all my entendement is obfusked, endullyd and rauysshed.'

It was not long before Caxton was to meet with one who proved himself both a severe critic and a successful rival. This was 'the Reverend Father in God, Mayster Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkel, and unkil to the Erle of Angus,' whose 'xiii Bukes of Eneados of the famose Poete Virgill translatet out of Latyne verses into Scottish metir,' though not published till 1553, was written forty years earlier. In the poetical preface to this work—a composition of some five hundred lines—there is a long paragraph, entitled in the margin 'Caxtoun's faultes,' which passes in review the various delinquencies of the father of printing: his omission of the greater part of the 'thre first bukis,' his assertion that the storm in Book I. was sent forth by *Æolus and Neptune*, the 'prolix and tedious fassoun' in which he deals with the story of Dido, his total suppression of the fifth Book, his ridiculous rejection of the descent into the shades as fabulous, his confusion of the Tiber with the Tover, his substitution of Crispina for Deiphobe as the name of the Sibyl, the whole being summed up by the assurance that—

'His buk is na mare like Virgil, dar I lay,
Than the nyght oule resemblis the papingay.'

The Bishop's own version has been highly praised by competent judges, and we think deservedly. One specimen we will give, and it shall be from the exordium of Book I. :—

'The battellis and the man I will discriue,
Fra Troyis boundis first that fugitiue
By fate to Italie come and coist lauyne,
Ouer land and se cachit with meikill pyne
By force of goddis aboue fra euery stede
Of cruel Iuno throw auld remembrit feid :
Grete payne in batelles sufferit he also
Or he his goddis brocht in Latio
And belt the ciete, fra quham of nobil fame
The latyne peopill taken has thare name,
And eke the faderis, princis of Alba,
Come, and the walleris of grete Rome alsua.'

The reader of these lines will not fail to remark their general closeness to the original, at the same time that he will be struck with a certain diffuseness, such as seems to be an inseparable adjunct of all early poetry. To expect that such rude and primitive workmanship should represent adequately Virgil's peculiar graces would of course be absurd ; but the effort was a great one for the time when it was made, and our northern neighbours may well be proud of it.

Not less marked, though not altogether of the same character, is the interest attaching to the next translation, or rather fragment of translation. The Earl of Surrey may or may not have died too soon for the political well-being of England, but his fate was undoubtedly an untimely one for her literature, and the historian who denies his claim to our sympathy expressly acknowledges his 'brilliant genius.*' His version, which embraces the Second and Fourth Books of the *Æneid*, deserves attention not only for its own sake, but as the first known specimen of English blank verse. As might be expected, the versification is not entitled to any very high positive praise. It is languid and monotonous, and sometimes unmetrical and inharmonious ; but the advance upon Gawin Douglas is very perceptible. The language is chiefly remarkable for its purity and simplicity ; occasionally there is a forcible expression, but in general a uniform medium is kept, and a modern reader will still complain a little of prolixity, though he will acknowledge that the fault is being gradually corrected. Dr. Nott has remarked that some parts of the translation are more highly-wrought than others ; and while he draws attention to the fact that Surrey has frequently copied Douglas, whose work must have been known

* Froude's *Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 509.

to him in MS., he notes that these obligations are much more frequent in the Second Book than in the Fourth. The following extract (we quote from Dr. Nott's edition) will perhaps give an adequate notion of Surrey's manner (*Æn.* II. 228, 'Tum vero tremefacta,' &c.):—

'New gripes of dread then pierce our trembling breasts.
They said, Lacon's deserts had dearly bought
His heinous deed, that pierced had with steel
The sacred bulk, and thrown the wicked lance,
The people cried with sundry greeing shouts
To bring the horse to Pallas' temple blive,
In hope thereby the goddess' wrath to appease,
We cleft the walls and closures of the town,
Whereto all help, and underset the feet
With sliding rolls, and bound his neck with ropes.
This fatal gin thus overlamb our walls,
Stuft with arm'd men; about the which there ran
Children and maids, that holy carols sang;
And well were they whose hands might touch the cords.'

The next translator, like Surrey, only lived to accomplish a portion of the *Æneid*: but it was a much larger portion, and it had the good fortune to be completed by another hand. Thomas Phaer, at one time 'sollicitour to the king and quene's majesties, attending their honourable counsaile in the marchies of Wales,' afterwards 'doctour of physike,' published seven Books of the *Æneid* in 1558. At his death, two years afterwards, he left a version of the Eighth and Ninth Books and a part of the Tenth; and in 1573 'the residue' was 'supplied and the whole worke together newly set forth by Thomas Twyne, gentleman.' This translation is in the long fourteen-syllable or ballad metre, which had then come into vogue, being used even in versions from the drama,* and which was afterwards adopted by Chapman in rendering the *Iliad*. It is of Chapman, indeed, that the ordinary reader will most naturally think in turning over Phaer's pages. Not to dwell on the essential difference between the two involved in the choice of subject, the ballad-measure of Queen Mary's time being as ill suited to the Virgilian hexameter as the ballad-measure of King James's may be well suited to the Homeric, we shall probably be justified in saying that Phaer's inferiority in original power makes him more faithful as a translator, though less interesting as a writer, and that his greater prolixity gives him a certain advantage in dealing with a measure which

* See Warton's account of 'Seneca his tenne Tragedies translated into English,' 1581 (*Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, § lvii.).

from its enormous length can hardly be made attractive, when written, as Chapman has written it, in couplets closely interlaced and complicated with each other. But Phaer has little or nothing of that 'daring fiery spirit' which, as Pope says, made Chapman write like an immature Homer; and though his language is not without merit, not many expressions can be quoted from him which would appear felicitous to a modern taste. His greatest eulogist is Godwin,* who pronounces his book 'the most wonderful depository of living description and fervent feeling that is to be found, perhaps, in all the circle of literature;' and, after quoting various passages with the highest commendation, says that whoever shall read his version of Anchises's speech about Marcellus, at the end of the Sixth Book, will cease to wonder that the imperial court was dissolved in tears at Virgil's recital. Let us see if we can transcribe it dry-eyed:—

'Æneas there (for walke with him he saw a seemly knight,
A goodly springold yong in glistring armour shining bright,
But nothing glad in face, his eyes downcast did shewe no cheere),
O father, what is he that walkes with him as equall peere?
His onely son? or of his stock some child of noble race?
What bustling makes his mates? how great he goth with portly
grace?

But cloud of louring night his head full heavy wrappes about.
Then lord Anchises spake, and from his eyes the teares brake out,
O son, thy peoples huge lamented losse seeke not to knowe.
The destnies shall this child onto the world no more but showe,
Nor suffer long to liue: O Gods, though Rome you think to strong
And ouermuch to match, for enuie yet do us no wrong.
What wailings loude of men in stretes, in feeldes, what mourning
cries

In mighty campe of Mars, at this mans death in Rome shall rise?
What funeralls, what numbers dead of corpses shalt thou see,
O Tyber flood, whan fleeting nere his new tombe thou shalt flee?
Nor shall there neuer child from Troian line that shal proceede
Exalt his graunsirs hope so hie, nor neuer Rome shal breede
An impe of maruel more, nor more on man may iustly bost.
O vertue, O prescribid faith, O righthand valiaunt most!
Durst no man him haue met in armes conflicting, foteman fearce,
Or wold he fomy horses sides with spurres encountering pearce.
O piteous child, if euer thou thy destnies hard maist breake,
Marcellus thou shalt be. Now reatche me Lillies, Lilly flours,
Giue purple Violetts to me, this neuews soule of ours
With giftes that I may spreade, and though my labour be but vayne,
Yet do my duety deere I shall. Thus did they long complayne.'

The remaining attempts in the sixteenth century deserve regis-

* 'Lives of Edward and John Philips' (Londo, 1815), pp. 247 foll.

tering chiefly as curious and grotesque experiments. Abraham Fleming, indeed, gave promise of something better in his 'Bucolikes of Publius Virgilius Maro, with alphabeticall Annotations upon proper nams of Gods, Goddesses, men, women, hilles, floudes, cities, townes, and villages, &c., orderly placed in the margent. Dravvne into plaine and familiar Englishe, verse for verse' (London, 1575), which is in rhymed fourteen-syllable measure in the style of Phaer. But in 1589 he published another version of the Eclogues, along with one of the Georgics, in which he discarded 'foolish rime, the nise observation whereof many times darkeneth, corrupteth, peruerteth, and falsifieth both the sense and the signification,' in favour of unrhymed lines of fourteen or fifteen syllables, not very graceful in themselves, and rendered additionally quaint by a strange fashion of introducing into the middle of the text explanatory notes, which form part and parcel of the metre. Thus he makes Virgil compliment his patron on—

'Thy verses, which alone are worthy of
The buskins [brave] of Sophocles [I meane his stately stile],'
and mentions, among the prognostics of fair weather—

'And Nisus [of Megera king and turned to a falcon]
Capers aloft in skie so cleere, and Scylla [Nisus daughter
Changed into a larke] doth smart for [his faire] purple haire.'

The prevalent mania, too, for reviving classical metre, which infected even Sidney and Spenser, took hold, as might be expected, of the would-be translators of Virgil. Webbe, in his 'Discourse of English Poetrie' (London, 1586), 'blundered,' as he aptly as well as modestly expresses it, upon a hexametrical version of the two first 'Æglogues,' in which Melibæus tells his 'kidlings'—

'Neuer again shall I now in a greene bowre sweetlie reposed
See ye in queachie briers farre a loofe clambring on a high hill,
Now shall I sing no Iygges, nor whilst I doo fall to my iunkets,
Shall ye, my Goates, cropping sweete flowers and leaues sit about me.'

But the most considerable, and by far the most extraordinary, feat of this nature was performed by Richard Stanyhurst, in his 'First Foure Bookes of Virgil's Æneis translated into English Heroical Verse, with other Poëtici ll devises thereto annexed' (London, 1583). His remarks on his own translation are a curiosity in themselves, and may remind us of Chapman's 'Mysteries revealed in Homer.' 'Virgil,' he says, 'in diuerse places inuesteth Iuno with this epitheton, Saturnia. M. Phaer ouerpasseth it, as if it were an idle word shuffled in by the authour to damme vp the chappes of yawning verses. I never
to

to my remembrance omitted it, as indeed a terme that carieth meate in his mouth, and so emphaticall, as that the ouerslipping of it were in effect the choaking of the Poets discourse, in such hauking wise as if he were throtled with the chincoughe. And to inculcate that clause the better, where the mariage is made in the fourth boke betwene Dido and Aeneas, I adde in my verse Watry Iuno. Although mine Author vsed not the epitheton, Watrye, but onlye made mention of earth, ayer, and fier, yet I am well assured that word throughly conceiued of an hedeful student may giue him such light as may ease him of six moneths trauaile: whyche were well spent, if that Wedlocke were wel understoode.* His practice was not less remarkable than his theory. Phaer had talked of 'Sir Gyas' and 'Sir Cloanthus,' made Isis masquerade as 'Dame Rainbowe,' and turned 'Gallum rebellem' into 'rebell French.' Stanyhurst (we take the instances given by Warton) calls Corœbus a 'bedlamite'; arms Priam with his sword 'Morglay,' a blade that figures in Gothic romance; makes Dido's 'parvulus Æneas' into 'a cockney, a dandiprat hop-thumb,' and says that when Jupiter 'oscula libavit natæ' he 'bust his pretty prating parrot.' But he shall exhibit himself more at length, and somewhat more fayouably, in a passage from the end of the First Æneid (v. 736, 'Dixit, et in mensam,' &c.):—

'Thus sayd, with sipping in vessel nicely she dipped.
Shee chargeth Bicias: at a blow hee lustily swapping
Thee wine fresh spuming with a draught swild up to the bottom.
Thee remnaunt lordings him pledge: Then curled Iöppas
Twang'd on his harp golden what he whillon learned of Atlas.
How the moone is trauers'd, how planet soonnie reuolueth,
He chaunts: how mankind, how beasts dooe carrie their offspring:
How flouds be engendered, so how fire, celestial Arcture,
Thee raine breede sev'n stars, with both the Triconical orders:
Why the sun at westward so timely in winter is housed,
And why the night seasons in summer swiftly be posting.
The Moores hands clapping, thee Troians plaudite flapped.'

In passing to the seventeenth century we feel that a change has already set in. The metres adopted are such as commend themselves to modern ears; the language, though varying according to the greater or less skill of the individual writer, is not in general marked by much quaintness or redundancy. Let us take a specimen from the earliest version with which we are acquainted,*—'Dido's Death: Translated out of the best of Latine

* When we wrote the above, we had not met with a translation of the Second Æneid published in 1620 by Sir Thomas Wroth, under the title of 'The Destruction

Latine Poets into the best of vulgar Languages. By one that hath no name' (London, 1622) 'Præterea fuit in tectis,' &c. (Book IV., v. 457):—

'In her house of stone
A temple too she had, of former spouse,
By her much Reuerenc't, with holy bowes
And Snowwhite Wooll adorn'd, whence oft she hears
A voice that like her husbands call appeares,
When darke night holds the world. The ellenge Owle
Oft on her housetop dismall tunes did houle,
Lamenting wofull notes at length outdrawing:
And many former Fortune-tellers' awing
Forewarnings fright: AEneas too in Dreames
Makes her runne mad: left by her selfe, she seemes
Alone some vnouth foule long way to haue taken,
Tyrians to seeke in desert Land forsaken.'

The vogue which these translations obtained does not seem always to have been proportioned to their merits. In 1628 were published 'Virgil's Georgicks Englished by Thomas May, Esq^r,' and 'Virgil's Ecloges translated into English by W. L.' (William Lisle). The former, if little read, has been not unfrequently mentioned since; the very existence of the latter has been forgotten.* Yet our readers, if we mistake not, will peruse the following extract from May's heroics with comparative indifference, while they will thank us for selecting two of Lisle's stanzas. ('Felix qui potuit,' &c., *Georg.* II. 490):—

'Happy is he that knowes the cause of things,
That all his feares to due subjection brings,
Yea, fate itselfe, and greedy Acheron!
Yea, happy sure is he, who ere has knowen

Destruction of Troy, or the Acts of Aeneas,' a copy of which is in the British Museum. Our space will only allow us to say that the metre is Phaer's, but the style more modern.

* An account of Lisle, who was an Anglo-Saxon scholar and antiquary, is given in Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary; but nothing is said of this translation. He appears, however, to have dedicated an edition of a treatise by Ælfric to Prince Charles in a copy of verses 'by way of Eclogue, imitating the 4th of Virgile,' besides being the author of a version from Du Bartas, and of 'The Fair Ethiopian,' which Chalmers calls a long poem of very indifferent merit.

Benson, whom we shall have occasion to mention below, says that almost 100 of May's lines are adopted by Dryden with very little alteration. The first two lines of May seem to have been copied by Ogilby.

'What makes rich crops, what season most inclines
To plowing th' earth, and marrying elms with vines.'—*May*.

'What makes Rich Grounds, in what Celestial Signs
'Tis good to Plow, and marry Elms with Vines.'—*Ogilby*.

Dryden borrows also once at least from Lisle. But of his plagiarisms more below.

The

The rurall Gods, Sylvanus, and great Pan,
And all the sister Nymphs! that happy man
Nor peoples voices, nor kings purple moue,
Nor dire ambition sundring brothers loue,
Nor th' Istrian Dacians fierce conspiracies,
Nor Romes estate, nor falling monarchies.'

“Quem fugis, ah demens,’ &c. (*Ecl.* II. 60):—

‘(Ah foolish Fon) whom dost thou seek to shun?
Why, Dardan Paris (that same shepherd knight)
Yea, e’ne the gods themselves, the woods did woon:
Let Pallas praise her Towres goodly hight,
And in her pompous Palaces delight
Which shee hath builded: but of all the rest,
In my conceit, the Forrest-Life is best.
The crewell grim-faced Lionesse pursues
The bloody Woolfe: the Woolfe the kid so free:
The wanton capring kidd doth chiefly chuse
Amongst the flowring Cythisus to bee:
And Corydon (Alexis) followes thee:
So each thing as it likes: and all affect
According as their nature doth direct.’

We must confess, however, that Lisle’s Eclogues, which are in a variety of metres, contain other passages less attractive than this. Nor should it be forgotten that much of the charm of these stanzas consists in their reminding us of strains which, when Lisle wrote, already belonged to the past,—the pastoral poetry of Spenser. May’s notes are less sweet, but they are probably more his own; they reach forward, not backward; they contain not an echo of Spenser, but a prophecy of Dryden.

The year 1632 saw a complete version of the *Æneid* by Vicars,* and a translation of the First Book by Sandys. Vicars, a Parliamentary fanatic, is known to the world as a poet only by the savage lines in *Hudibras*, where he is coupled with Withers and Prynne as ‘inspired with ale and viler liquors to write in spite of nature and his stars.’ Sandys is celebrated as the author of a translation of Ovid, which Pope read as a child and (not an invariable consequence with him) praised as a man. There seems to be no merit in Vicars. Sandys is perhaps superior to May, but, like him, he pleases chiefly as the harbinger of better

* The title of Vicars’s work is ‘The XII Aeneids of Virgil, the most renowned Laureat-Prince of Latine Poets, translated into English deca-syllables, by Iohn Vicars.’ Sandys’s is added to an edition of his translation of Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* (1632). and entitled, ‘An Essay to the Translation of Virgil’s *Æneis*.’

things in language and versification. Here is a favourable specimen ('*Est in secessu,*' &c., *Æn.*, I. 159):—

'Deepe in a Bay an Ile with stretcht-out sides
A harbor makes, and breakes the justling tides:
The parting floods into a landlockt sound
Their streams discharge, with rocks inviron'd round,
Whereof two, equal lofty, threat the skies,
Under whose lee the safe Sea silent lies:
Their browes with dark and trembling woods arayd,
Whose spreading branches cast a dreadfull shade.'

Sir John Denham's translation of the Second *Æneid* is said to have been made in 1636. We know not whether his '*Pas- sion of Dido for Æneas*' was written at the same time, but it seems rather the better of the two. In both, however, Denham is very unequal; a series of vigorous couplets will be followed by passages written in '*concatenated metre*,' as Johnson calls it, and disfigured by bad or feeble rhymes. He is fond, too, of engrafting comments and conceits upon his original, as when Dido tells *Æneas*—

'Thou shouldst mistrust a wind
False as thy Vows, and as thy heart unkind.'

The Queen's dying speech is a fair example of his better manner ('*Dulces exuviae,*' &c., *Æn.* IV. 651):—

'Dear Reliques whilst that Gods and Fates gave leave,
Free me from care, and my glad soul receive:
That date which fortune gave I now must end
And to the shades a noble Ghost descend:
Sichæus blood by his false Brother spilt
I have reveng'd, and a proud City built:
Happy alas! too happy I had liv'd,
Had not the Trojan on my Coast arriv'd:
But shall I dye without revenge? yet dye,
Thus, thus with joy to thy Sichæus flye.
My conscious Foe my Funeral fire shall view
From Sea, and may that Omen him pursue.'

A better translation of this Fourth Book appeared in 1648 by Sir Richard Fanshaw, a friend of Denham's, who does justice to his powers in an excellent copy of verses recommendatory of his version of *Pastor Fido*. Fanshaw's case is not unlike Lisle's: instead of prosecuting the cultivation of the heroic, he revives that of the Spenserian stanza. The choice was not a happy one under the circumstances: Virgil did not write in periods of nine lines, and Fanshaw, not being a diffuse writer, is led in conse-
quence

quence to run stanza into stanza, so that the versification does not enable us to follow the sense. Where, however, sense and metre happen to coincide, he may be read with real pleasure, as in the following passage ('*Dissimulare etiam sperasti,*' &c., *Æn.* IV. 305):—

'Didst thou hope too by stealth to leave my land,
And that such treason could be unbetrayed,
Nor should my love, nor thy late plighted hand,
Nor Dido, who would die, thy flight have stayed?
Must too this voyage be in winter made?
Through storms? O cruel to thyself and me!
Didst thou not hunt strange lands and sceptres swayed
By others, if old Troy revived should be,
Should Troy itself be sought through a tempestuous sea?'

We now come to the first translation of the whole of Virgil, 'The Works of Publius Virgilius Maro, Translated by John Ogilby, and Adorn'd with Sculptur,' first published in 1649-50, and afterwards, we believe, three times reprinted. This indefatigable adventurer, who practised successively or simultaneously the callings of dancing-master, original poet, translator from the classics, and literary projector, frequently ruined, but always recovering himself, learnt Latin in middle life, and proceeded to translate Virgil, as he afterwards learnt Greek and translated Homer. In his way he must be pronounced successful; he was ridiculed, but his version continued to be bought till Dryden's came into the market; and the 'Sculpturs' (engravings), which form a prominent feature in this, as in his other books, were considered good enough to be borrowed by his rival, who did not like to go to the expense of new plates. Nay, he seems to have found admirers still later: his work heads the list of the lady's library in the 'Spectator,' Dryden's 'Juvenal' coming second; and we happen to know that it not only is included among the books recommended for examination to the fraternity of labourers whom the Dean of Westminster is marshalling with a view to the production of a new English dictionary, but that a member of the band has undertaken to study it. In its day it was doubtless a useful and—in the absence of anything better suited to the taste of that generation—even a readable book. It is sufficiently close to the words of Virgil—much more so than Dryden. Its margin is furnished with a collection of notes from the old commentators, done in a tolerably business-like style; and though the author shows no trace of poetical feeling, no real appreciation of poetical language, he writes in general fair commonplace prosaic English, while his mastery over the heroic couplet will probably be pronounced creditable by those who, like our

Godolphin makes such short work of Dido's death, that we are compelled to begin our extract from him some lines earlier:—

'Then Juno, looking with a pitying eye
Upon so sad and lasting misery,
Since deepest wounds can no free passage give
To self-destroyers who refuse to live,
Sent Iris down to cut the fatal hair;
Which done, her whole life vanished into air.'

Waller's work merely embraces about a hundred lines, which were not translated by Godolphin. The following lines will show that it is well for him that his reputation as an English poet does not rest on his translation. 'Tu lacrimis evicta meis' (v. 548):—

'Ah sister! vanquished with my passion, thou
Betrayedst me first, dispensing with my vow.
Had I been constant to Sychæus still
And single-lived,* I had not known this ill.
Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged breast,
While the Dardanian does securely rest
In his tall ship, for sudden flight prepared:
To whom once more the son of Jove appeared.'

More remarkable than any of these experiments on Dido's story is 'An Essay upon Two of Virgil's Eclogues, and Two Books of his *Æneis* (if this be not enough) towards the Translation of the whole. By James Harrington, 1658.' The author, Sir James Harrington, better known by his '*Oceana*,' is compared to Vicars by Butler, who, disliking his politics, chose to sneer at his poetry; but those who have seen his '*Essay*' will feel that the sneer falls pointless. Unequal, and occasionally grotesque, he yet shows undeniable signs of vigour and ability, reminding us of Cowley both in his better and his worse manner. His felicities are not indeed Virgilian, as when he translates '*Oscula libavit natæ*'

'Jove, with the smiles that clear the weather, dips
His coral in the nectar of her lips,'

or speaks of *Æneas* among the paintings at Carthage as

'wandering through a world the pencil struck
As out of Chaos with stupendous luck:'

but they are felicities nevertheless: nor need we deny him the praise of ingenuity when he tells us that Dido

* 'Single-lived' is the spelling of the copy before us (1658); but it may be doubted whether the writer did not intend 'lived' for a verb. In that case the compound adjective would be rather a felicitous blunder.

'brings

'brings the Trojan to her court,
And sends a royal present to the port,
A hundred ewes and lambs, a hundred sows;
And Bacchus rides upon a drove of cows.'

The first simile in the *Æneid* is rendered thus—

'As when some mighty city bursteth out
Into sedition, the ignoble rout
Assault the palaces, usurp the street
With stones, or brands, or anything they meet
(For Fury's armoury is everywhere):
But, if a man of gravity appear
Whose worth they own, whose piety they know,
Are mute, are planted in the place, and grow
Unto his lips, that smooth, that melt their souls:
So hush the waves where Neptune's chariot rolls.'

As might be expected, the number of holiday-authors increased formidably after the Restoration—so formidably that it would be impossible within our present limits to give any adequate account of their several performances. Not one of the six volumes of Tonson's '*Miscellany*' is without some pieces of Virgilian translation: one of them, the first, contains a complete translation of the *Eclogues* by various hands; a collection which Dryden enriched by two of his own versions, and from which he afterwards did not disdain to borrow.* Of these studies by far the most noteworthy is '*The Last Eclogue*, translated, or rather imitated, in the year 1666, by Sir William Temple, Bart.,' a remarkably flowing and vigorous paraphrase, some lines of which might challenge comparison with Dryden's own. As it appears now to be quite forgotten, we shall not apologise for extracting from it rather copiously:—

'One labour more, O Arethusa, yield,
Before I leave the shepherds and the field:
Some verses to my Gallus ere we part,
Such as may one day break Lycoris' heart,
As she did his. Who can refuse a song
To one that loved so well, and died so young?
Begin, and sing Gallus' unhappy fires,
While yonder goat to yonder branch aspires
Out of his reach. We sing not to the deaf:
An answer comes from every trembling leaf.

* * *

* Dryden's chief plagiarisms are from the version of *Eclogue* I, 'by John Caryll, Esq^{re},' twenty-four of whose lines he appropriates, with slight changes. But there are cases of obligation in subsequent *Eclogues* which a future editor of Dryden's *Virgil* will do well to note.

Under a lonely tree he lay and pined,
His flock about him feeding on the wind,
As he on love : such kind and gentle sheep
E'en fair Adonis would be proud to keep.

What shakes the branches ? what makes all the trees
Begin to bow their heads, the goats their knees ?
Oh ! 'tis Silvanus, with his mossy beard
And leafy crown, attended by a herd
Of wood-born satyrs : see ! he shakes his spear,
A green young oak, the tallest of the year.

Would it had pleased the Gods I had been born
Just one of you, and taught to wind a horn,
Or wield a hook, or prune a branching vine,
And known no other love but, Phyllis, thine,
Or thine, Amyntas : what though both are brown ?
So are the nuts and berries on the down ;
Amongst the vines, the willows, and the springs
Phyllis makes garlands, and Amyntas sings.
No cruel absence calls my love away
Further than bleating sheep can go astray :
Here, my Lycoris, here are shady groves,
Here fountains cool and meadows soft : our loves
And lives may here together wear and end :
O, the true joys of such a fate and friend !

Meantime, while veteran diplomatists, rising peers, and future secretaries of state were employing themselves with these occasional performances, the whole of Virgil was being undertaken by a patrician author, Richard Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale. Unfortunately for his reputation, his Lordship appears to have hesitated about publishing, and, while he hesitated, the time went by. The version of the first Georgic appeared in the third volume of the 'Miscellany,' in 1694 : the *Æneid* was communicated to Dryden before he had embarked in his own great undertaking, and suffered to remain in his hands afterwards. At length it was resolved that it should be given to the world, but the design was prevented by the author's death. Two years later Dryden took his place as the translator of Virgil, and the chance was gone for even a temporary occupation of the throne. When the great poet, in the preface to his *Æneid*, complimented his noble friend's work, acknowledging some of his obligations to it, and concealing others, he spoke as if he did not expect that it would ever see the light. Eventually, however, the entire translation found an editor, who supposed, or affected to suppose, that if it could no longer reign alone, the crown might at any rate be divided.

divided. 'They who do not place my Lord Lauderdale upon the same foot with Mr. Dryden,' says this friendly critic, 'must be equally injurious to the one's judgment and to the other's translation; for 't will be easy to find upon the parallel that the poetry of South and North Britain is no more incompatible than the constitution.' But the Union did not extend to translations of Virgil. The North British version seems to have attracted no attention: Trapp praises it, and Martyn and Davidson quote it; but it probably was never read. Any one who will now take the trouble to look at it will see that it is not without merit. But though the noble translator was a better versifier and a greater master of English than Ogilby, he had studied in a school which is on the whole less favourable to a writer of limited powers: instead of copying his original closely, he sometimes transforms and adds to it; and his transformations and additions are hardly, in Denham's language, true to Virgil's fame. The following is an extract from the version of the Georgics, which is more flowing than that of the *Æneid* ('Nocte leves melius stipulæ,' &c. *Georg.* I., 289):—

'Parched meadows and dry stubble mow by night:
Then moisture reigns, which flies Apollo's light.
Some watch, and torches sharp with cleaving knives
Till late by winter fires: their careful wives,
To ease their labour, glad the homely rooms
With cheerful notes, while weaving on their looms,
Or else in kettles boil new wine, and skim
The dregs with leaves, when they o'erflow the brim.
But reap your yellow grain with glowing heat,
And on your floor with scorching Phœbus beat.
When days are clear, then naked till and sow:
In lazy winter labourers lazy grow:
For that 's a jovial time, when jovial swains
Meet, and in feasting waste their summer gains,
As seamen, come to port from stormy seas,
First crown their vessels, then indulge their ease.'

In 1696, as we have already intimated, Dryden's translation was published. Of its surpassing merits we must defer speaking till we have finished our chronological enumeration, as they are not of a nature which will bear dismissing in a few sentences. Standing as it does nearly midway in the history of Virgilian translations, it throws into the shade not only all that preceded, but all that have followed it. If Dryden's successors are less incapable of being put into comparison with him than his predecessors, it is to Dryden himself that the advantage, such as it is, is in some measure due.

Dryden's

Dryden's successors did not, in the first instance, attempt to meet him on his own ground. He had himself expressed an opinion, whether deliberately formed or not, in favour of translations into blank verse; and translations into blank verse soon became as popular among writers, if not among readers, of poetry as translations into rhyme. The illustrious examples of Shakespeare and Milton, long slighted, had at last done their work, the one restoring blank verse in tragedy, the other reinstating it in epic poetry: the new measure was doubtless felt to be easier than the old; and criticism was beginning to find out that a translation which should represent the words as well as the general meaning of an author could hardly be executed in such rhyme as the literary public of the eighteenth century would care to read. Accordingly, when Dr. Brady, Nahum Tate's coadjutor in the New Version of the Psalms, turned to translating the *Æneid* (1716-1726), he translated it into blank verse. His attempt is characterised contemptuously enough by Johnson, whose opinion we do not feel inclined to dispute. The next blank verse experiment is better known to ourselves, and probably to our readers also. In the last volume of Tonson's 'Miscellany,' Trapp appeared as a translator of the Tenth Eclogue into rhyme, and of the end of the First Georgic into blank verse: he was afterwards to execute a blank version of the whole of Virgil's three poems, publishing the *Æneid* in 1717 or 1718, the *Bucolics* and *Georgics* about 1731. We may perhaps speak of his work more in detail hereafter; for the present it is sufficient to say, that whether owing to the University reputation of the author, who was the first Oxford Professor of Poetry, or to the more substantial recommendations of a version which, as Johnson says, might serve as the clandestine refuge of schoolboys, and of a commentary containing a good deal of information and not a little prosaic good sense, the book reached the honours of a third edition in 1735.

In 1764 Trapp's example was followed by another ex-Professor of Poetry, Hawkins by name. If we are unable to give any account of his version of the *Æneid*, we may plead as our excuse that it is not to be found in the library of the University of which the translator was a professor, nor in that of the college (Pembroke) of which he was a fellow, nor again in that of the British Museum. By way of amends, however, we can tell our readers something of the translation which appeared next in order of time, 'The Works of Virgil Englished by Robert Andrews, 1766.' The author, who was fortunate enough to secure Baskerville for his printer, and thus to make his work, externally at any rate, a most attractive one, imputes the shortcomings of former translators

lators to their adoption of rhyme. 'The best of 'em had not doft their Gothic shackles when they dared to the race the most rapid of the poets: how then should they save their distance?' Here is this unshackled runner's own start:—

- 'M. You, Tityro, lolling 'neath the spreading beech,
 Muse on your slender straw the sylvan song.
 We leave our country, our sweet meadows quit,
 Our country fly. You, Tityro, soft imbowered,
 Prompt fair Amarilla to the echoing woods.
 T. A God, Melibœe! gave us these calm hours.'

This singular fashion of manipulating proper names runs through the book, and is indeed one of its chief characteristics. Thus we have Daphny, Alexy, Mopsy, Philly, Lycid (a name which may perhaps show that Mr. Andrews conceived himself only to be taking a Miltonic liberty), Thyrsé, Menalca, Paleme, Cloanth, Helnor and Lyke (for Helenor and Lycus), Mezente, and Jutna (for Juturna).

In 1767 was published 'The Æneid of Virgil, translated into Blank Verse by Alexander Strahan, Esq.,' who had already twice before attempted portions of the poem. He professes to have 'kept as close to his author as the late Dr. Trapp in respect of his sense, but to have taken a little more compass for the sake of harmony.' The experiment issues in lines like these ('Quæ te tam læta tulerunt,' *Æn.* I. 605):—

- 'What happy ages gave you to the world?
 What parents such perfection could produce?
 While to their mother sea the rivers flow,
 While mountains cast their spreading shadows round,
 While Æther feeds the stars, your sacred name,
 Your bright idea shall for ever last,
 Where'er my fate may bear me o'er the globe.'

The Tenth and Twelfth Books were contributed by Dobson, the same who gave a Latin dress to the 'Paradise Lost.'

More than thirty years remained to the end of the century; but it was not till 1794 that another blank verse translator of Virgil showed himself. This was the Rev. James Beresford, Fellow of Merton College, otherwise known as the author of a popular *jeu d'esprit* called the 'Miseries of Human Life,' and of a less successful polemic against Calvinism. Cowper's Homer had recently appeared, and had been recognised to be, what it certainly is, a work of real merit; and it was tempting to try whether the same process could not after all be made to answer with Virgil. But Cowper's success, whatever it may have been, was due, not

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to the theories of his preface, but to his practice as an original poet: it established a case for blank verse as wielded by Cowper, not as wielded by Mr. Beresford. As usual, we give a specimen of his translation ('Tempus erat, quo prima,' *Æn.* II. 268):—

'Twas at the hour when first oblivious rest
To care-sick mortals comes, and, gift of gods,
Of all their gifts best welcome, steals unfelt,
When, as I slept, before my eyes, behold,
Hector, all woe-begone, appeared to come
In present sight, and pour down copious tears,
As dragged erewhile fast by the chariot wheels
Sordid with bloody dust, his big-swoln feet
With thongs transpierced. Ah me! what seemed he then!
How from that Hector changed, who late returned
Clad in the glorious spoils of Peleus' son,
Or fresh from hurling on the barks of Greece
His Phrygian fires! Now—squalid was his beard,
His locks blood-knotted, and those gashes too
Were seen, which round his parent country's walls,
In fights of yore, he, numberless, had borne.
Melting in tears, I seemed to accost the shade
Spontaneous, and these mournful words draw forth.'

Dr. Symmons—who speaks of blank verse rather happily,* as 'only a laborious and doubtful struggle to escape from the fangs of prose,' adding that 'if it ever ventures to relax into simple and natural phraseology, it instantly becomes tame, and the prey of its pursuer,'—has passed a censure which, inapplicable to Cowper, for whom it was intended, is not more than a just description of what has been accomplished by Cowper's Virgilian follower.

The rhyming translators of Virgil during the eighteenth century were fewer, but they were men of more mark. Some portion of their success is doubtless due to the vehicle which they chose. The heroic couplet, as managed by Dryden, is far more open to imitation than the blank verse of the '*Paradise Lost*;' the sources of the pleasure which it creates lie nearer to the surface, and are more accessible to an ordinary writer. And if Dryden is more imitable than Milton, Pope is more imitable than Dryden. Dryden was essentially capricious: sometimes vigorous and splendid, at others flat and slovenly. He was a critic, but his canons of criticism are constantly varying, and the astonishing effects which he at times produces are due to ear and natural instinct rather than to deliberate judgment. With Pope, on the other hand, all was conscious art; he took his measure, such as

* Preface to *Æneid*, p. 22 (2nd edition).

it was, of the capabilities of the heroic couplet, and with steady and unwearied patience set himself to realize them in his practice; and his successors, after admiring the marvellous result, might reasonably hope, by the exertion of moderate powers of analysis, to attain to some notion of the process. In or before 1724, after the completion of the English Iliad, Benson, celebrated by Pope as the admirer of Milton and Johnston's Psalms, being dissatisfied with the way in which Dryden had dealt with the poetry and the agriculture of Virgil, published 'Virgil's Husbandry; or an Essay on the Georgics;' a version of the Second Book, with explanatory notes, following it up next year with a similar 'Essay' on the First. The subjoined extract, if it has no other interest, will show, at any rate, that Pope's influence was already beginning to tell ('Nec requies quin aut pomis,' *Georg.* II., 516):—

'Nor rests the year, but still with fruit abounds
Or vast increase of herds, or loads the grounds
With piles unnumbered of promiscuous grain,
Subdues the barns, and triumphs on the plain.
A storm descends: Sicyonian berries feel
The nimble poundings of the clattering steel:
The falling acorns rustle in the wood,
And swine run homeward cheerful with their food:
The copse her wildings gives from shattered bowers,
And teeming autumn lays down all her stores,
Whilst high on sunny rocks the clustered vine
Boils into juice and reddens into wine.'

A much more memorable attempt to beat Dryden with Pope's weapons was made by Pitt, who, after dallying for some time with a new version of the *Æneid*, completed it at last, and published it in 1740. Pitt was intimate with Spence, the friend of Pope; and the great poet, in words which seem not to have been preserved, signified his approval of an experiment which but for him would scarcely have been possible. After the author's death, Joseph Warton, a brother Wykehamist, completed the translation by the addition of the Eclogues and Georgics, and republished it with a dedication to the first Lord Lyttelton, in which he finds fault with Dryden, and asserts Pitt's superiority: a judgment, the merits of which, as well as those of Warton's own translation, we hope shortly to consider. Sotheby's version of the Georgics, the first edition of which (1800) is just included in the eighteenth century, will come in for its share of notice most appropriately at the same time. All three were conspicuously inferior to Dryden, but they were in some sense foemen worthy of his steel, and it is well that they should have an opportunity of exhibiting themselves along with him. We have been

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in some doubt whether to reserve our judgment of Beattie's Eclogues; but a comparison of his translation with Dryden's and Warton's, by a favourable though not indiscriminating judge, is included in his Life by Sir William Forbes, and may be consulted there. The translation seems not to have been greatly valued by the author, who apparently did not reprint it, nor is it to be found in all collections of his poems. In his original compositions Beattie is pleasing rather than vigorous, and this is very much the character, both positively and negatively, of his translation, which is freely executed, and contains at least as much of the author as of his Latin model. The following lines will exhibit at once his better and his worse qualities ('Muscosi fontes,' &c. *Ecl.* VII. 45):—

'Corydon. Ye mossy fountains, warbling as ye flow,
And, softer than the slumbers ye bestow,
Ye grassy banks! ye trees with verdure crowned,
Whose leaves a glimmering shade diffuse around!
Grant to my weary flocks a cool retreat,
And screen them from the summer's raging heat!
For now the year in brightest glory shines,
Now reddening clusters deck the bending vines.

Thyrsis. Here 's wood for fuel: here the fire displays
To all around its animating blaze;
Black with continual smoke our posts appear,
Nor dread we more the rigour of the year
Than the fell wolf the fearful lambskins dreads
When he the helpless fold by night invades,
Or swelling torrents, headlong as they roll,
The weak resistance of the shattered mole.'

The one other translator of the eighteenth century whose work has fallen in our way, is a Mr. John Theobald, whose 'Second Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, in Four Cantos, with Notes'—a handsome quarto—bears no date, but has the appearance of having been published some time after the middle of the century. His lines are such as Surrey or Phaer would doubtless have envied for their smoothness and finish; but a reader of the present day will hardly regret that the four cantos were not extended to forty-eight.

The course of Virgilian translation in the nineteenth century is as illustrative of the general literary history of the period as the corresponding phase in the eighteenth. In the first thirty years several translations appeared, marked more or less by the characteristics of the preceding century: since that time, the old notion of translation—that which aims at substituting a pleasing English poem for an admired original—has been well-nigh abandoned,

abandoned, and experiments as multiiform as those practised by the Elizabethan scholars and poets have become the order of the day. We are reminded, not of Dryden or Warton, but of Webbe, Fleming, and Stanyhurst. These revolutionary aspects constitute a new division of our subject, and call, in fact, for a separate discussion. Of the translations that remain, by far the most considerable is the '*Æneis*' of Dr. Symmons, which appeared in 1816, and was reprinted in 1820. It is worth reserving for further notice, and we reserve it accordingly.

The only other attempt we need mention is the version of the *Eclogues* made about 1830 by Archdeacon Wrangham, an accomplished scholar and versifier, whose name has not yet died out of remembrance. His lines are elegant, but artificial and involved; they show the man of taste, not the genuine poet or the master of vigorous English. Take the end of the '*Pollio*' ('*Aggrederere O magnos, Ecl. IV. 48*'):—

'These honours thou—'tis now the time—approve,
Child of the skies, great progeny of Jove!
Beneath the solid orb's vast convex bent,
See on the coming year the world intent:
See earth and sea and highest heaven rejoice:
All but articulate their grateful voice.

O reach so far my long life's closing strain!
My breath so long to hymn thy deeds remain!
Orpheus nor Linus should my verse excel,
Though even Calliope her Orpheus' shell
Should string, and (anxious for the son the sire)
His Linus' numbers Phœbus should inspire!
Should Pan himself before his Arcady
Contend, he'd own his song surpassed by me.

Know then, dear Boy, thy mother by her smile:
Enough ten months have given of pain and toil.
Know her, dear Boy,—who ne'er such smile has known,
Nor board nor bed divine 'tis his to own.'

Thus far we have seen what has been accomplished by the different translators of Virgil, down to a few years from the time at which we are now writing. Their object, in general, has been, as we said just now, to substitute a pleasing English poem for an admired original. This being the case, it was naturally to be expected that the one who happened to be the best English poet should be the best translator. Perhaps it might be necessary to stipulate that there should be some similarity between the genius of the poet translating and that of the poet translated. A Virgil by Shelley would have been un-Virgilian, though scarcely more so than Pope's Homer is un-Homeric; but where any scope

is given for the exhibition of native poetical power, a true poet, however careless, is sure to please more than the most fastidiously elegant versifier. And this is just what has happened. Whatever a few critics may have thought and said, Dryden's is the only English Virgil of which the bulk of English readers know anything.

It is doubtless true, as a critical theory, that a translator ought to endeavour not only to say what his author has said, but to say it as he has said it. In the greatest writers, thought and language may possibly be distinguished, but can scarcely be dissociated. Every true poet has a style of his own: a style which probably forms half of what makes him please, and more than half of that which makes him remembered. And if this be true of other writers, it is especially true of Virgil. He has chosen to trust, as scarcely any one else has done, to expression—to the preference not merely of one word to another, but of one arrangement of words to another. He insinuates new thoughts through the medium of apparent tautologies; he calls in old phrases, recasts them, and produces new effects. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that few of the translators of Virgil have trusted to themselves so entirely as Dryden. He worked hurriedly and under pressure; he was hardly likely to be more attentive to his author's language than in his original compositions; nay, the very vigour of his genius required that he should abandon himself to his own impulses and express himself in his own way. He was constantly adding to his original, and that in the most wilful and reckless manner. There were elements in his nature peculiarly repugnant to the Virgilian ideal, and those elements he was at no great pains to conceal. When he chose he could be not only careless and slovenly, but offensively coarse and vulgar, and he is so in his Virgil a hundred times. From the very first he made himself fair game for his rivals and critics, and they have taken their full advantage. From Milbourne and Trapp down to the Messrs. Kennedy, every aspiring translator has been able to quote a long list of passages where Dryden has failed grossly, and has argued in consequence that a true translation of Virgil has yet to be made. Yet their case, as we venture to think, easily proved in theory, has uniformly broken down in practice. The fact is, that what they have proved has been proved not merely against Dryden, but against themselves. The question of fidelity of rendering, in the case of a writer like Virgil, can hardly be made one of degree. It is idle to discuss who has come nearest to the style and language of Virgil, when no one has come within any appreciable distance. A blank versifier may flatter himself that he can do more than a rhymers, but

but it will probably be because he is less capable of producing something which may be read with pleasure as an original poem. The rhymers, at any rate, are placed *ipso facto* on terms of virtual equality so far as resemblance to Virgil's manner is concerned. They are compelled to sacrifice all that makes that manner what it is, and the one thing that the public has to care for is the goodness or badness of the substitute they offer. Here it is that Dryden's greatness comes out. Compare him with other translators, and it will be seen that while none of them have anything of Virgil's individuality, he alone has an individuality of his own of sufficient mark to interest and impress the reader. Let us make our meaning clear by an instance or two. We will take four lines near the opening of the First *Æneid*, and see how they have been dealt with by the chief rhyming translators :—

* *Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine læso,
Quidve dolens regina Deum tot volvere casus
Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores
Impulerit. Tantene animis cælestibus iræ ?*

DRYDEN.

O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;
What goddess was provoked, and whence her hate;

For what offence the queen of heaven began
To persecute so brave, so just a man,
Involved his anxious life in endless cares,
Exposed to want, and hurried into wars.
Can heavenly minds such high resentment show,

Or exercise their spite in human woe?

PITT.

Say, Muse, what causes could so far incense
Celestial powers, and what the dire offence
That moved heaven's awful empress to impose
On such a pious prince a weight of woes,
Exposed to dangers, and with toils oppress.
Can rage so fierce inflame a heavenly breast?

SYMMONS.

Speak, Muse! the causes of effects so great:
What god was wronged? or why, incensed
with hate,
Should Heaven's high queen with toils on
toils confound
The man for piety to heaven renowned,
And urge him with a ceaseless tide of ills?
Ah! can such passions goad celestial wills?

Here, if we make it a question of degrees, there is doubtless much to be urged against Dryden, who has expanded into eight lines what the others have been content to express in six, and a closer pressure, such as Sotheby occasionally practised, might possibly have reduced to four. But if we look closely at the original, we shall see that its peculiar characteristics have really been preserved by none of the three. Which of them gives any conception of the Virgilian rhythm? and yet what would a passage of Virgil be without this? Who has imitated the peculiarity of '*quo numine læso*'—that expression which still continues to be the *crux* of commentators? Or, if it be thought too much to expect that a translator should adumbrate what no annotator has succeeded in fixing, what have we in any of the three to represent that most Virgilian of phrases—half-inverted, half-direct—'*tot volvere casus*'? Dryden has '*involved*;' Pitt talks of '*a weight of woes*;' Symmons of '*confounding with toils on toils*;' but none of these is what Virgil has said, though any of them will serve to express roughly what he meant. Looking to

Virgil's

Virgil's general meaning, we see no reason to doubt that it is fairly conveyed by Dryden's eight lines—eight lines which seem to us the very perfection of clear unaffected musical English. It is needless to compare them in detail with those of Pitt and Symmons; they are obviously such as only a master like Dryden could have written:—

'Hæc miscere nefas : nec cum sis cetera fossor,
'Tres tantum ad numeros Satyrum moveare Bathylli.'

The same easy strength is observable throughout Dryden's version of the Georgics. Even where it is evident that he is not putting forth his full power, he will generally be found to distance his competitors. Let us try them in a tolerably simple passage from the Second Book (v. 362):—

Ac dum prima novis adolescit frondibus ætas,
Parecundum teneris: et dum se lætus ad auras
Palmes agit, laxis per purum immissus
habenis,
Ipsi acie nondum falcis tentanda, sed uncis
Carpendæ manibus frondes interque legendæ.
Iude ubi jam validis amplexæ stirpibus ulmos
Exierint, tum stringe comas, tum brachia
tonde:
Ante reformidant ferrum: tum denique dura
Exerce imperia, et ramos compesce fluentes.

DRYDEN.

But in their tender nonage, while they spread
Their springing leaves, and lift their infant
head,

And upward while they shoot in open air,
Indulge their childhood, and the nursling
spare:

Nor exercise thy rage on new-born life,
But let thy hand supply the pruning-knife,
And crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loth
To strip the branches of their leafy growth.
But when the rooted vines with steady hold
Can grasp their elms, then, husbandman, be
bold

To lop the disobedient boughs, that strayed
Beyond their ranks: let crooked steel invade
The lawless troops which discipline disclaim,
And their superfluous growth with rigour
tame.

WARTON.

The new-born buds, the tender foliage spare:
The shoots that vigorous dart into the air,
Disdaining bonds, all free and full of life,
O dare not wound too soon with sharpened
knife!

Insert your bending fingers, gently cull
The roving shoots, and reddening branches
pull.

But when they clasp their elms with strong
embrace,
Lop the luxuriant boughs, a lawless race:
Ere this they dread the steel: now, now
reclaim
The flowing branches, the bold wanderers
tame.

SOTHEBY.

When the new leaf in Spring's luxuriant time
Clothes the young shoot, oh! spare its tender
prime:

And when the gadding tendril wildly gay
Darts into air and wantons on its way,
Indulgent yet the knife's keen edge forbear,
But nip the leaves, and lighten here and
there:

But when in lusty strength the o'ershadow-
ing vine
Clings with strong shoots that all the elm
entwine,
Range with free steel, exert tyrannic sway,
Lop the rank bough, and curb the exuberant
spray.'

As usual, Dryden allows himself more licence than the rest, and his freedom has led him into a misconception of the meaning of the first sentence, which the other two, owing to their greater fidelity, avoid, or appear to avoid. He confuses the earliest stage, when the leaves are not to be touched at all,

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with the second, when they are not to be touched by the pruning-hook. But in spite of this, and in spite of the general latitude of his rendering, we are mistaken if our readers fail to perceive his great superiority. Sotheby keeps much closer to Virgil, but it is a closeness by which we set very little store, failing, as it does, to bring out the chief points of his author's language,—the 'laxis per purum immissus habenis,' and even the 'tum—tum—tum denique.' The military metaphor in Dryden's last lines may seem rather a bold expansion of 'dura exerce imperia;' but it is thoroughly in the spirit of the original. Every line of Virgil shows that he regarded the vine-branch as a living thing; that is the key-note of the paragraph, and no one has seen this so clearly or brought it out so vividly as Dryden.

Our judgment then is, that Pitt and Warton, Symmons and Sotheby, fail as translators precisely because they fail as original poets. They cannot help being more or less original, substituting, that is, their own mode of expression for Virgil's; and their originality is comparatively uninteresting. They are not great poets, but simply accomplished versifiers. Each has his own merits; each shows his weakness in his own way. Pitt wrote with the echoes of Pope in his ears, and may remind his readers of the English Homer as long as they have not the English Homer by them. Those who wish to estimate his real relation to his master may compare a translation of his from the Twenty-third Odyssey, printed in Pope's Letters,* with Pope's own. His chief fault is a general mediocrity of expression: a monotonous level which is neither high poetry nor good prose. Dryden's narrative is easy and straightforward; Pitt's indefinite and conventional. He has, as it were, a certain cycle of rhymes which Pope has made classical, and he rarely ventures to deviate from it. We open his translation at random, glance down a page, and find the couplets end as follows: *Tyre, fire; round, crowned; joy, Troy; hour, o'er; grace, race; glows, rows; delay, way; designed, mind; come, room; inspire, fire; place, race; rest, addrest; above, Jove; implore, adore; tost, coast; know, woe.* *Ex pede Herculem*, when we see *tost* and *coast*, *inspire* and *fire*, in a writer of the school of Pope, we know pretty well what the rest of the line is likely to have been. One of Pitt's most enthusiastic admirers observes, not without truth, that he is peculiarly unfortunate in his versions of similes. A simile is one of those things in which weakness of handling is most

* Pitt to Spence in Pope's Letters (Works, by Bowles, vol. viii., p. 352). The Twenty-third Book was translated by Broome, but Pope doubtless altered it.

likely to come out; as managed by Virgil it is commonly a description in itself, and the features in it which are not intended to be made prominent will often escape an inattentive reader. Warton was heavier and more prosaic than Pitt, without being much less conventional. His ear was worse, his command of poetical language more restricted; yet he sighs in his dedication over the necessity of using 'coarse and common words' in his translation of the *Georgics*, viz. *plough and sow, wheat, dung, ashes, horse, and cow, &c.*; words which he fears 'will unconquerably disgust many a delicate reader.' When Virgil rises, Warton does not rise with him; his version of the 'Pollio' and of the Praises of Italy may be read without kindling any spark of enthusiasm. Who, with genuine poetry in his soul, could have thus rendered 'Salve, magna parens frugum,' &c. (*Georg.* II. 173)?—

'All hail, Saturnian soil! immortal source
Of mighty men and plenty's richest stores!
For thee my lays inquisitive impart
This useful argument of ancient art:
For thee I dare unlock the sacred spring,
And through thy streets Ascrean numbers sing.'

Sotheby and Symmons may be contrasted as well as paralleled with Warton and Pitt. When they wrote, the language of English classical poetry had become still more artificial, the structure of the heroic couplet still more conventional. Sotheby's *Georgics* run, in fact, to the tune of the 'Pleasures of Hope.' It would be too much to ascribe any very direct influence to a poem published only a year previously. Still the secret of their weakness could hardly be better described than in the words which Hazlitt applies to Campbell's poem. 'A painful attention is paid to the expression in proportion as there is little to express, and the decomposition of prose is substituted for the composition of poetry.*' There are many well-wrought lines; sometimes we may find a whole passage which has been successfully laboured; but we miss throughout that pervading vigour which works from within, not from without—which expresses itself poetically, because it has first learned to express itself in English. Nowhere is the power of writing English more needed than in translating the *Georgics*. Even as it is, Virgil's didactics are well nigh crushed under a load of ornament: there is every-

* 'Lectures on the English Poets,' p. 294 (1st edition). Hazlitt censures Rogers—who, as he truly says, is a poet of the same school—in language still more severe, but, with all its exaggeration, not wholly undeserved.

thing to tempt a translator not to say a plain thing in a plain way; and the slightest additional bias in favour of the indirect chicaneries of language is sure to be fatal. Here are Sotheby's directions for the construction of bee-hives ('Ipsa autem, seu corticibus tibi suta cavatis,' &c. *Georg.* IV. 33):—

'Alike, if hollow cork their fabric form,
Or flexile twigs enclose the settled swarm,
With narrow entrance guard, lest frosts congeal,
Or summer suns the melting cells unseal.
Hence not in vain the bees their domes prepare,
And smear the chinks that open to the air,
With flowers and fucus close each pervious pore,
With wax cement, and thicken o'er and o'er.
Stored for this use they hive the clammy dew,
And load their garner with tenacious glue,
As birdlime thick, or pitch, that slow distils
In unctuous drops on Ida's pine-crowned hills.
And oft, 'tis said, they delve beneath the earth,
Hide in worn stones and hollow trees their birth:
Aid thou their toil: with mud their walls o'erlay,
And lightly shade the roof with leafy spray.'

Every line here gives evidence of taste and refinement: some of them show considerable power of condensed expression, yet who would care to read page after page of poetry of this sort, apart from the associations of the Latin? 'Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile.' Sotheby knew and felt that one of Virgil's greatest charms was his diction; he was doubtless conscious that his own strength lay in elegance of expression; and he may not unreasonably have been led to believe that he was well qualified to succeed in a translation of the *Georgics*. But though his Virgil, the task of his youth, is very superior to his Homer, the labour of his old age, not only from the greater congeniality of the subject, but in itself, as an original poem, few, we apprehend, would be found now to endorse the opinion expressed by several of his contemporaries, that he has contrived to occupy a place which the carelessness and slovenliness of Dryden had left vacant. One cause of the want of interest with which we read his *Georgics* may be the wearying monotony of their versification. The heroic couplet is there as it passed from Pope to Darwin, and from Darwin to Campbell; but an unbroken series of such couplets is a poor substitute for the interwoven harmonies of Virgil. When a strong or even a rough line is wanted, Sotheby has no objection to introducing it, any more than Pope had before him; but to fuse couplet into couplet, varying the cadences

dences till the entire paragraph becomes a complex rhythmical whole, was a gift which nature denied him, and art did not supply.

Symmons is, as we have intimated, a writer of the same school as Sotheby, preferable in some respects, inferior in others. Probably he has not as many good lines, but he produces less the effect of sameness: he is not so conventional, but he is more of a pedant. On the whole, however, the family likeness between them is considerable, as will be seen from the following extract from the boat-race in the Fifth *Æneid* ('*Quo diversus abis,*' &c. v. 166):—

'Why thus, Menœtes, still licentious stray?
Keep to the rock! be frugal of the way!
Gyas again exclaims: and close behind
Beholds Cloanthus to the rock inclined.
He 'twixt the ship of Gyas and the steep
Steers with nice judgment, and attains the deep:
Then, as he there in fearless triumph rides,
From the late victor and the goal he glides.
But rage and anguish swell in Gyas' breast,
Nor stands within his eye the tear repressed.
His rank forgetting, and the care he owes
To his ship's safety, from the stern he throws
The tardy master headlong on the tide,
And his own hands the vacant steerage guide.
Become the pilot and the captain too,
Landward he turns the helm and cheers his crew.
But, scarcely rising from the deep at length,
With his drenched clothes and age-diminished strength,
Menœtes to the rock with labour swims,
And on its sunny forehead dries his limbs.
Him in his plunge, and in his dripping plight,
The Trojans view, diverted at the sight,
And, as the briny draught his breast restores,
Loud peals of laughter rattle through the shores.'

This is carefully done, and undoubtedly keeps closer to the Latin than Dryden's version; but it is not the narrative of Virgil; nor was it likely to make the readers of 1816 forget the '*Corsair*' and '*Lara*.'

The moral which we would draw from this part of our criticism is, that no one is likely to attain as a poetical translator the excellence which would be denied to him as an original writer. In prose the case is different, as there the translator has to draw far less on his own powers; though even there it will be true that a man who is best able to express his own thoughts will be best able—we do not say most willing—to express the thoughts
of

of another. But the poetical translator is really an original poet; and the stream cannot rise higher than its source.

One great poet there has been who once conceived the thought of disputing Dryden's supremacy as a translator of the *Æneid*. Wordsworth saw, as many others have seen, that Dryden's genius did not correspond to Virgil's—that there is no analogy between the Latin and the English *Æneid*, the peculiar charm of the one being different from the peculiar charm of the other; and he thought that, by submitting to a more exacting self-criticism than Dryden's, he might produce something more Virgilian. But he found himself surrounded with difficulties. In his own mind he was convinced that the proper equivalent to the hexameter of Virgil was the blank verse of Milton, which he conceived to have been actually modelled upon it; but he did not venture to adopt it, feeling that a poem so remote in its whole complexion from the sympathies of modern England would not be read with interest without the obvious attractions of rhyme. He found, too, that in spite of the resolution with which he had set out, not to introduce anything for which there was no warrant in the original, he had to admit the rule of compensation—a give and take principle, conferring on Virgil some new beauty in return for having deprived him of an old one. His sense of the discouraging nature of his task at last made him give it up, but not before he had accomplished several books. One or two passages from his translation are given in letters quoted in his *Life*, the source to which we are indebted for the facts we have just mentioned; but by far the most satisfactory specimen is a long extract of one hundred lines, published in the '*Philological Museum*' (vol. i. pp. 382 fol.), to which he was induced to communicate it by his friendship for the editor, the late Archdeacon Hare. Judging from this sample, we incline to think that he acted wisely in retiring from the contest. He may have had a more delicate sense of language, and perhaps a subtler feeling for metre, than Dryden, but his own poetical art was scarcely equal to his power of conception; and the philosophical and reflective character of his genius, which could not but be impressed on everything he wrote, was quite unlike the reflectiveness of Virgil. In particular, he wanted that rapidity of movement which is absolutely necessary to an epic narrative, and which Dryden possessed to a degree greater perhaps than any other English poet. We give one passage—the one where it appears to us Wordsworth has succeeded best in representing what, as he justly observes, Dryden habitually neglects, the peculiar rhythm of his original: and we subjoin to it Dryden's lines, that the two may be compared as pieces of independent poetry ('*Præcipue infelix*,' *Æn.* l. 712):—

WORDSWORTH.

WORDSWORTH.

But chiefly Dido, to the coming ill
 Devoted, strives in vain her vast desires to fill;
 She views the gifts: upon the child then turns
 Insatiable looks, and gazing burns.
 To ease a father's cheated love he hung
 Upon Æneas, and around him clung:
 Then seeks the queen: with her his arts he
 tries:
 She fastens on the boy enamoured eyes,
 Clasps in her arms, nor weens (O lot unblest!)
 How great a god, incumbent o'er her breast,
 Would fill it with his spirit. He, to please
 His Acidalian mother, by degrees
 Blots out Sichæus, studious to remove
 The dead by influx of a living love,
 By stealthy entrance of a perilous guest
 Troubling a heart that had been long at rest.

DRYDEN.

But, far above the rest, the royal dame,
 Already doomed to love's disastrous flame,
 With eyes insatiate and tumultuous joy
 Beholds the present, and admires the boy.
 The guileful god about the hero long
 With children's play and false embraces hung:
 Then sought the queen: she took him to her
 arms
 With greedy pleasure, and devoured his
 charms.
 Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
 How dire a god, she drew so near her breast.
 But he, not mindless of his mother's prayer,
 Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
 And moulds her heart anew, and blots her
 former care:
 The dead is to the living love resigned,
 And all Æneas enters in her mind.

Dryden is here not at his strongest; while Wordsworth, as we think, has succeeded better than in any other part of the specimen. Yet we should not wonder if the English reader should like Dryden best. He has fewer delicate touches, and generally preserves less of Virgil's manner; but he is as usual easy, vigorous, and masterly: his language is what Wordsworth wished the language of poetry to be, the language of good prose, *mutatis mutandis*; and the measure, if not Virgilian, has at any rate the same effect as Virgil's, carrying the reader along without anything to interrupt the sense of intellectual satisfaction.

Here accordingly we leave the question of the translation of Virgil into verse, its practice and its theory. England, we think, is to be congratulated on the possession of one really fine poem, not more unlike Virgil than its rivals in external feature, while possessing to an infinitely greater degree than any of them that 'energy divine' which constitutes the essence of all poetry, ancient or modern. That a better version—one more Virgilian, and not less attractive—might not conceivably be produced, we do not say. Mr. Tennyson is yet among us, and we would not presume to limit the capabilities of so great a master of language and metre. But the change which has taken place in literary taste forbids us to think it likely that any great poet will ever make the attempt. The work of translation was found irksome even by Pope; it would be doubly irksome now, when imitative classical poetry has ceased to be the order of the day; and the advance in critical perception, which has raised infinitely the ideal of what a translation should be, in perfecting the theory has removed the practice to an indefinite distance. In the mean time we may congratulate ourselves on the possession of a
 splendid

splendid English epic, in which most of the thoughts are Virgil's, and most of the language Dryden's.

But a further inquiry remains behind. If in one sense the demand for translations of the classics has greatly diminished, in another it has increased. The success of Mr. Bohn's Classical Library—success attained against considerable disadvantages, the authors in many cases being far from popular, while the translators are not always absolutely competent—is a proof that a considerable portion of the reading public, for different reasons, desires to have the classics made accessible in English. Schoolboys are as fond of 'clandestine refuges' now as they were in Trapp's days: schoolmasters are, we fancy, beginning to tolerate, under certain modifications, what they cannot exterminate, while they see that among their elder pupils at any rate the practice of translation into English—one of the most valuable parts of a classical education—may be greatly facilitated by the use of good models; those who acquire the classical languages with little or no help from masters—probably an increasing class—find the book a natural substitute for the living teacher; and there is a large class of readers to whom Latin and Greek are as unattainable as Coptic, yet who are interested in knowing what the ancients thought and said.* The question, How may classical poetry be best represented in English? which had long been supposed to be confined to the single issue of Rhyme *v.* Blank Verse, has come in again for hearing, and has been found to open into numberless ramifications. The case for translation into prose, once contemptuously dismissed, has been brought on again by such writers as Mr. Hayward, and has proved to be at least worthy of discussion. Writing prose is now pretty well understood to be as much an art as writing verse; and it is seen consequently that a prose translator does not *ipso facto* abandon all pretension to grace and elaboration of style. Blank verse is cultivated for purposes of translation, not by imitators of Milton and Thomson, but by writers who wish to unite the fidelity of a prose version with something of metrical ornament. Attempts are made to cut in between prose and blank verse by the introduction of a sort of rhythmical prose, which again subdivides itself into prose written as prose with a rhythmical cadence, and irregular verse, rather rhythmical than metrical, but still more or

* In Germany, where translations of the classics are far more numerous than in England, as may be seen from the fact that Seneca's Tragedies have been three times translated since the beginning of the present century, the demand is said to arise to a great extent from ladies' schools, where girls are taught to read in the vernacular what their brothers are reading in the original.

less uniform in its structure. Lastly, the old fashion of imitating ancient metres is revived, and the English hexameter in particular is practised with an assiduity worthy of a more promising object, though as yet its fanciers seem scarcely to have extended their experiments from Homer to Virgil. This part of the subject accordingly requires a few remarks from us. As before, we shall speak not only of what may be done, but of what has been done, holding ourselves absolved, however, by the circumstances of the case, as well as by the scantiness of our own knowledge, from saying more than a very few words on the antiquarian part of the question. A portion of the ground, indeed, has been previously travelled in what we said of the translations of the sixteenth century. There was then no sharp line of demarcation between the two kinds of literary activity—that which aspires to poetical honours, and that which aims at producing translations for practical objects. All readers, in one sense or another, were learners; and the office of the translator was virtually that of the commentator, to give his countrymen the means of entering into a new world. But, as time went on, the division of labour came in. The only translation of the kind in the seventeenth century which we happen to have met with, is entitled ‘*Virgils Eclogues, with his Booke De Apibus, concerning the Government and Ordering of Bees: Translated Grammatically, and also according to the proprietie of our English tongue, so farre as Grammar and the verse will well permit. Written chiefly for the good of Schooles, to be used according to the directions in the Preface to the painfull Schoole-Master, and more fully in the Booke called Ludus Literarius, or the Grammer-Schoole, Chap. 8. London, 1633.*’ In its full form the page consists of four columns, containing respectively an analysis of the sense, a translation of the words, a verbal commentary, and notes on matters of fact, points of rhetoric, &c.

What precise chronological place among the prose translators of Virgil is occupied by Davidson we cannot say, but there can be no doubt that he has been the most popular. His work was published as early as 1754, if not earlier, and it still continues to be reprinted, even Mr. Bohn being content with presenting it to the world in a revised edition. In its complete form it may certainly claim the praise of comprehensiveness, containing, as it does, not only a translation, ‘as near the original as the different idioms of the Latin and English languages will allow,’ but ‘the Latin text and order of construction on the same page, and critical, historical, geographical, and classical notes, in English, from the best commentators, both ancient and modern, beside a very great number of notes entirely new;’ a most ample provision

provision 'for the use of schools, as well as of private gentlemen,' especially if we throw in some seventy-five pages of prefatory matter. Its literary characteristics are such as will sufficiently account for its success, though they are not of that rare order which might have been expected to place it beyond the reach of future rivalry. It keeps fairly close to the Latin, at the same time that it is written in a fluent, respectable English style, such as might easily commend itself to a person without much poetical taste—the style of an ordinary newspaper or of a Polite Letter-writer. Sometimes the verbiage is too glaringly anti-poetical, and may move even a prosaic reader to a smile, as where '*foedera jungi*' is rendered 'the formation of an incorporative alliance,' or '*heu miserande puer*' 'Ah, youthful object of sincere commiseration;' but in general there is not much to find fault with in the language as tried by an ordinary standard. Here is Davidson's version of a famous passage in the Sixth *Æneid* ('*Quis te, magne Cato,*' &c., v. 841):—

'Who can in silence pass over thee, great Cato, or thee, Cossus, who the family of Gracchus, or both the Scipios, those two thunderbolts of war, the bane of Africa, and Fabricius, in low fortune exalted? or thee, Serranus, sowing in the furrow *which thine own hands had made*? Whither, ye Fabii, do ye hurry me *already* tired? Thou art that Fabius, *justly styled* the greatest, who alone shalt repair our *sinking* state by *wise* delay. Others, I grant indeed, shall with more delicacy mould the breathing *animated* brass; from marble draw the features to the life: plead causes better: describe with the *astronomer's* rod the courses of the heavens, and explain the rising stars: *but* to rule the nations with imperial sway be thy care, O Roman! these shall be thy arts; to impose terms of peace, to spare the humbled, and crush the proud *stubborn foes*.' (The italics, which are the translator's, represent his additions to the original.)

There is not much rhythm here, not much of strictly poetical expression, and no attempt to preserve the peculiar character of Virgil's style; but the language is such as an Englishman might speak or write, and we appeal to the class to whom Davidson dedicates his labours, 'those gentlemen who have the immediate care of education,' whether that is not something.

But it is in the last few years, as we intimated a short time ago, that these more practical and closer versions of Virgil have chiefly been attempted.

In 1846 Dr. Sewell published a blank version of the *Georgics*, intended as a help to teachers and pupils in the practice of translation. His object is to make a practical protest against the habit of bald prosaic rendering so common in schools, by substituting a mode of translating which shall be sharply discriminated

minated from prose both in metre and in language. For this purpose he adopts the ordinary measure of blank heroic verse, and chooses words which are expressly intended to recall, not the ordinary conversational style of the present day, but the distinctive phraseology of the Elizabethan and sixteenth century writers. In 1854 he brought out a second edition, in which the translation, as he tells us, is entirely rewritten. We have not the means of comparing the two; but it strikes us that, as usual, second thoughts are best. Some expressions, which we remember as uncouth in the first edition, we are glad to find effaced from the second, such as 'pacts eterne,' a version of 'æterna fœdera,' now exchanged for 'changeless pacts;' but the fault of which the word 'eterne' is a symbol may still be observed—a tendency to use words simply because they happen to have the sanction of one or other of the great English poets, without considering whether they harmonise with the general style of the translation, or whether the effect they produce is analogous to anything in Virgil's own language. In attempting, too, to bring out the force of expressions in Virgil, Dr. Sewell is too apt to exaggerate them, as when he renders 'magnos canibus circumdare saltus,' 'vasty lawns with hounds to belt,' or 'atræ picis' 'inky pitch.' The following version of part of the storm in the First Georgic is, we think, a favourable specimen. 'Implentur fossæ' (v. 326):—

'The dykes are brimming high, and hollow floods
Are swelling with a roar, and ocean seethes
With steaming friths. The sire himself of gods,
Throned midst a night of storms, launches his bolts
With red right hand. Commotion, wherewithal
Quakes the huge earth: fled have the forest tribes,
And through the nations grovelling panic fear
Low hath laid mortal hearts. With blazing bolt
He doth or Atho or Rhodope or heights
Ceraunian dash on earth. Peal upon peal
Follow south blasts, and thickest sheeted showers.
Now groves, now strands, roar 'neath the tempest wild.'

The next version which we have to note is one which perhaps in strictness should have been mentioned earlier in the article, as it is professedly a blank version of the same sort as those which were produced in the eighteenth century—in theory opposed to Dryden, but aiming at the same object—the production of a readable English poem. But, though the Messrs. Kennedy may belong rather to the conservative than to the revolutionary school of translators, we think we are not disparaging their labours in exhibiting them in connexion with those of others, who, like them,

them, desire to adhere to the letter of the original, where such adherence can be made not less poetical than a deviation from it. Their translation shows what blank verse is likely to be in fairly competent hands—how far it is likely to give us such a representation of Virgil as cannot be attained by a method like Dryden's. At the same time, as the passage which we intend to examine will be taken from the part of the work performed by Mr. Kennedy sen., we may say at once that we think Mr. Charles Kennedy the superior artist, more terse and forcible than his father, without being less poetical.* What measure of absolute success he has achieved may be seen from the following passage from the Fifth Eclogue, v. 56, 'Candidus insuetum,' &c. :—

'New wonders now fair Daphnis doth behold,
The Olympian threshold, and beneath his feet
The clouds and stars. Therefore doth new delight
Exhilarate the woods and rural scenes,
Pan and the shepherds, and the Dryad maids :
Wolves prowl not for the flock, nor toils intend
Harm to the deer : peace gentle Daphnis loves.
The unshorn mountains joyful to the stars
Send a spontaneous cry : the rocks, the groves
Unbidden sing : a God, a God is he.'

A version of the whole of Virgil, on a plan substantially the same as Dr. Sewell's, has just been completed by his predecessor at Radley, Mr. Singleton, the first volume having been published in 1855. The chief difference lies in the somewhat greater flexibility of the form, which is rhythmical rather than metrical ; but, even in this respect, the two versions are not easily distinguishable, as, while Dr. Sewell has not been concerned greatly to elaborate his blank verse, Mr. Singleton's is in reality blank verse with occasional licences, a syllable or foot being sometimes added to, sometimes deducted from, the ordinary heroic standard. Mr. Singleton's theory is expounded, not, like Dr. Sewell's, in a short advertisement, but in a long and interesting preface ; and he consults further for the poetical taste of his readers by subjoining in foot-notes parallel passages 'from British poets of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.' What his success has been we shall see by and bye ; meantime, we must mention a translator whom he has honoured with his approbation—Dr. Henry Owgan, of Trinity College, Dublin, whose prose version of the whole of Virgil he classes with Dr. Isaac Butt's prose version of the Georgics as 'very far the most poetical' of

* Mr. Charles Kennedy has since translated the whole of Virgil on his own account (Bohn, 1861) : but we have no space to examine his version.

all those which he has had an opportunity of seeing. Dr. Butt's we have unfortunately been unable to procure. To Dr. Owgan's we shall return presently. Last on the list, though not last in order of time, comes a translation of the First Six Books of the *Æneid*, by Dr. James Henry, also an Irishman, under the quaint title of 'Six Photographs of the Heroic Times.' This work again is not metrical, but rhythmical, its peculiarity being that the rhythm is changed from time to time to suit the translator's convenience, pages of trochaic time being succeeded by others where anapaests are predominant, and these again by ordinary blank verse, a measure which is preserved through the whole of the Fourth Book. The translator had made many experiments before he satisfied himself; and this somewhat heterogeneous assemblage of varieties is the result. If we cannot praise it very highly, we are glad to be able to add that Dr. Henry's labours have been far more successful in another part of the Virgilian field. About the same time with his translation appeared a commentary on the same portion of the *Æneid*, to which he has given a title not less quaint—'Notes of a Twelve Years' Voyage of Discovery in the First Six Books of Virgil's *Æneis*'—a work which, though somewhat cumbrous in its form, and disfigured by too frequent an obtrusion of the author's individuality, contains a very great deal that appears to us at once new and true. A writer who has shown himself one of the best commentators on Virgil's poem need not repine that he has not the additional honour of being one of its best translators.

We are now in a position to test these different modes of translation by a comparison of some of their results. Let us take a passage from the Second *Æneid*, that in which the bursting of the Greeks into Priam's palace is described with so much power and energy. We give the Latin, as our intention is to scrutinise closely the conformity of the translations. Our list will be headed by an extract from Trapp, of whom we promised to speak again:—

* Fit via vi: rumpunt aditus, primosque
trucidant
Immissi Danaï, et late loca milite complent.
Non sic aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis
Exiit, oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,
Fertur in avia furens cumulo, camposque
per omnes
Cum stabulis armenta trahit. Vidi ipse
furentem
Cæde Neoptolemum, geminosque in limine
Atridas:
Vidi Hecubam, centumque nurus, Priamum-
que per aras

Sanguine sedantem quos ipse sacraverat ignes.
Quinquaginta illi thalami, spes tantanepotum,
Barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi,
Procubuere. Tenent Danaï qua deficit ignis.
vv. 494—505.

TRAPP.

'A spacious breach
Is made: the thronging Greeks break in,
then kill
The first they meet, and with armed soldiers
crowd
The rich apartments. With less rapid force
A foamy

A foamy river, when the opposing dams
Are broken down, rolls rushing o'er the plain,
And sweeping whirls the cattle with their
folds.

These eyes saw Pyrrhus raging, smeared with
gore,

And both the Atridae in the entrance storm,
Amidst a hundred daughters saw the queen,
And Priam on the altars with his blood
Pollute those hallowed fires, which he himself
Had consecrated. Fifty bridal rooms,
So great their hopes of numerous future heirs,
The posts, with trophies and barbaric gold
Magnificent, lay smoking on the ground:
Where the flames fall, the Greeks supply
their place.'

KENNEDY.

'An ingress made by force,
The Greeks admitted slay the first they meet,
And crowd the places all around with troops.
Not with such rage a river pours o'er lands
A swollen flood, and herds with stalls bears
down

Through all the plains when it has burst away
From broken banks, and with a foamy whirl
O'ercome opposing mounds. These eyes beheld
Pyrrhus with slaughter rage, and at the gates
The two Atridae. Hecuba I saw,
Wives of her sons a hundred, and at shrines
Priam the king, defiling with his blood
The fires which he himself had sacred made.
The fifty bridal chambers, which had raised
Hopes of a long posterity, their posts,
Proud with barbaric gold and spoils, fall
down.

Greeks plant their footsteps where the flames
relent.'

SINGLETON.

'A way is made by force: the Greeks poured
in,

Burst passage, and the foremost massacre,
And wide with soldiery the places fill.
Not so [resistless] when from bursten dams
The foamy river hath escaped away,
And mastered in its eddy barrier mounds,
'Tis carried in a pile upon the tilths
In frenzy, and throughout the champaigns all
The cattle with their cotes it sweepeth off.
I Neoptolemus beheld myself
Raving with butchery, and in the gate
Atreus' twain sons; I Hecuba beheld
And her one hundred daughters; Priam too

Among the altars staining with his blood
The fires which he himself had sanctified.
Those fifty nuptial couches, hope so great
Of children's children, doors with foreign gold
And trophies haught, down tumbled to the
earth.

Possess the Danaï where fails the flame.'

OWGAN.

'A path is cleared by force: the thronging
Greeks force their way and massacre the
foremost, and fill the open space with soldiers.
Not so resistless the foaming torrent, when it
o'erflows its broken banks and washes down
with its flood the obstructing dams, rushes
upon the fields in a mass, and from every
plain sweeps herds and stalls. I saw myself
Neoptolemus revelling in slaughter, and the
two Atridae in the gate: I saw Hecuba and
her hundred daughters-in-law, and Priam
amid the altars staining with blood the
fires his hands had consecrated. Those fifty
chambers, so rich a promise of descendants,
the doorways rich with barbaric gold, lay
prostrate. The Greeks are masters where the
fire dies out.'

HENRY.

'Main strength bursts a passage,
The entrance is forced,
In rush the Danaï,
Slaughter the foremost,
And the whole place with soldiery
Fill far and wide.

Less furiously the foaming river,
Whose gushing flood has overcome
And burst the dam's opposing mass
And left its channel, on the fields
Rushes aheap, and drags along
Cattle and stall o'er all the plain.

Myself have seen upon the threshold
Neoptolemus and the twain Atridae,
Furious and reeking slaughter:
Hecuba and her hundred daughters
Myself have seen, and midst the altars
Priam defiling with his blood
The fires himself had consecrated.
Low lie those fifty spousal chambers,
So rich hope of a teeming offspring,
Low lie those fifty doors superb
With conquered spoils and gold barbaric:
The Danaï or the fire have all.'

Of the three blank versions of this passage we incline to put
Mr. Singleton's first. It does not pretend to Miltonic grandeur,
but it is not worse versified than its rivals, and its language gains
strength from its closeness to the original. 'Tilths, a word by
which

which he pregnantly renders 'arva,' is quaint; but it is important here that we should conceive of the fields as tilled, so we prefer it to Mr. Kennedy's 'lands,' or the simple 'fields' of other translators. 'I Neoptolemus beheld myself' is ambiguous, and therefore awkward. 'Couches' is of course a mistranslation for 'chambers.' 'Possess the Danaï where fails the flame' is needlessly harsh, though it preserves something of the epigrammatic character of the Latin. Trapp perhaps comes next, as he has more rapidity than Mr. Kennedy; and in a passage like this rapidity is indispensable. But he has various shortcomings, and not a few blemishes. 'Fit via vi,' which he tells us in his note is no pun, but a likeness of sound, which sounds prettily, he practically slurs over altogether. 'The rich apartments' is a poor substitute for 'loca,' and 'late' is left out. The simile is shortened by being stripped of two pieces of Virgilian iteration, 'aggeribus ruptis' being fused with 'oppositas evicit gurgite moles,' and 'campos per omnes' dropped after 'in arva.' 'Nepotum,' which is meant especially to fix our thoughts on Priam and Hecuba, is lost in the generality of 'numerous future heirs,' and the precise meaning of 'spes tanta' apparently misunderstood. 'Raging, smeared with gore,' is very far from 'furentem cæde,' which is best rendered by Mr. Singleton's 'raving with butchery.' Mr. Kennedy seems to us to fail in strength throughout. He is injudicious in his management of the simile, reversing the order of the clauses, so as to put the triumph of the torrent in the foreground, and its struggle with obstacles afterwards; whereas Virgil evidently intended us to pause awhile on the struggle, like the torrent itself, and then hurry along—like the torrent itself, stronger for the delay. 'These eyes beheld' should not have been exchanged for 'I saw,' thus ignoring Virgil's emphatic repetition of 'vidi.' 'Which had raised hopes of a long posterity' is not poetry, but prose. 'Fall down' does not give the force of the perfect 'procubuere.' 'Greeks plant their footsteps where the flames relent' is pointless where point is wanted: 'plant their footsteps' does not answer to 'tenent,' nor 'relent' to 'deficit.'

Dr. Owgan's translation is respectable, but there is nothing in it which can be called striking; and the exact force of the Latin is not always given any more than in the metrical versions. 'Open space' is poor for 'late loca,' which is doubtless meant to give us a vague, illimitable notion of the royal palace. 'O'erflows' and 'washes down' miss the tense, which Virgil evidently meant to discriminate from that of 'fertur' and 'trahit.' Nor does 'washes down' represent 'evicit.' 'Herds and stalls' hardly gives the sense of 'cum stabulis armenta,' not indicating the

the close connexion between the two, 'the herds and their stalls,' or 'herd, stall, and all.' 'From every plain' seems to us an unhappy use of the distributive; and we see no reason for changing 'per' into 'from.' 'Descendants' is not 'nepotum'; and whether 'postes' are the doorposts or the doors, they are certainly not the doorways, which could not have been 'rich with spoils.' 'Lay prostrate' turns the perfect into an aorist. The best part of the version is the last sentence, where 'tenent' and 'deficit' are both well rendered.

Putting aside the question of the propriety of its Pindaric rhythm, we must allow that Dr. Henry's version has its merits. The first strophe (so to call it) is well done; the second not so well; the third worst of all. 'Myself have seen' is, we think, a mistake, as the sense seems to require the past, not the perfect; at any rate we may say that the former is the predominant notion. 'Furious and reeking slaughter' is a most unfortunate dilution. 'So rich hope of a teeming offspring' is another instance of blindness to the real force of 'nepotum.' 'The Danaï or the fire have all' gives the epigram, but we are not told, what Virgil certainly intended us to understand, that of the two enemies the Greeks were the more indefatigable.

Were it not for fear of tiring our readers, we would gladly continue our examination of these competing translations, feeling as we do that to produce a single passage from each is a little like the uncritical procedure of the man who brought a brick as a specimen of his house. Perhaps, however, we have quoted enough, if not to determine the rank of the translators, at any rate to justify our opinion of the various styles which they have attempted. Not wishing to prejudice the success of any coming poet, who may reclaim for Virgil the rhythm for which Milton it seems is indebted to him, we cannot think blank verse well chosen as a vehicle for close rendering. It has, perhaps, its advantages as an exercise for boys, who may be supposed to be unacquainted with the possible harmonies of poetical prose, and to be incapable of recognizing anything as poetry which does not run to the eye in measured lines. But one who can really wield prose will, we think, find it beyond comparison the better instrument. We do not of course deny that English verse *per se* is a better representative of Latin verse than English prose. Mr. Singleton may be right in saying, that if Virgil and Cicero could be got to translate Homer closely into Latin, Virgil's translation would be the one we should prefer. But we are dealing with those who are neither Virgils nor Ciceros, but simply men of culture, with a good command over their own language, and a good eye for the beauties of their author; and such men, we conceive, will do wisely

wisely to try the yet unexhausted resources of prose. Only a great master can handle blank verse so as to give real pleasure to his readers. A versifier of very moderate pretensions may write it with ease, but no one will thank him for it. Blank verse, like other verse, presupposes and promises a certain sustained pitch of poetical elevation, and any descent from it is felt and resented at once. Prose, on the other hand, promises far less; and anything which it gives beyond its promise is accepted with pleasure and surprise. The indeterminate character of its rhythm, which does not require that emphasis should be placed on this or that word, much less on this or that syllable, allows to admit unhesitatingly words which, if introduced into blank verse at all, would be felt to be feeble and burdensome. The passage which we have just been examining supplies an instance in point. Virgil talks of '*Hecubam centumque nurus.*' A prose translation need not shrink from the word '*daughters-in-law,*' nor from the use of many words which embarrass the writers of verse, and which, though essential to a lucid representation of the sense, add nothing to the poetical dignity of the passage. Thus a vigorous Latin line is turned by Mr. Singleton into two feeble lines of English:—

'*Si qua est cælo pietas quæ talia curet*'

becomes—

'If any righteousness exist in heaven
Which may concern itself about the like.'

If the writer of rhythmical prose cannot be said to be free either from the temptation or from the compulsion to expand himself, he does himself and his author far less harm by yielding to them. No doubt, as Sydney Smith said, a prose style may often be greatly improved in vigour by striking out every other word from each sentence when written; but there are occasions where diffuseness is graceful, and a certain amount of surplusage may sometimes be admitted into harmonious prose for no better reason than to sustain the balance of clause against clause, and to bring out the general rhythmical effect. Brevity is of course the preferable extreme; but redundancy has its charms if a writer knows when to be redundant, as the readers of Mr. De Quincey and Mr. Ruskin are well aware. On the other hand, such rhythmical writing as Dr. Henry's, or Mr. Singleton's, where he is not actually metrical, has no real advantage that we can see over more recognised modes of composition. It gives up the benefits of association, no one in reading it being reminded of anything already existing in English, while the uniformity of its structure

imposes virtually as great a restraint on a writer as actual metre. Johnson advised poets who did not think themselves capable of astonishing, and hoped only to please, to condescend to rhyme. Translators who despair of imitating Virgil's diction, and are ambitious only of giving his meaning in a pleasing form, may reasonably be content with prose.

ART. IV.—1. *Ancient Law : its Connection with the Early History of Society and its Relation to Modern Ideas*. By Henry Sumner Maine. London, 1861.

2. *The Province of Jurisprudence determined*. (Second Edition.) By the late John Austin, Esq. London, 1861.

THE 'Letters of Camus,' written in 1775, prescribe the course of reading which was formerly thought necessary for a young French advocate. He was to begin with a series of works on the Law of Nature; he was then to devote four years to the study of Roman Law; next he was to gain a general acquaintance with the *coutumes*, *ordonnances*, and *arrêts* of his own country—a subject which need not, in the opinion of M. Camus, take him much more time than that which had preceded it; lastly, he would dip into Canon Law; and, thus prepared, might begin to think of entering into practice. So extensive a *curriculum* was never deemed requisite for an English lawyer, though Blackstone's opening lecture informs us that it had in his time become the fashion to seek at the Universities of Germany, Switzerland, and Holland some wider knowledge of the science of jurisprudence than could be obtained at home. Lord Colchester, according to his biographer, went for that purpose to Geneva, and there took his degree as a civilian. To come nearer to our own time, Vice-Chancellor Wood congratulates himself, we believe, on having pursued the same study at the same place, under the celebrated and unfortunate Rossi. So changed, however, for a quarter of a century at least, has been the general course of professional education, that a young and even a middle-aged barrister of the present day finds it hard to realise the fact that attendance on lectures at Geneva and a Swiss degree should have been thought advisable by an English lawyer less than 'sixty years since.'

The progressive tendency of law and legal study in England to become thoroughly special and insular, can hardly be regarded, by any man whom it has not quite spoiled, without some regret. The vast monotonous labyrinth of technical learning surrounds him like a great city, whose confined and stony thoroughfares he

is compelled to thread till every turning is familiar, and from which he seems destined never to emerge. To get a bird's-eye view of that labyrinth, to look over and beyond it, becomes harder every day. Time was when Lincoln's Inn itself had nothing but scattered houses between it and the breezy hills of Hampstead. Now it is buried in the heart of a wilderness of dingy brick and mortar. The denizen of the streets has all around him the bustle and stir of active life, and the various play of human interests and passions; and so has the lawyer in practice. Business, success, the pleasures (which are great) of a laborious profession abounding in small excitements, engross his mind, and console him for the impossibility of acquiring comprehensive views and scientific knowledge. Yet there are occasions not a few, especially at the outset of his career, when the course of his pursuits momentarily raises him to a higher level and gives him glimpses of far-extending prospects and a boundless horizon.

The fields of study immediately adjacent to Law are History and Ethics, each of which, indeed, may be so extended as to include a great portion of it; while Law itself embraces a vast region, the domain of Comparative Jurisprudence, of which English Law forms a small province. Whether it is necessary or useful for the student of English Law to stray into these wider pastures, and how far, and why, are questions of no little practical interest. That a man may, without taking this trouble, make himself an excellent practitioner, and even a good second-rate judge, is undeniable; but to teach, to legislate, to exercise well the highest functions of the judicial office—nay, to become an advocate of the first class—something more is wanted than goes to make a mere practitioner. And the narrow system of study to which men intending to practise are now generally confined has led, as Mr. Roundell Palmer, himself an eminent and successful advocate, has lately declared, to a perceptible decline of legal learning in the profession, to greater uncertainty in the decisions of courts, and to greater feebleness and more frequent failures in legislation.

The study of Jurisprudence has always, in fact, oscillated between History and Ethics; sometimes borrowing its complexion chiefly from the one, sometimes from the other. And as Ethics have become merged in metaphysics—moral in mental philosophy—a new branch of science has arisen, which has become tolerably familiar, in Germany at least, under the name of the philosophy of law. The historical school, which has long enjoyed a real though not undisputed supremacy in Europe, dates practically from the fall of the first French empire, the controversy between

Savigny and Thibaut, and the publication by the former of his short treatise 'On the Vocation of our Age for Legislation and Jurisprudence,' which was translated into English by Mr. Hayward. Savigny taught that the law, like the language, of every people is a part of its growth, an expression of its genius and character, wrought out by the same influences, reflecting the same history, moulded and accommodated, with a rougher or a nicer adaptation, to the wants and habits of the nation from whose cradle it springs. It follows that, to comprehend it, we must trace it (as he insisted) historically; that by the historical method alone we can accurately disengage principles from details, and determine the value of each part in relation to the whole.

In England the study of law has always been mainly historical, but historical in the narrowest possible sense. The student has been obliged to familiarise himself in some degree with the successive accretions by which the irregular mass has grown. He is exhorted to fill up his odd moments with a manual written in the reign of Edward IV. (an eminent conveyancer, now dead, used, as he told his pupils, to repeat *Littleton* to himself as he walked along the Strand); he is acquainted with the whole family of obsolete tenures, and can recite the pedigree of an estate tail. But he is rarely taught to connect his knowledge of these things with the general history of his country, and his range is practically bounded by the Norman Conquest and the Four Seas. Beyond these limits, all is a *terra incognita* to him. This arises, among other more obvious causes, from the real difficulty which is found in penetrating backwards beyond a certain point—a difficulty which does not exist to the same degree in any continental country. A great chasm separates the infancy of English law from any earlier system to which its parentage may be assigned. The traces of Roman jurisprudence in Anglo-Saxon England are faint and few, and with the Norman lawyers it early became a point of honour not to acknowledge any direct connexion with it; while the codes of Ælfred and Cnut are to Bracton what the fossil remains of extinct species are to the earliest known ancestors of the present inhabitants of the globe.

To the English student, therefore, a good English book on the subject which Mr. Maine has chosen is really new; for Mr. Spence's treatise, though rich in information, is unscientific, and, from its bulk, almost unreadable; while Mr. Reeves's History, the composition of a painstaking and very well-read English lawyer, has the fatal defect of being intolerably dry. But the interest of Mr. Maine's book is far from being confined to the English or to the professional reader; and on the continent, where the

the subject, though still entangled and obscure, is not new, its remarkable merits can hardly fail to secure for its author a distinguished rank among the jurists of his day.

For the difficulty which has been mentioned above as attaching in a peculiar degree to English law extends also, more or less, to the whole law of modern Europe. To trace that law upward to its source is to explore a wide and majestic river, fed by many affluents, whose higher waters dwindle into little rivulets struggling through rocks and hiding in thickets, and whose springs are lost in remote and inaccessible solitudes. The great bulk of it is undoubtedly Roman law, more or less pure, which in all the countries where it was established outlived the fall of the Western Empire, and has preserved an unbroken existence, though altered and coloured by time. Again, the same element may be detected in many institutions once deemed wholly Teutonic; and it seems to have largely infused itself into the Barbarian customs which, before the fall of the Empire, had grown up in German forests, but in the neighbourhood of Roman civilisation. And there is a residue, of unascertained amount, which is purely barbarian—that is, not derived at all from Rome. The first of these factors may be identified pretty easily; but to separate the two latter and to determine how much of any barbarian code or cluster of usages was really borrowed, consciously or unconsciously, from Rome, is a difficult task, and the results hitherto obtained are not very satisfactory. But neither the Imperial city, where Tacitus wrote, nor the German village, of which he has left us the only trustworthy description, is the terminus of the explorer's journey. It is possible to travel much further back—further than the Twelve Tables—further than their Greek models—further than those primitive customs of the Italian peoples, of which vestiges survive in the early Roman *Jus Prætorium*; it is possible to trace back some at least of the rudimentary ideas which lie at the roots of Roman and German law to the earliest infancy of our race, before the fathers of the Indo-European nations left their ancient seats in Asia.

There is a striking resemblance between these inquiries and those which have been pursued of late years into the origin and relations of language. Mr. Max Müller will hunt a word all over Europe, strip it of the many disguises it has put on, cut it to the quick, dissect it with the neat firm hand of an accomplished operator, and finally, after using it to establish relations of affinity among a dozen different tongues, hold it up to the world convicted of being pure Sanskrit. A jurist may take, for example, the law of inheritance, and treat it in much the same way; though his data are commonly more obscure and his results more open to doubt.

doubt. And as Professor Müller has shown how philology may be made to throw a new and curious light on other departments of literature and science, Mr. Maine has done a similar service to law. His book is in substance an essay on the growth and development of law—an essay rather than a treatise—indicating and illustrating by examples the true method of inquiry, but dwelling chiefly on the connexion between the law of Rome and that of modern Europe. It is disfigured by some defects of arrangement, and here and there by statements which appear to us too large and confident for the reasoning they rest on; and we hope to be pardoned for suggesting that Mr. Maine would write more agreeably were he less thoroughly convinced that, except the great Roman lawyers, everybody has always and everywhere been wrong; but it is the work of an acute and original mind, embodying the results of much thought and study, and expressed in singularly terse, clear, intelligible English.

Law begins, according to Mr. Maine, in the isolated and arbitrary judgments of a patriarchal ruler or sovereign, delivered as circumstances call for them, and claiming to be dictated by direct inspiration. A succession of such judgments generates traditional rules or customs, which, as the kingly authority decays, and is replaced by an 'era of aristocracies,' are found to be in the possession of a privileged class. At some stage of growth, earlier or later—a difference which is of great practical importance—this *jus non scriptum* loses its traditional character, and becomes recorded in codes. In the language of Homer, these judgments are *θέμιστες*; and Homer does us the great service of actually picturing a state of society in which there is no such thing as law, and we have only traces of the growth of a traditional custom. It is hardly worth while to question the accuracy of this account, but it appears to us rather too large and positive. There is nothing, for instance, in Homer, frequent as is his use of the word *themistes*, which proves that every sentence was supposed or pretended to be inspired, and it is a doubtful inference at best from the connexion of the word with *Themis*, the summoner of Olympus. It is remarkable, indeed, that in the only description given us in Homer of a civil trial—a description to which Mr. Maine elsewhere refers—the judgment is not the inspired utterance of a chief or king, but the deliberate decision of a circle of elders, who form a sort of court in the marketplace, the best expounder of the case receiving (as Mr. Maine construes the passage, though this again is doubtful) the deposit as a reward. And the lexicographers, who, like Liddell and Scott and Dr. W. Smith, interpret *themis*, when it stands for a judgment, as involving the notion of an existing customary law, have

have perhaps something to say for themselves. A like observation applies to the assertion that arbitrary judgments precede and beget customs. No doubt this has often been so. The case of the daughters of Zelophehad, which appears in the Pentateuch as introducing inheritance by females into Hebrew law, with its attendant restriction that the heiress should marry within her tribe, is a good instance of a decision founding a rule. It is easy to imagine a state of society in which judgments stand in place of laws, and in the East especially this might last long. The legendary Deioeces, the just man of his village, deciding cases *secundum arbitrium boni viri*, might long fulfil this purpose sufficiently for a primitive Oriental community; and to this day a judge who, like the Cadi of the Arabian Nights, is always ready to do prompt rough justice, unfettered by rule or precedent, satisfies, it is said, the natives of India much better than a regular judicature administering the most orthodox code of law. But of such a phase of society we have few glimpses. Even among savage or half-savage races it has generally disappeared, if it ever existed. In a Kafir kraal there seems to be as great a respect for traditional precedent and established judicial usage as in Westminster Hall; and the same thing is observable in Mr. Dasent's interesting sketch (in the *Story of Burnt Njal*) of the administration of justice among the old Norse settlers in Iceland. In old legal records it is often very hard to distinguish whether what is recorded is a judgment or a custom recognised or not recognised judicially, or merely an opinion of the compiler—a confusion of which the *Rooles d'Oleron*, the earliest monument of the maritime law of modern Europe, furnish a convenient instance; and in the existing Anglo-Saxon codes judgments, customs, and laws regularly enacted appear to be often blended together. Customs, it is obvious, may grow up and virtually become law, and that not only in primitive times, with little help from judicial decisions. In ascertaining, for instance, the rights and duties of a copyholder, or (before the Conquest) of the Saxon cottier tenant, or of an old German village-community, or (to take a more important example) in establishing the custom of primogeniture, or even in creating private ownership in land, sentences judicial or quasi-judicial had probably a very subordinate share.

The age of kings was succeeded by an age of aristocracies, who were the privileged keepers of customary law:—

‘With these differences, that in the East aristocracies became religious, in the West civil or political, the proposition that a historical era of aristocracies succeeded a historical era of heroic kings may be considered as true, if not of all mankind, at all events of all branches
of

of the Indo-European family of nations. The important point for the jurist is that these aristocracies were universally the depositaries and administrators of law. They seem to have succeeded to the prerogatives of the king, with the important difference, however, that they do not appear to have pretended to direct inspiration for each sentence.'—pp. 11, 12.

Propositions possibly true, but surely of immense breadth compared with the amount of evidence that can be brought to bear upon them, and the first of which disposes, with a stroke of the pen, of a question which in Germany has been the theme of a voluminous and we believe still unsettled controversy—the existence among the Barbarian tribes of any aristocracy at all.

The era of codes comes next, upon which Mr. Maine has some just and striking remarks. 'After this epoch,' he proceeds, 'there is an end to what may be called the spontaneous development of law. All changes made in it are made deliberately and from without, from a conscious desire of improvement or of compassing objects other than those aimed at in primitive times.' Considering what an early code is—how vast a proportion of the field of social life, which law in a maturer state covers, it leaves untouched—we cannot but suspect that this statement also is open to considerable qualification. It is not quite clear of what codes Mr. Maine is speaking, nor whether he would admit a comparison, for instance, between the earlier and later Anglo-Saxon laws, or between the code of Howeldda and those of Northern and Western Wales. It is certainly true, however, that the improvement of law is not at first, and that it afterwards becomes, a conscious and deliberate process; and that the change takes place, roughly speaking, when a community becomes aware that it has a *law*—a body, not of customs only, but of rules, capable of expression and alteration, and binding till altered.

What, then, are the agencies by which this improvement is wrought, and law, in its maturer state, is made to keep pace with, or at least not to lag very far behind, the continual advance of social necessities and social opinion? Mr. Maine enumerates three—Legal Fictions, Equity, and Legislation. They occur, we are told, invariably in the same historical order, except that two of them may sometimes be found operating together, and that there are legal systems which have escaped the influence of one or other of them. A fiction signifies, with Mr. Maine, 'any assumption which conceals or affects to conceal the fact that a rule of law has undergone alteration, its letter remaining unchanged, its operation being modified.' Such devices are particularly congenial to the infancy of society; 'they satisfy the desire for improvement which is never quite wanting, at the same
time

time that they do not offend the superstitious disrelish for change which is always present.' They are invaluable in their day, but only mischievous when their day is past. By Equity is meant any body of rules existing by the side of the original civil law, founded on distinct principles, and claiming incidentally, by virtue of a superior sanctity inherent in them, to supersede the civil law. Taking the law of Rome as a type, we have a good sketch of the manner in which these various instrumentalities there succeeded each other, and are enabled to compare it with the legal history of our own country, which, though differing materially from that of Rome, has a striking general resemblance to it. The one begins with a code, the other has never had one; England has a voluminous case-law, built up by judicial decisions—Rome had something analogous to it, composed of the 'opinions of counsel;' the chief common-law judge was there the same person as the chief judge in Equity—here the offices are distinct. But the very existence in both of a case-law, or something answering to it, and of jurisdictions legal and equitable, side by side with each other, furnishes two important features of similarity. And as at Rome a time arrived when Equity seems to have spent its energies and exhausted its power of growth—when the moral principles originally adopted had been carried to all their legitimate consequences, and the system founded on them became as rigid and unexpansive as the common law itself, so it has been, or so it is sure to be, in England. At Rome this point was reached in the reign of Alexander Severus; with us, Mr. Maine thinks, in the Chancellorship of Lord Eldon. What followed at Rome we know; and, if the parallel holds, we must look hereafter for the improvement of our law exclusively or almost exclusively to direct legislation.

But here it may be asked whether one important instrument for the expansion and amelioration of the law has not been left out—judicial interpretation. The reader may be surprised, perhaps, to find that this ranks with Mr. Maine merely as a legal fiction, and is indeed his selected sample of the class. For it is a fiction, he says, to affirm that the judges do not alter the law, when they alter it every day.

'When a group of facts come before an English Court for adjudication, the whole course of the discussion between the judge and the advocates assumes that no question is, or can be, raised which will call for the application of any principles but old ones, or of any distinctions but such as have long since been allowed. It is taken absolutely for granted that there is somewhere a rule of known law which will cover the facts of the dispute now litigated, and that, if such a rule be not discovered, it is only that the necessary patience, knowledge, or acumen

acumen is not forthcoming to detect it. Yet the moment the judgment has been rendered and reported, we slide unconsciously or unavowedly into a new language and a new train of thought. We now admit that the new decision *has* modified the law. The rules applicable have, to use the very inaccurate expression sometimes employed, become more elastic. In fact they have been changed. A clear addition has been made to the precedents, and the canon of law elicited by comparing the precedents is not the same with that which would have been obtained if the series of cases had been curtailed by a single example. The fact that the old rule has been repealed, and that a new one has replaced it, eludes us, because we are not in the habit of throwing into precise language the legal formulas which we derive from the precedents, so that a change in their tenor is not easily detected unless it is violent and glaring.

And, as a fiction, its day is over. Here we cannot but ask what it is which Mr. Maine wishes to get rid of—the mode of judicial interpretation practised in our courts, or the view which is taken of it. If the former, we do not agree with him; if the latter, he is hardly accurate in his list of agencies; for the judicial application of acknowledged legal principles to particular cases is certainly an improving agency, and a very powerful one, apart from the view which regards it rigorously as merely bringing to light latent portions of an inexhaustible store of positive law. To show how the engine works, we may take two branches of law which have received important additions in our own day—the law relating to the separate property of married women, and that which prohibits perpetuities. In a little brown duodecimo, which contains the jottings of ‘that famous lawyer William Tothill, Esquire,’ there is the following entry, of the date of James I. :—

‘*Fleshward contra Jackson.*—Money given to a feme covert for her maintenance, because her husband is an unthrift; the husband pretends the money to be his, but the Court ordered that the money should be at her disposal.’

This decision seems to have been the germ of one of the most copious and precise chapters of English law, by which an entirely new species of property has been created, modified, protected, and controlled. Again, out of the vague proposition that the policy of our law does not permit property in the hands of an individual to be made inalienable, to the first appearance of which no exact date can be assigned, has been spun by degrees the whole doctrine of ‘perpetuities.’ No one but a lawyer can understand how this is done, but to him it is easy. At every step there is something to spin out of; and the leading assumption that governs and controls the whole process is simply this—
that

that every judgment, however new the circumstances, must be shown to be consistent with established principles of law, and, if possible, deduced from them. When an attempt was made to apply the principle of the law of perpetuities to the will of Peter Thellusson, it broke down. 'Can you fly?' asked Mr. Justice Powell at Gloucester Assizes of the last old woman who was tried for a witch. 'Then you may; there is no law against it.' There was no law to prevent a testator from gratifying a miserable posthumous vanity by making a foolish and mischievous will. The assumption, however, while it binds the judge to this scrupulous respect for existing law, and disables him from introducing by his own authority new restrictions on civil liberty, does not prevent him from laying down, where it is necessary, new principles to meet new cases. Chief Justice Holt deemed himself (rightly or wrongly) unable to recognise the negotiability of a promissory note without an Act of Parliament; but he borrowed, with the help, but not on the authority, of Bracton, as much Roman law as he wanted to determine the liabilities of a carrier. The Judges of the Queen's Bench could now do what Lord Holt did in '*Coggs v. Barnard*,' though they could not make a new law to define and limit a banker's liability with respect to a crossed cheque. It is an assumption which, as it is now held—and Mr. Maine speaks of it in the present tense—expresses, we think, with substantial accuracy, the office and duty of a judge; and it will probably survive even when the accumulation of Reports shall have driven the whole profession to despair, and precedents are abolished by Act of Parliament.

The practical conclusion indicated, rather than expressed, by Mr. Maine, is undoubtedly true. The future amelioration of our law must, to a great and increasing extent, be effected by direct legislation. And since the law must perforce change with the changes of society, and society never stands still, it follows that Law Reform will always make a considerable part of the business of Parliament. Neither consolidation nor codification can prevent this. They cannot engrave, as the old codifiers tried to do, imperishable ordinances on tables of brass or stone, though they may introduce order and methodize improvement, and add stability to what ought to stand, by pruning away what is dead or only fit to die.

From the buzz of Westminster Hall and the busy purlieus of Lincoln's Inn Mr. Maine carries us back into the ancient world. We revisit the Roman Forum and see the spear stuck in the ground, the prætor and the group before him going through the rude expressive pantomime which was necessary to initiate an action at law. We assist at a formal sale by the 'copper and scales,'

scales,' look in at the morning audience of a jurisconsult in large practice, mix with the throng of clients in the *atrium*, and admire the circle of attentive pupils standing round to catch instruction from their master, notebook in hand. These scenes disappear and we are carried to German forests, Slave hamlets planted on the riverbanks of Eastern Europe, and the plains and villages of Asia, all in the misty twilight of the early dawn of history. Taking some of the chief heads under which jurisprudence arranges itself—personal *status*, property, inheritance, succession by will, contract; crime—we ascend with them as far as we can penetrate into antiquity, and then trace them down again and observe their gradual development and the various metamorphoses which the primitive conception has undergone without losing its identity. Nothing can be happier for the most part than these illustrations of the method which, as Mr. Maine seeks to show, unlocks the secrets of his science. It is impossible to read them attentively without being struck with the fineness of the instrument, the elegance of the process, the charm it throws over a dry subject, and the beauty and value of the results. There is not much novelty or depth of research, but there is remarkable skill in picking out and weaving together scattered and broken threads, an intimate knowledge of Roman law, pretty extensive general reading, and what we may be allowed to call a French facility of generalisation combined with the just observation of an English man of science.

There are two particular aids which give the explorer, as it were, something to hold by in finding his way through a field of inquiry so tangled and obscure, and of which Mr. Maine makes great use. The whole Indo-European family comes from the East. Now, while the West has always been advancing, though with a fitful and unequal progress, the East has always stood still. Whilst in Europe one system after another has crumbled away, and the materials have recombined into new forms under the most various influences, there primitive institutions have remained almost unaltered by time. The form and probably the notions and habits of an Indian village community appear to be much what they were thousands of years ago. We are thus enabled in a manner to verify the conclusions drawn from history by comparing them with facts still in existence, and dating from a period anterior to that at which profane history begins. We have, preserved and accessible to all who will take the trouble to examine them, living specimens of what, if we had been confined to Europe, would have been extinct forms of society and mere subjects of probable conjecture. Again, we have in the Roman law a nearly complete history, and therefore a good typical example,

example, of that very process of decay and reconstruction which belongs to progressive societies and is unknown to stationary ones. Here is the 'nidus'—there, exhibited from beginning to end, is the process of formation.

To give even an outline of the results worked out by Mr. Maine under these several heads of inquiry would much exceed the space at our disposal. We can afford only a few rapid strokes. The first glimpses we obtain of the primitive condition of mankind disclose the picture which is familiar to us in the Book of Genesis—a number of families, each under the government of the father or eldest living ancestor, and all practically isolated from each other :—

‘Θεμιστεύει δὲ ἕκαστος

Παιδῶν ἢδ’ ἀλόχων, οὐδ’ ἀλλήλων ἀλέγουσιν.’

Quoting these lines from the *Odyssey*, Mr. Maine hazards the ingenious conjecture that the Cyclops, to whom they refer, may have been ‘Homer’s type of an alien and less advanced civilization; for the almost physical loathing which a primitive community feels for men of widely different manners from its own usually expresses itself by describing them as monsters, such as giants, or even (which is almost always the case in Oriental mythology) as demons.’ However that be, he adds, ‘the verses contain in themselves the sum of the hints which are given us by legal antiquities.’ We see these little groups soon expanding into larger and larger circles—forming by degrees the House or *Gens*, and beyond it the clan, sept, or tribe. The tie of kinship remains, traditionally and in idea, but is gradually reduced to a shadow by means of adoption and aggregation—by the addition, that is, to the body of kinsmen, of persons who are to rank as members of it, though not really so. But even these larger societies are still composed of *families* as their units or atoms, not of individuals; and it is on the family relation that all social rights and duties depend. Ultimately, when the family has multiplied into a people, the interior circles (the *gens* and tribe) crumble away; households at last, in the eye of the law, dissolve into the persons who compose them; and, in technical phrase, *status*, as the source of rights, gives place to contract. In other words, a man’s rights and legal position are mainly created by his own acts, instead of being settled for him in his cradle. Meanwhile that feature of patriarchal life to which it owes its name, and which might have been expected to disappear with it—the father’s power over his children—maintains itself, like the notion of kinship, with a strange tenacity: it survived the Roman republic, lingered on in a modified form through the decline of the Empire, and, slowly dying, left a progeny in the shape of ideas and institutions, some of

of which still subsist. The notion of agnatic relationship, or relationship through males, which filled so large a space in Roman jurisprudence and has continued to do so in the law of mediæval and modern Europe, is directly traceable to this old patriarchal sway. Mr. Maine counts among its more remote descendants that recently abolished canon of our English law of inheritance which shut out the half-blood, and even (paradoxical as it may seem, for here a host of other influences have been at work) the *status* of an English wife at the present day, her legal disabilities, and theoretical identity with her husband.

'Ancient law,' says Mr. Maine, 'knows nothing of individuals.' It beholds only groups bound together by ties of blood-relationship, real or imaginary, ruled each by its family chief, the patriarch at first of the little camp, afterwards the 'despot enthroned upon the hearthstone,' who represents in his own person the joint rights of his household and their joint responsibilities. And as the modern law of persons flows, through the channel mainly of Roman jurisprudence, from this primitive fountain-head, so also does the modern law of property. The original conception of a proprietary right was that of a joint ownership among the members of a family, the father being rather the *gérant* than the absolute master of the concern. As the household expands into a 'house,' and the house into a tribe—as the bond of consanguinity is spun out into a slender thread, and even after it has become in part a faint tradition, in part a downright fiction—these rights of property continue to adhere to it. The facts with which Mr. Maine illustrates this part of his subject, though not new, are very well put together, and it is interesting to observe the many modifications which the principle of joint ownership has undergone, under different circumstances and in different stages of decay, in India, in the Russian villages described by Von Haxthausen and Tengoborski, in Servia and Croatia.* We naturally think of the curious parallel afforded by those tribal rights in New Zealand which have been the occasion of so much controversy and of a deplorable war, and which attach themselves so closely (as we see in Sir W. Martin's pamphlet) to the tradition of a common descent:—'The clansmen are equally free and equally descended from the great ancestor, the first planter or conqueror of the district. . . . As to the disposal of land, the natives are fond of arguing thus: a man's land is not like his cow or his pig; that he reared himself, but the land comes to all from one ancestor.'

* There is much curious and valuable information, bearing on this subject, in Von Thudichum's account of the old village and communal institutions of Germany. 'Die Gau- und Mark-verfassung in Deutschland.' By A. Von Thudichum. Giessen, 1860.

(*The Taranaki Question*, p. 10.) In the Alpine countries of Europe, where the forest and the upland pastures remain generally the common property of the 'valley' or the commune, though encroached upon by private rights, one is often reminded of this primitive kind of fraternal socialism.

The 'elimination,' as Mr. Maine strangely calls it, of the principle of separate and private property from the older practice of having all things common, has been gradual, but it has been complete. At first it was unknown; then it became the exception; now it is the all but universal rule. Even with the Roman jurists, it had become a cardinal maxim that no man can be compelled to be a joint owner against his will. But we should naturally expect to find strong marks of the opposite and more ancient principle on the early history of the two great channels of devolution, by which the rights of property flow on through successive generations—we mean wills and inheritances. Nor are we disappointed. A will, when we first gain a glimpse of such a thing in a rudimentary state, is not, says Mr. Maine, that which it is now, an instrument disposing of the private possessions of the testator; it is rather a nomination, by the head of a family, of his successor in the headship. We may collect as much from the peculiar language of the Twelve Tables. One would be glad to know how such a power ever came to exist; but here our inquiries leave us in total darkness. How, when once established, it was moulded and developed by convenience, by the needs of an advancing civilisation, and by that practical genius which seems to have descended from the Roman juriconsult to the English conveyancer, may be read in the annals of Roman law. For the very idea of a will, which has been so often affirmed, or tacitly assumed, to be a matter of natural right, is itself a bequest which modern Europe owes entirely and exclusively to Rome. In the same pages also we may read how out of the corporate perpetuity, as it may be called, of the self-governed, self-contained household arose by degrees, concurrently with the introduction of private property, the principle of inheritance by natural consanguinity, the rights of the *Gentiles*, which represented an extension of the first, being gradually superseded by the second, under the equitable jurisdiction of the prætor. The English law of primogeniture presents indeed some special difficulty: it is neither Roman nor barbarian; it seems to have sprung from no primitive root in either East or West, but to have arisen in feudal times out of the practice—which speedily became general, less, as Mr. Maine thinks, from its advantageousness to the lord than from its convenience to the feudatory's family—of having feuds made descendible by the terms of the donation,

donation, not to all the children, but to the eldest son. Mr. Maine superadds an ingenious but unsupported conjecture, which, shortly stated, amounts to this—that a sort of political chieftainship may in primitive times have belonged to the oldest male of the oldest line of each family, that some traditions of this may have lingered among the barbarian peoples, and that the eldest son himself may under the early feudal *régime* have occupied towards his brothers and sisters a position more like this chieftainship than that of absolute owner, which was afterwards assigned to him by the Norman lawyers. However this be, it may serve as a curious example of the way in which institutions act and react on each other, that the law of primogeniture, which is now chiefly important from the influence it exercises over our elaborate family settlements, should itself have sprung from family settlements of a ruder kind.

A very cursory survey of these inquiries is enough to show how rich they are in interest, what veins of precious metal they open and in how many directions they run, what light they borrow from History and reflect back on its dark places, what a field they offer for the exercise of the reasoning powers. How vast a tract of time must be traversed, and what a multitude of causes and influences must be taken into account, in examining accurately the growth of any one branch of law! What useful generalisations may be drawn from comparing the development of legal rules and conceptions, and observing the expedients by which technical difficulties have been surmounted in different ages and countries! How much again may we learn, that we did not know before, of the influence of laws and legal systems, now gone by, on politics, literature, mental science, and theology itself! Those who have any acquaintance with Mr. Maine's writings will not need to be told that his estimate of what under all these heads modern Europe owes to Rome is, we are almost tempted to say, extravagantly high. It is most fully propounded in the chapters on the Law of Nature and on Contract, and particularly in his remarks on the rise of the Law of Nations.

Since Savigny wrote, jurists have almost ceased to talk about a law of nature, though in France it is still, we believe, worth a publisher's while to bring out new *Catéchismes du Droit Naturel*. In Mr. Maine's fourth chapter there is an excellent account of the birth, at Rome, of this theory, the offspring of the Stoic philosophy, of its revival in modern Europe, of the extraordinary popularity it obtained among French lawyers, and of its general influence:—

‘The doctrines and institutions which may be attributed to it are the material of some of the most violent controversies debated in our time,

time, as will be seen when it is stated that the theory of natural law is the source of almost all the special ideas as to law, politics, and society, which France during the last hundred years has been the instrument of diffusing over the Western world.'—p. 80.

The French legists became passionate enthusiasts for natural law, because, living in a country 'smitten beyond every other with the curse of an anomalous and dissonant jurisprudence,' and being practically very hostile to the reformation of its abuses, yet keenly alive to them and to the beauty and perfection of a simple and harmonious system, they were thus enabled to effect a compromise between their speculative opinions and their professional habits and interests. But in the second half of the eighteenth century it assumed a new shape, and acquired an astonishing influence, in the writings of Rousseau. With Rousseau the primary object of contemplation was not the Law of Nature, but the State of Nature; it was the Roman theory turned upside down. It passed suddenly in his hands from the forum to the street; and it assisted most powerfully to bring about the grosser disappointments of which the Revolution was fertile. Its tendency in minds not fortified by thought and observation is anarchical. It gave birth, or intense stimulus, to the vices of mental habit then prevalent—to disdain of positive law, impatience of experience, and the universal preference of *à priori* reasoning:—

'On this point too it is a curious exercise to consult the 'Moniteur' during the principal eras of the Revolution. The appeals to the Law and State of Nature become thicker as the times grow darker. They are comparatively rare in the Constituent Assembly; they are much more frequent in the Legislative; in the Convention, amid the din of debate on conspiracy and war, they are perpetual.'

If you ask what cause gave to these opinions such vast prominence and power, the answer is simple:—

'The study which in the last century would best have corrected the misapprehensions into which an exclusive attention to legal antiquities is apt to betray was the study of religion. But Greek religion, as then understood, was dissipated in imaginative myths. The Oriental religions, if noticed at all, appeared to be lost in vain cosmogonies. There was but one body of primitive records, which was worth studying—the early history of the Jews. But resort to this was prevented by the prejudices of the time. One of the few characteristics which the school of Rousseau had in common with the school of Voltaire was an utter disdain of all religious antiquities; and, more than all, of those of the Hebrew race. It is well known that it was a point of honour with the reasoners of that day to assume not merely that the institutions called after Moses were not divinely dictated, nor even that they were codified at a later date than that attributed to them, but that they

and the entire Pentateuch were a gratuitous forgery, executed after the return from the Captivity. Debarred, therefore, from one chief security against speculative delusion, the philosophers of France, in their eagerness to escape from what they deemed a superstition of the priests, flung themselves headlong into a superstition of the lawyers.'

Elsewhere Mr. Maine observes :—

'I know nothing more wonderful than the variety of sciences to which Roman law, Roman Contract-law more particularly, has contributed modes of thought, courses of reasoning, and a technical language. Of the subjects which have whetted the intellectual appetite of the moderns, there is scarcely one, except Physics, which has not been filtered through Roman jurisprudence. The science of pure Metaphysics had, indeed, rather a Greek than a Roman parentage; but Politics, Moral Philosophy, and even Theology, found in Roman law not only a vehicle of expression, but a nidus in which some of their profoundest inquiries were nourished into maturity. For the purpose of accounting for this phenomenon, it is not absolutely necessary to discuss the mysterious relation between words and ideas, or to explain how it is that the human mind has never grappled with any subject of thought, unless it has been provided beforehand with a proper store of language and with an apparatus of appropriate logical methods. It is enough to remark, that, when the philosophical interests of the Eastern and Western worlds were separated, the founders of Western thought belonged to a society which spoke Latin and reflected in Latin. But in the Western provinces the only language which retained sufficient precision for philosophical purposes was the language of Roman law, which by a singular fortune had preserved nearly all the purity of the Augustan age, while vernacular Latin was degenerating into a dialect of portentous barbarism. And if Roman jurisprudence supplied the only means of exactness in speech, still more emphatically did it furnish the only means of exactness, subtlety, or depth in thought. For at least three centuries, philosophy and science were without a home in the West; and though metaphysics and metaphysical theology were engrossing the mental energies of multitudes of Roman subjects, the phraseology employed in these ardent inquiries was exclusively Greek, and their theatre was the Eastern half of the Empire. Sometimes, indeed, the conclusions of the Eastern disputants became so important that every man's assent to them, or dissent from them, had to be recorded, and then the West was introduced to the results of Eastern controversy, which it generally acquiesced in without interest and without resistance. Meanwhile, one department of inquiry, difficult enough for the most laborious, deep enough for the most subtle, delicate enough for the most refined, had never lost its attractions for the educated classes of the Western provinces. To the cultivated citizen of Africa, of Spain, of Gaul, and of Northern Italy, it was jurisprudence, and jurisprudence only, which stood in the place of poetry and history, of philosophy and science. So far then from there being anything mysterious in the palpably legal complexion of the
earliest

earliest efforts of Western thought, it would rather be astonishing if it had assumed any other hue. I can only express my surprise at the scantiness of the attention which has been given to the difference between Western ideas and Eastern, between Western theology and Eastern, caused by the presence of a new ingredient. It is precisely because the influence of jurisprudence begins to be powerful, that the foundation of Constantinople and the subsequent separation of the Western Empire from the Eastern are epochs in philosophical history.'

Moral philosophy, again, as it was understood before the days of Kant, was more or less saturated with Roman law. But moral philosophy has now become absorbed in Metaphysics, on which the law of Rome has had comparatively little influence, the Greek, not the Latin, language having furnished the vehicle for metaphysical discussions.

'At the same time it is worthy of remark that whenever the problems of metaphysics are those which have been most strongly agitated in Western Europe, the thought, if not the language, betrays a legal parentage. Few things in the history of speculation are more impressive than the fact that no Greek-speaking people has ever felt itself seriously perplexed by the great question of Free-will and Necessity. I do not pretend to offer any summary explanation of this, but it does not seem an irrelevant suggestion that neither the Greeks, nor any society speaking and thinking in their language, ever showed the smallest capacity for producing a philosophy of law. Legal science is a Roman creation, and the problem of Free-will arises when we contemplate a metaphysical conception under a legal aspect.'

On Theology, on the other hand, it has worked very powerfully, by supplying to it a peculiar language, a peculiar mode of reasoning, and a peculiar solution of many of the great problems of life. The broad contrast between the classes of controversies which agitated the Greek Church and those which occupied the Latin has been often made the subject of observation; while the Greeks were employed on subtle definitions of the Godhead, and disputes about the Divine Persons and the Divine Substance—

'The nature of Sin and its transmission by inheritance—the debt owed by man and its vicarious satisfaction—the necessity and sufficiency of the Atonement—above all the apparent antagonism between Free-will and the Divine Providence—these were the points which the West began to debate as ardently as ever the East had discussed the articles of its more special creed. Why is it then that on the two sides of the line which divides the Greek-speaking from the Latin-speaking provinces there lie two classes of theological problems so strikingly different from one another? The historians of the Church have come close upon the solution when they remark that the new problems were more "practical," less absolutely speculative, than those

which had torn Eastern Christianity asunder, but none of them, so far as I am aware, has quite reached it. I affirm without hesitation that the difference between the two theological systems is accounted for by the fact that in passing from the East to the West, theological speculation had passed from a climate of Greek metaphysics to a climate of Roman law. For some centuries before these controversies rose into overwhelming importance, all the intellectual activity of the Western Romans had been expended on jurisprudence exclusively. They had been occupied in applying a peculiar set of principles to all the combinations in which the circumstances of life are capable of being arranged. No foreign pursuit or taste called off their attention from this engrossing occupation, and for carrying it on they possessed a vocabulary as accurate as it was copious, a strict method of reasoning, a stock of general propositions on conduct more or less verified by experience, and a rigid moral philosophy. It was impossible that they should not select from the questions indicated by the Christian records those which had some affinity with the order of speculations to which they were accustomed, and that their manner of dealing with them should not borrow something from their forensic habits. Almost everybody who has knowledge enough of Roman law to appreciate the Roman penal system, the Roman theory of the obligations established by Contract or Delict, the Roman view of Debts and of the modes of incurring, extinguishing, and transmitting them, the Roman notion of the continuance of individual existence by Universal Succession, may be trusted to say whence arose the frame of mind to which the problems of Western theology proved so congenial, whence came the phraseology in which these problems were stated, and whence the description of reasoning employed in their solution.

In somewhat overstating, as we think, the debt which International Law owes to Rome, Mr. Maine follows an opinion which is very commonly received, and has the sanction of great names. The conception of a *Droit entre les gens* was, for a long time after it first asserted itself, faint and imperfect, and disengaged itself with difficulty from the theory of a law of nature, from questions of public and of private law, of policy and casuistry. Those who first satisfied themselves that there *ought to be* such a law at a time when it did not and could not exist in fact, except in the rudest and most elementary shape (since the States of Europe, whose assent alone could give it positive authority, had but recently acquired that amount of force and consistency which it supposes and requires), had to work out an ideal system from such general principles as their reading and reflection furnished them with, and as appeared germane to the matter. '*Es klingt horribel*,' says a German writer—it has a horrible sound, that a philosophy of law should have arisen before the law itself came into existence. Yet so it was. These writers, like all Continental legists, were men whose language and

and modes of thought were cast in the moulds of Roman jurisprudence and classical learning; to that jurisprudence they naturally resorted, as to an inexhaustible storehouse, whenever they were in want of a legal principle, and they worked into the rising structure much that was solid and valuable, with much that has since been thrown away. The structure itself was a theory, though the master-theorist, Grotius, acquired almost the authority of a legislator. But a real customary law of nations grew fast during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and it is interesting to observe how quickly it disembarassed itself of its Roman dress, learnt to appeal to recent precedents and contemporary usage, and put on the garb and manners of its time. Bynkershoek, the ablest, perhaps, certainly the most masculine and vigorous, of its expounders—wrote his first book about eighty years after the publication of the *De Jure Belli et Pacis*. His whole life was spent in the practice and administration of Roman-Dutch law; yet in the entire course of his writings on international topics, strongly coloured as they are by his professional studies and habits, he hardly ever refers to a Roman text, except to question its applicability to the matter in hand. The publication of collections of Treaties, and the diffusion, chiefly from the Hague, of political intelligence, furnished an increasing store of materials for an inductive treatment of the subject, such as was adopted exclusively by the elder Moser. Its terminology and its modes of reasoning are very Roman, and it has been elaborated almost entirely by civilians. Yet we are disposed to doubt whether, as it now exists, there is any branch of jurisprudence which has drawn so little of its substance from Rome, in which direct appeals to Roman authorities are so infrequent, and to which Rome so rarely furnishes, in cases of dispute, an available principle of decision.

The difference between us and Mr. Maine on this head will be more clear if we refer to the two examples which he has chosen. The Roman principle of occupancy, he says, has determined the tenor of that chapter of International Law which is concerned with capture in war.

‘The Law of Warlike Capture derives its rules from the assumption that communities are remitted to a state of nature by the outbreak of hostilities, and that, in the artificial natural condition thus produced, the institution of private property falls into abeyance so far as concerns the belligerents.’

This assumption is an idea which would occur spontaneously to persons practising the ancient forms of warfare, when victory dissolved the organization of the conquering army, and dismissed the
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the soldiers to indiscriminate plunder. 'The principle of occupancy, when it was admitted into the modern law of capture in war, drew after it a number of subordinate canons,' &c. Now it is certainly true that the Roman juriconsults clothed with a legal dress the rude old *jus belli*, which is as old and as universal as war itself, and placed it, thus adorned, among the modes by which property is transferred from one person to another. The fact of capture transfers the property. This proposition, or rather this mode of stating the legal consequences of an unquestionable fact, was, as we might expect, adopted, together with some fragments of the law of *postliminium*, by the predecessors of Grotius in the sixteenth century, and afterwards by Grotius himself. But the Roman theory or fiction of *res nullius* hardly appears at all in writers, early or late, on International Law, and is not required or used by them as a logical premise. The numerous mitigations introduced by humanity and convenience, which have in practice largely broken in upon the rule, are not only foreign to the theory, but inconsistent with it; and the law of Booty and Prize, as it now exists, has been built up almost entirely by usage.

There is a second point on which Mr. Maine insists more strongly, and with still less reason. In applying, he says, to the discovery of new countries the same principle which the Romans had applied to the finding of a jewel, the Publicists forced into their service a doctrine wholly unequal to the task expected from it, and this misapplication of the law of occupancy has, in his opinion, had a very injurious effect. It failed to determine the two questions on which certainty was most wanted—the extent of the territory acquired, and the acts necessary to constitute acquisition. It 'conferred enormous advantages as the consequence of a piece of good luck;' it was instinctively mutinied against by the most adventurous nations. And even the famous Bull of Alexander VI., which divided the undiscovered countries of the world between Spain and Portugal by an imaginary line drawn on the surface of the globe, was perhaps not more absurd than a rule which 'gave half a continent' as a reward to a fortunate finder.

Now, what is this 'absurd' rule of discovery and the history of it? The idea that the first comer, first finder, first appropriator of a thing has a better title to it than anybody who may seek to deprive him of it, is certainly—if we may be forgiven so loose a phrase—a very natural idea. A child in petticoats will proclaim it as decidedly as a juriconsult, and much more loudly. A gold-washer in the dry bed of a Californian river will affirm, without any hesitation, that possession is nine points of the

the law where there is a law, and first possession is everything where there is none—although he could not define with technical precision what possession means. Nor does there appear to be anything strained or artificial in the early application of the same principle to vacant territories, the first access to which had been gained by a speculation so costly and surrounded with so much mystery and danger as a distant voyage of discovery. The Portuguese navigators of the fifteenth century carried with them this common instinct, and believed themselves to be acquiring rights for the Sovereign they served when they set up on headlands of the African coast the rude wooden crosses which after 1484 were replaced by monuments of stone. The enormous extension given to these rights, at first by Portugal and afterwards by both Portugal and Spain, and which they endeavoured to fortify by a series of Papal grants, was undoubtedly mutinied against by other nations; and Queen Elizabeth disputed the justice of a title founded on 'having touched here and there upon the coasts, built cottages, and given a name to a river or a cape,' at the very time when Sir Francis Drake was erecting posts and burying coins as symbols of her own claim to the north-east shore of America, as far as the 'Meta incognita.' By the end of the sixteenth century at least, as we learn from Strachey's '*Historie of the Travaile into Virginia*,' both discovery and an actual taking of possession were deemed necessary to constitute a right, but where they concurred sufficient; and on those grounds, says Strachey, 'we allow him (the King of Spain) both his longitude and his latitude in the new world, from Cape Florida northward to Cape Breton, without any one inch of intrusion.' The controversies to which the progress of colonisation has given rise in the last two centuries have turned, as Mr. Maine says, on what constitutes planting and occupation, and on the space over which occupation extends; and the suggestions that the settlers on a line of seaboard should be deemed to have possessed themselves of the inland tract to which it is the natural outlet, and the settlers at a river's mouth of the country watered by that river and its affluents (a view curiously anticipated, as we learn from Mr. Dasent, by the Norse settlers in Iceland), are expedients, more or less reasonable, for solving them. The question has passed through the hands of civilians; they have moulded it, with such assistance as they could get from Roman law, into a semblance of technical precision, and incorporated with it so much of the doctrine of possession as requires, in accordance with common sense, both the act of taking possession and the intention to do so, and permits the act to be done by an agent. But we do not think with Mr. Maine that the effect has been injurious, or that the rule itself is absurd. It is rough and
vague,

vague, like many other rules with which we have to content ourselves in public and in private life, but it furnishes a common principle to appeal to, a common ground for compromise; it has the advantage, rude as it is, of squaring with a universal sentiment of justice; it has done some useful work, and we do not see what better expedient could have been adopted in its stead.

In concluding this notice we take leave to add two remarks. Mr. Maine's method of inquiry, true and scientific as it is, has nevertheless its peculiar temptations. He who has applied all his industry and acuteness to track a legal principle or conception through many codes, many countries, and several thousands of years, may be tempted sometimes to detect the object of his pursuit where it does not exist—sometimes to forget that an institution which has a long history is what it is, not what the germ of it was many centuries ago. It is not the less essential, for instance, to the true notion of a will that it should take effect at the testator's death, and not before, although 'mancipations,' or voluntary conveyances, may once have been used instead of wills. Such conveyances, though they had a true testamentary intention, had not, as the English will has, a true testamentary character—in other words, were not strictly and simply adapted to carry the testamentary intention into effect. They were makeshifts, which, under different circumstances and from different reasons of necessity or convenience, have been adopted at Rome and in England to accomplish, more or less clumsily and imperfectly, the objects of a will. Secondly, it should never be forgotten that the science of jurisprudence, regarded as a whole, comprises not only a study of what the law is and has been, but of what it would be if the principles to be extracted from it were correctly worked out—an inquiry which has generally been carried on under the obnoxious name of the Law of Nature, with the disadvantage of being placed on an unsound foundation, and pursued upon a perverse method. The difference between a book which embraces only one of these inquiries and a book which comprehends both, is the difference between the 'History of Roman Law in the Middle Ages' and the 'System of Modern Roman Law,' the two great works of Savigny's earlier and of his later life. In its larger and more comprehensive sense it goes, indeed, still farther, and embraces what was called by French writers of the last century the *théorie des lois*, and by later English thinkers the science of legislation. It permits us to test those principles themselves by a standard external to them—by our abstract notions of what is right and reasonable, by our observation of what is useful, by the visible wants and tendencies of society. It is unscientific and illogical to confound these inquiries together; but it would
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be a great practical mistake to lose sight of their intimate connexion with each other.

In dismissing very briefly the book which stands coupled with Mr. Maine's at the head of this article, we hope to be understood as by no means undervaluing its importance. Mr. Austin's Lectures are always mentioned with high respect, but they have never been extensively read. They failed, when delivered, to attract, or at least to retain, an audience; and it would have been extraordinary if they had not. Abstract dissertations, wrapped in language which is made singularly hard by the very labour spent in giving it the most finished precision, are not inviting to the English student; and to master these Lectures would be impossible without patient thought and sustained attention. Yet no one ever took the pains to read them without feeling himself richly rewarded. A more firm, clear, penetrating intellect than Mr. Austin's was never applied to legal science; and he gave himself to it with a devotion rare and almost unknown among English lawyers. His definition of the province of jurisprudence may by some be thought too circumscribed, his terminology somewhat arbitrary, and (careful as it is) not always exact; his discussion of the theory of utility, which fills too large a space for the symmetry and compactness of the book, does not quite dispose of that vexed question; and on several subordinate points he leaves much room for difference of opinion. Yet it is a work which no one who aspires to be a jurist can afford to leave unread; and there is hardly any Englishman having pretensions to that character who does not owe to it, more or less, such conceptions as he has of the philosophy of law. And we do not fear to predict that it will be much better known hereafter than it has hitherto been. By republishing it with all the advantages of typography, with many manuscript notes and additions, and prefaced by a most graceful and touching memoir, Mr. Austin's widow has done justice to her husband's memory, and an immense service to that science which was the great employment of his life—a service which she promises to complete by giving to the world, in a second volume, the remainder, hitherto unprinted, of the Lectures delivered at the London University, together with some additional matter. Her account of the motives which led her to undertake the work is given with such a noble and feminine simplicity that we cannot forbear quoting it:—

‘I have sometimes doubted whether it was consistent with my obedience to him to publish what he had refused to publish. I have questioned myself strictly, whether, in devoting the rest of my life to an occupation which seems in some degree to continue my intercourse with him, I was not rather indulging myself than fulfilling my duty to him.

him. There have been times, too, when, in the bitterness of my heart, I have determined that I would bury with me every vestige of his disinterested and unregarded labours for the good of mankind. But calmer thoughts have led me to the conclusion, that I ought not to suffer the fruit of so much toil and of so great a mind to perish; that what his own severe and fastidious judgment rejected as imperfect, has a substantial value which no defect of form or arrangement can destroy; and that the benefits which he would have conferred on his country and on mankind, may yet flow through devious and indirect channels. I persuade myself that if his noble and benevolent spirit can receive pleasure from anything done on earth, it is from the knowledge that his labours are "of use to those who, under happier auspices, pursue the inquiry" into subjects of such paramount importance to human happiness.'

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'I need not repeat the terms in which Mr. Austin's friends encouraged me to undertake the task of putting these precious materials in order, nor the offers of advice and assistance which determined me to venture upon it. One of them, who spoke with the authority of a lifelong friendship, said, after looking over a mass of detached and half legible papers, "It will be a great and difficult labour; but if you do not do it, it will never be done." This decided me.

'I have gathered some courage from the thought that forty years of the most intimate communion could not have left me entirely without the means of following trains of thought which constantly occupied the mind whence my own drew light and truth, as from a living fountain; of guessing at half expressed meanings, or of deciphering words illegible to others. During all those years he had condescended to accept such small assistance as I could render; and even to read and talk to me on the subjects which engrossed his mind, and which were, for that reason, profoundly interesting to me.'

It is a task involving great labour; and, when it is completed, English jurisprudence will be indebted for one of its highest aids to the reverential affection of a wife and the patient industry of a refined and intelligent woman.

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- ART. V.—1. *My own Life and Times, 1741-1814*. By Thomas Somerville, D.D., Minister of Jedburgh, &c. Edinburgh, 1861.
 2. *Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk*. 1 vol. 8vo. Edinburgh and London, 1860.
 3. *Domestic Annals of Scotland*. By Robert Chambers. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh and London, 1858-61.
 4. *Sketches of Early Scotch History and Social Progress*. By C. Innes. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1861.

5. *Reminiscences*

5. *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.* By E. B. Ramsay, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Dean of Edinburgh. Sixth edition, 12mo. Edinburgh, 1860. *Ditto, Second Series.* 12mo. Edinburgh, 1861.
6. *Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Character.* By the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., F.S.A., Scotland. 12mo. London and Edinburgh, 1861.
7. *The Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire.* By the Rev. John Kennedy, Dingwall. Second edition, 12mo. Edinburgh, 1861.
8. *History of Civilization in England.* By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. II., 8vo. London, 1861.

EVER since the genius of Sir Walter Scott, aided in no mean degree by his diligent study of antiquities, did so much to reproduce the men and the manners of earlier days, historical research has met with general favour in Scotland. Although Vandalism may not be wholly extinct, yet individuals and societies have sought out and rescued from destruction whatever seemed to throw light upon the old times. Family and college muniments have been examined, the fine ecclesiastical remains of Scotland have been illustrated, and the peculiar principles of its half-military, half-domestic architecture have been studied,* and the wonderful sculptured stones have been admirably delineated and described.† The origin and the history of the nation will, in the end, be better understood than they have hitherto been; and, in the mean time, some attempts have been made to exhibit in a connected form the results already obtained. The indefatigable Mr. Robert Chambers has arranged in chronological order a great deal of important and characteristic matter, drawn from a variety of sources. Mr. Cosmo Innes, a valued contributor of our own, who edited several works for the Spalding Club, has put together in a separate form a series of very instructive papers. The memoirs of several eminent Scotsmen have been published within the last few years, and even months; and some attempts have been made to note and preserve those relics of ancient thought and manners which still linger in the country. Lastly, we have received, just before sending these lines to press, the second volume of Mr. Buckle's 'History of Civilization in England,' which volume is entirely devoted to Spain and Scotland. We do not propose in the present article to examine Mr. Buckle's

* See Billing's 'Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland.' Edinburgh, 1847. 'Quart. Rev.,' vol. lxxxv.

† 'Sculptured Stones of Scotland.' Aberdeen, 1856. Edited by Mr. John Stuart, for the Spalding Club.

volume as a whole, but we shall notice some parts of it in their bearing upon Scottish history.

The continual inroads of the English had, as Mr. Buckle justly observes, kept the Lowlands of Scotland in a very poor condition; had checked the growth of the towns; had ruined the Crown, and had made the nobility almost uncontrollable. Mr. Buckle, however, takes too gloomy a view of Scotch affairs when he says that 'even late in the sixteenth century skilled labour was hardly known, and honest industry was universally despised.' It is true that the country was very poor, if measured by a modern standard, and we should no doubt feel very uncomfortable if we were suddenly reduced to the condition of the fifteenth century; yet it appeared to the people of those times that they were living in a highly advanced, and luxurious, though a very artificial and wicked state of society; much fallen off from the good old times when 'men were of better conscience than they are now.'

Let us take for example Dunbar, the poet of the Court of James IV. Dunbar was no optimist, as appears by his address to the merchants of Edinburgh on the defects of the conservancy department; and yet he writes enthusiastically of the splendid reception given in 1511 to Queen Margaret, by the burgh of Aberdeen, which was only a town of the second class; of the rich array of the burgesses, the pall of velvet cramasé which was borne above the Queen's head,

'The sound of minstrels blawing to the sky,'

as she passed along; the pageants and pictures exhibited in the streets, among others the figure of Bruce,

'Right awful strong, and large of portraiture,
Ane noble, dreadful, mighty champion;'

the young maidens all clad in green, of marvellous beauty, with white hats broidered bravely, playing on timbrels, and singing right sweetly; the streets hung with tapestry; the wine running abundantly at the Cross, and the rich present offered to the Queen at her lodgings, to wit,

'Ane costly cup that large thing wald contain,
Covered and full of coined gold right fine.'

The ladies, too, whom he describes in his poem of 'The Twa Maryet Wemen and the Wedo,' are represented as beautifully arrayed.

The King's court is said to contain various persons whom the poet does not consider useful or creditable, such as 'Monsours of France,' and 'inopportune askers of Ireland kind'—a race now happily

happily extinct, as Lord Palmerston knows. But Dunbar likewise enumerates other servitors of the court, whose presence there seems inconsistent with the notion that even late in the sixteenth century skilled labour was hardly known, to wit :—

‘ Kirkmen, courtmen, and craftsmen fine,
Doctors in jure and in medicine,
Diviners, rhetors, and philosophers,
Astrologers, artists, and orators.
Men of arms and valiant knights,
And many other goodly wights;
Musicians, minstrels, and merry singers,
Chevalours, callanders, and French flingers.
Coiners, carders, and carpenters,
Builders of barks and *ballingaris*.^{*}
Masons laying upon the land,
And shipwrights hewing upon the strand;
Glazing wrights, goldsmiths and lapidaries,
Printers, painters, and potingaries; †
And all of their craft cunning,
And all at once labouring:
Which pleasant are and honourable,
And to your Highness profitable.’

But all this time the poet found foreigners, however unworthy, constantly preferred to him, on the principle that

‘ Aye fairest feathers has farrest fowls,
Suppose they have no song but youls.’

However objectionable the preference of foreigners to natives may have been—however superficial the accomplishments by which some of them obtained the royal favour, Dunbar’s lines afford unquestionable proof that the Scottish king not only appreciated the culture of other countries, but was bent upon introducing it among his own people.

James IV. and all his chivalry perished on Flodden Field: there died together the true and the false, the successful courtier and the despised suitor; and Scotland was cursed with another and yet another of her disastrous royal minorities, only to emerge amid the deadly struggle of the Reformation.

Mr. Chambers’s ‘Annals’ commence with Queen Mary’s return from France. She was received in Edinburgh with pageants and solemnities, splendid as the taste of the age could devise. But, according to John Knox,†

* Vessels of war.

† Apothecaries.

‡ Chambers, i. p. 11.

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'The very face of heaven, the time of her arrival, did manifestly speak what comfort was brought unto this country with her; to wit, sorrow, dolour, darkness, and all impiety; for in the memory of man, that day of the year, was never seen a more dolorous face of the heaven than was at her arrival, which two days after did so continue; for beside the surface weet and corruption of the air, the mist was so thick and so dark, that scarce might any man espy ane other the length of twa butts. The sun was not seen to shine two days before nor two days after. That forewarning gave God unto us; but, alas, the most part were blind.'

Rough and severe was the whole tone of society. The very schoolboys could not have a barring-out without manslaughter. Great lords, meeting each other in the street, engaged in murderous conflict. Queen's messengers had to eat their own writs, and were sometimes flogged into the bargain. Borderers and Highlanders were hanged without mercy—when they could be caught. For three months together the Kingsmen and Queensmen gave each other no quarter. When the house of Towie, belonging to Alexander Forbes, was maintained by his lady against Adam Gordon, brother of the Earl of Huntly, who had risen for the Queen; on Gordon's sending to demand its surrender, the brave dame answered, that she could not give it up without directions from her husband. Gordon then set fire to it, and burnt the heroic woman, her children, and servants—twenty-seven persons in all. This outrage forms the subject of the well-known ballad of 'Edom o' Gordon.'

The Regent Morton was very greedy and extortionate. He erected at Dalkeith a magnificent palace, richly adorned with pictures and tapestries, and fitter for a king than a subject. Here he lived in an appropriate style. All this he did at the expense of his enemies. He kept a fool, named Patrick Bonny, who, seeing him one day pestered by a concourse of beggars, advised him to have them all burnt in one fire. 'What an impious idea!' said the Regent. 'Not at all,' replied the jester; 'if the whole of these poor people were consumed, you would soon make more poor people out of the rich.'

It was usual for the King, or the Regent in the King's name, to write to the Court of Session, 'in furtherance or hindrance of' civil or criminal matters pending before them. The practice was very profitable to those who exercised the influence of the Crown. An instance of this may be seen in the mode by which Lord Somerville obtained a hearing of a suit respecting land in which he was engaged with his cousin Somerville of Cambusnethan, but which 'was still postponed by the moyen and interest of Cambusnethan and the lady.' Acting upon the advice of one who well

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knew the temper and avarice of Morton, the Lord Somerville, being prepared timely in the morning, waited upon the Regent with his principal advocate, and informed him of the case, of course without any result. On taking leave, however, he drew out his purse on the pretext of giving a fee to the door-keeper, and left it, as if unconsciously, upon the table. He went quickly down stairs, and took no notice of the Regent's still crying after him, 'My Lord, you have forgot your purse.' Whereupon the Regent sent a man after him to 'desire that he would return and breakfast with him, which accordingly the Lord Somerville did, knowing weel that his project had taken effect.' *

Nor was it safe to criticise such proceedings:—

'Twa poets of Edinburgh, remarking some of Morton's sinistrous dealing, did publish the same to the people by a famous libel written against him; and Morton, hearing of this, causit the men to be brought to Stirling, where they were convict for slandering aue of the King's councillors, and were there baith hangit. . . . Which was thought a precedent, never one being hanged for the like before.' †

Nor (to go back for a few years) could the pulpit protect those who took upon them to rebuke the sins of the Regent:—

' There was aue minister [named Robert Waugh] hangit in Leith (and borne to the gibbet, because he was birsit [bruised] with the boots). The principal cause was that he said to the Earl of Morton, that he defended aue unjust cause, and that he wald repent when aue time was to repent. And when he was required by whom he was commanded to say the same, he answered and said: "By the haly spreit." In the same year, Mr. Andrew Douglas, minister of Dunglass, was first tortured, and then hanged, for publicly rebuking Morton on account of his living with the widow of Captain Cullen.' ‡

But there were men whom this tyranny could not daunt. Regent Morton said to Andrew Melville, 'There will never be quietness in this country till half-a-dozen of you be hangit or banishit the country.' 'Tush, sir,' says Mr. Andrew, 'I have been ready to give my life where it was not half sae weel wared [expended] at the pleasure of my God. I lived out of your country ten years as weel as in it. Let God be glorified: it will not lie in your power to hang or exile his truth.' And King James was obliged to endure language from the pulpit such as would never have been tolerated by Morton.

We must not, however, commit the error of supposing, as Mr. Buckle apparently does, that there was nothing but wickedness and violence in those days. Hear Home of Godscroft's description of his father: §—

* Chambers, i. p. 115. † Ibid., p. 126. ‡ Ibid., p. 79. § Ibid., p. 96.

'David

'David Home of Wedderburn was a man remarkable for piety and probity, ingenuity [candour], and integrity; neither was he altogether illiterate, being well versed in the Latin tongue. . . . He had the Psalms, and particularly some short sentences of them, always in his mouth; such as: "It is better to trust in the Lord than in the princes of the earth:" "Our hope ought to be placed in God alone." He particularly delighted in the 146th Psalm, and sung it whilst he played on the harp with the most sincere and unaffected devotion. He was strictly just, utterly detesting all manner of fraud. I remember, when a conversation happened among some friends about prudence and fraud, his son George happened to say that it was not unlawful to do a good action, and for a good end, although it might be brought about by indirect methods, and that this was sometimes necessary. "What," says he, "George, do you call an indirect way? It is but fraud and deceit covered under a specious name, and never to be admitted or practised by a good man." He himself always acted on this principle, and was so strictly just, and so little desirous of what was his neighbour's, that, in the time of the civil wars, when Alexander, his chief, was forfeit for his defection from the queen's party, he might have had his whole patrimony, and also the abbacy of Coldingham, but refused both the one and the other.

'David's first wife, of the Johnstons of Elphinston, in Haddingtonshire, was a paragon of benevolence. She not only supplied the poor bountifully, but often gave large help to superior people who had fallen back in the world. She would give the clothes of her own children to clothe the naked and friendless. Yet, such was her good management, that she left at her death 3000 merks in gold—"a great sum in those days." Everything in the family had a splendid appearance; and this she affected in compliance to her husband's temper. As she was herself, so she instructed her children in the fear of God, and in everything that was good and commendable. To sum up her whole character, she obtained from all the appellation of the Good Lady Wedderburn.'

Hugh Rose of Kilravock, another worshipful country gentleman, being asked by King James 'How he could live amongst such ill turbulent neighbours?' made this reply,—'That they were the best neighbours he could have, for they made him thrice a day go to God upon his knees, when, perhaps, otherways he would not have gone once.'*

We will not follow Mr. Buckle through his angry denunciation of the spiritual tyranny which prevailed during the seventeenth century. It is well known how the Kirk domineered when it had the upper hand, and also what heroic constancy it displayed when cruelly oppressed by the Government; but we cannot help remarking the indiscriminate animosity with which Mr. Buckle seizes hold of everything which is alleged

* The Family of Kilravock, Spalding Club, 4to., Edinburgh, 1848.

against anybody, without the slightest balancing of authorities or regard to the principles of historical evidence.

In spite of the Troubles which greatly retarded the growth of the national wealth, the principles of the Reformed Religion took firm root, education became more general, and the Revolution of 1688 found Scotland a very different country from what it had been when the Reformation commenced. Not that the Revolution itself made Scotland free, as some suppose; for, notwithstanding the celebrated Claim of Right (April, 1689), many persons were imprisoned for long periods without being brought to trial; and there is a shocking instance of cruelty in the case of Henry Neville Payne, an English Roman Catholic gentleman, who was seized in Scotland as accessory to the Jacobite plot of Montgomery and Fergusson. This unhappy man was thrice put to the torture (twice under instructions signed by the King and countersigned by the Earl of Melville), his tormentors being of opinion that they '*could not preserve life and have gone further*;' yet he confessed nothing. Still, notwithstanding repeated demands for trial, and petitions for mercy on his part, Payne was kept in durance more or less severe, year after year, until ten had elapsed.*

The Union was reckoned in Scotland so questionable a measure that Dr. Robertson, nearly ninety years after, was scrupulous in giving any opinion with respect to it, but agreed with Dr. Somerville that it was effected against the sense of the nation. Upon the latter gentleman's saying

'that it might naturally have been expected that the scanty representation from Scotland would be absorbed in the mass of the English representation, especially in any question of conflicting interest between the two countries, he [Robertson] said that this was the more to be feared on account of the disadvantages under which our members suffered immediately after the Union. The want of the English language, and their uncouth manners, were much against them. None of them were men of parts, and they never opened their lips but on Scottish business, and then said little. The late Lord Onslow said to him, "Dr. Robertson, they were odd-looking, dull men. I remember them well; there were no Sir Gilbert Elliots and Mr. Oswalds among them." The Principal added, from himself, that Sir David Dalrymple, grandfather of the present Lord Hailes, and Mr. Murray, a brother of Lord Mansfield, who afterwards joined the Pretender in 1715, were the first able men, as representatives, sent from Scotland after the Union. Of the last he spoke in terms of high commendation as a man of great abilities, an eloquent speaker, and one who had had the advantage of an English education.

* Chambers, iii., p. 40.

I said that I thought John Duke of Argyle was an exception to the censure he had expressed. He replied that he referred to members of the House of Commons; that the Duke of Argyle had attended theatres, and read plays much, forming his style upon them, and was a polished rather than able speaker.*

Among the more modern works illustrating the condition of Scotland during the century which succeeded the Revolution, we may mention Mr. Dennistoun's *Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange and Andrew Lumisden*,† Lord Cockburn's *Memorials of his Times*,‡ and the *Autobiographies of Carlyle and Somerville*.

Dr. Carlyle was born in 1722, and lived to the age of four-score years. He was present at some of the most striking scenes depicted by Sir Walter Scott in the '*Heart of Mid-Lothian*.' He saw the escape of Robertson from the church and the execution of Wilson, when Porteous caused the soldiers to fire upon the people; he witnessed the orgies of the notorious Lovat and the equally unprincipled Grange, who divided his time between demonology, debauchery, and fanaticism, while his wife was wandering an insane beggar among the poor cottars of St. Kilda, whither he had forcibly deported her without being called in question by any one. Carlyle had often heard from Colonel Gardiner's own lips (in terms, by the way, not fully coinciding with the narrative of Doddridge) the story of his conversion. He was one of the famous Edinburgh volunteers who did *not* repulse the Highland army when it came to occupy the town; but to make amends for this, he assisted to drink up the Burgundy of a neighbour at Preston-pans in all haste, as it would otherwise have fallen into the hands of the Highlanders. He missed seeing the battle at the place just mentioned, owing to the early hour and the extreme rapidity with which it was begun and ended; but he saw all the operations which preceded or followed it. His description reads like a chapter of '*Waverley*.' He knew John Wilkes during his student-life at Leyden; saw Chatham, in insolent grandeur, schooling the House of Commons; Bute in his precarious premiership, and the second Pitt in his secure and lofty ascendancy. He was well acquainted with Smollett both in his earlier and his later years, accompanied John Home in his visit to London with the tragedy of '*Douglas*' in his pocket; heard judgment given in the House of Lords in the celebrated Douglas cause. He was in habits of intimacy with Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, Ferguson, and all the most distinguished men of Scotland, and he played a distinguished part in leading the General Assembly of the Kirk at a time when its

* Somerville, p. 270.

† Two vols. 12mo., London, 1855.

‡ 8vo., Edinburgh, 1856.

proceedings were of considerable importance. He appears to have been a man of large sympathies, of a fearless and independent character, and an acute observer. Those who imagine, because Boswell has so much to say about Johnson, that the two passed a great portion of their lives together, have assumed, from the incidents which they find recorded under the title of 'Autobiography of Dr. Alexander Carlyle,' that his whole life was passed amidst such scenes as he describes. But in this they forget the very end and purpose of the book, as well as the author's own title, which his editor has somewhat arbitrarily discarded. 'Having observed,' says Dr. Carlyle, in the very first sentence of his book, 'how carelessly, and consequently how falsely, history is written, I have long resolved to note down certain facts within my own knowledge, *under the title of Anecdotes and Characters of the Times*, that may be subservient to a future historian, if not to embellish his page, yet to keep him within the bounds of truth and certainty.' 'Dr. Carlyle left his work incomplete, the pen having,' says Mr. Burton, 'literally dropped from the dying author's hand.' It is exceedingly unfair to conclude that he could not have been a worthy parish clergyman because in this fragment he has not obtruded parish matters upon his readers, but has confined himself to recording those episodes which were very far from constituting the daily routine of his life. He was distinguished for his eloquence in the pulpit, and his standard of clerical character and duty was lofty and pure.* Amidst all the controversies in which he was engaged, his personal and pastoral conduct were never for a moment reflected upon. More than this, though plainly not a faultless man, he was respected and esteemed, to his dying day, by many of those who themselves possessed the highest titles to respect.

Dr. Somerville, on the other hand [born 1741, died 1830], was of a retiring and quiet disposition, and his 'Memoirs of my own Life and Times,' refer more distinctly to the hallowed duties in which his mind and affections were engaged; but his pen obtained for him a creditable place in historical literature, and it was his lot to be familiarly acquainted with many of the most eminent of his countrymen, from Sir Gilbert Elliot, one of the acutest intellects of the last century, down to Sir Walter Scott. He was the father of the late Dr. William Somerville, an eminent public servant, who will long be remembered for the extent and variety of his attainments and for his kind

* See a Sermon preached by him in 1767; printed in the second volume of 'The Scotch Preacher; a Collection of Sermons by some of the most eminent Ministers of the Church of Scotland.' 4 vols. 12mo., 2nd ed., Edinburgh, 1789.

and friendly disposition. Dr. William Somerville died recently, having attained a greater age than his father ; and his widow is a lady distinguished alike for her feminine accomplishments, and for her successes in the loftiest fields of science.

These clerical Memoirs possess a double interest, in the picture of Scotland which they present, and in the occasional glimpses of London life as it appeared to the eyes of highly-cultivated Scotchmen. It is in the former point of view that we are at present concerned with them.

From the Revolution to the Union, the Government, it is well known, was harshly and not very honestly administered by the Privy Council. From the Union to 'the '45' Scotland was slowly advancing, under an unsympathising and indifferent rule, which yet was more impartial than that of the Privy Council. More than a century before the Revolution, Scotland had sent forth a swarm of learned men, who taught science and letters in every school of Europe.* Colonel Stewart informs us, we believe with entire accuracy, that at and even before the beginning of the 18th century the middle and higher orders in the Highlands were as well educated as the youth of any part of Great Britain. The gentlemen-farmers and tacksmen were certainly better classical scholars than those holding the same rank and occupation in society farther south. There were eminent grammar-schools in Inverness, Fortrose, or Chanonry, Dunkeld, &c. From these different seminaries young men were sent to the colleges of Aberdeen and St. Andrews, and many to Leyden and Douay. The armies of Sweden, Holland, and France gave employment to the younger sons of the gentry who were educated abroad : many of these returned with a full knowledge of modern languages, added to their classical education ; often speaking Latin with more purity than Scotch, which these Highlanders sometimes learned after leaving their native homes, where nothing but Gaelic was spoken. When the Hessian troops were quartered in Athol in 1745, the commanding officers, who were accomplished gentlemen, found a ready communication in Latin at every inn. At Dunkeld, Inver, Blair Athol, Taybridge, &c., every landlord spoke that language. Colonel Stewart himself knew four of these respectable innkeepers. But it was in the remotest district of the kingdom—the Isle of Skye, and other islands—that classical education was most general. There the learning of the gentry was quite singular. It was remarked that for a considerable period the clergymen of the sixteen parishes of Skye and Harris were men of good families, great learning,

* Innes, p. 280.

and consequent influence ; their example, therefore, might diffuse and preserve this classical taste.*

The society which Dr. Carlyle describes in writing of his early experiences, if not brilliant, is essentially modern and civilized. There were plenty of books in the houses of his relations ; there were able and eminent men among the professors at Edinburgh and also at Glasgow, where he studied for two sessions, and where he found the young men of a more studious turn than in Edinburgh, though not possessing in an equal degree that knowledge of the world, or, as he calls it, 'a certain manner and address that can only be acquired in the capital.' To the existence of the Highlands he scarcely alludes in any part of his Memoirs.

But now the Prince is in Edinburgh, and 'it is truly a proud thing,' writes the Duke of Perth, 'to see our Prince in the palace of his fathers, with all the best blood of Scotland around him. He is much beloved of all sorts, and we cannot fail to make that pestilent England smoke for it.' Hear Dr. Carlyle :—

'As Prince Charles had issued a proclamation allowing all the Volunteers of Edinburgh three weeks, during which they might pay their court to him at the Abbey, and receive a free pardon, I went twice down to the Abbey Court with my friend about twelve o'clock, to wait till the Prince should come out of the Palace and mount his horse to ride to the east side of Arthur Seat to visit his army. I had the good fortune to see him both days, one of which I was close by him when he walked through the guard. He was a good-looking man, of about five feet ten inches ; his hair was dark red, and his eyes black. His features were regular, his visage long, much sunburnt and freckled, and his countenance thoughtful and melancholy. He mounted his horse and rode off through St. Ann's Yards and the Duke's Walk to his army. There was no crowd after him—about three or four hundred each day. By that time curiosity had been satisfied.

' The court at the Abbey was dull and sombre—the Prince was melancholy ; he seemed to have no confidence in anybody, not even in the ladies, who were much his friends ; far less had he the spirit' [this seems a very strange suggestion] 'to venture to the High Church of Edinburgh and take the sacrament, as his great uncle Charles II. had done the Covenant, which would have secured him the low-country commens, as he already had the Highlanders by attachment. . . . But besides that his army wanted clothing and necessaries, the victory at Preston put an end to his authority. He

* 'Sketches of the Character, Manners, and present State of the Highlanders of Scotland ; with Details of the Military Service of the Highland Regiments.' By Colonel David Stewart. Two vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1822. See vol. ii., App., pp. xxviii-xxxi.

had not a mind fit for command at any time, far less to rule the Highland chiefs in prosperity.*

This does not accord with the general belief as to the personal appearance of the young Chevalier, the 'yellow-haired laddie,' who was the darling of the romantic ladies of Scotland. The Prince's hair was undoubtedly of a golden tint. On the subject of his demeanour to ladies, Mr. Dennistoun says :†—

'It is generally supposed that the drama of loyalty thus enacted was not less acceptable to its hero than to the minor performers—at all events that his gallantry was quite as formidable to the Hanoverian dynasty as his kingcraft. Thus, an Edinburgh matron, whose politics were proof against romance, wrote to her daughter in London : "The young gentleman that we have got amongst us busses the ladies so that he gains their hearts. We must certainly have the Duke of Cumberland to kiss the ladies and fight these dogs, or there will be no living here for honest people." Lord Elcho, on the other hand, in his unpublished "History of the Rebellion," in my possession, says that on the night of the Prince's arrival in the metropolis, "there came a great many ladies of fashion to kiss his hand, but his behaviour to them was very cool. He had not been much used to women's company, and was always much embarrassed while he was with them." Lord Elcho's pen was often dipped in gall when Charles Edward was in question. In this instance, however, he is borne out by a pasquinade favourably contrasting the Duke of Cumberland with the Prince, in the "Glasgow Courant" of May 5, 1746, which, among various inuendos against the latter, reflecting on his disinclination to gallantries, assures us that "William was celebrated for his bravery, Charles for his chastity : that Charles loved the men better than the women ; and yet, which is wonderful, the less he courted them the faster they followed him."‡

He was, at all events, very different from his father, who, in 1715, scarcely made a friend, and who, though only twenty-seven years of age, yet with his swollen, bandaged legs and pimpled face, 'played a very poor fiddle' in the opinion of the mad Duke of Douglas, who kicked Lord Perth's shins so that the blood appeared through the white silk stockings, for bringing him to Douglas Castle.§ Charles, whether he deserved them or not, certainly obtained the good graces of the Scotch ladies. Carlyle says that two-thirds of the women were his partisans, even before he reached Edinburgh ; and President Forbes writes still more strongly to the same effect. Miss Isabella Lumisden, a damsel of Edinburgh, was not satisfied till she had engaged both her lover

* P. 153. † Vol. i. p. 182. ‡ See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxix. p. 158.

§ Ramsay, Second Series, p. 194.

and her brother in his cause, to the great danger of both and the utter ruin of the latter. The lover was Robert Strange, afterwards the celebrated engraver; who was engaged in preparing a copper-plate for Prince Charles's intended paper currency (notes payable at the Restoration), when the battle of Culloden put an end to the credit of the firm. Strange afterwards ran terrible risks. It is said that on one occasion, 'when hotly pressed, he dashed into a room where the lady, whose zeal had enlisted him in the fatal cause, sat singing at her needlework, and, failing other means of concealment, was indebted for safety to her prompt intervention. As she quickly raised her hooped gown, the affianced lover disappeared beneath its ample contour; where, thanks to her cool demeanour and unflinching notes, he lay undetected, while the rude and baffled soldiery vainly ransacked the house.*' He got off unscathed in the end, and, notwithstanding his Jacobite politics, was knighted by George III. When Miss Lumisden became Mrs. Strange, and had the education of a little daughter to superintend, she taught the child to 'girn' and make frightful faces whenever she heard the word Whig mentioned, but to kiss her whenever she named the Prince, and to look at his picture. She did not permit herself to take part in any of those gaieties with which the less constant Jacobite ladies consoled themselves after the ruin of the cause. On one occasion she wrote to her brother, 'I have never shook a foot since you saw me, nor been in any public place whatever. For all that,' she adds, 'I hope my dancing days are not done. Heaven forbid they end so!' Down to the days when the unhappy Prince's only pleasures were his glass and his violoncello, Lady Strange never wavered in her devotion.

Mr. Buckle, in his usual slashing style, speaks of the Highlanders† as 'thieves and murderers;' a description the utter folly of which we cannot stop to expose in this place. Of course they liked booty, as all troops do; but we may observe that the account which Dr. Carlyle—no friendly witness—gives of their conduct after the battle of Prestonpans, is creditable to their moderation. About the time of this very battle the Highlanders gave a remarkable proof of self-control. If ever there was an event which might have been expected to arouse an inextinguishable thirst of revenge, it was the Massacre of Glenco. Yet we learn from Colonel Stewart's excellent work, that in 1745, when the rebel army lay at Kirkliston, near the seat of

* Smith's *Life of Nollekens*, vol. ii. p. 245, cited in *Dennistoun*, vol. i. p. 66.

† Vol. ii. p. 297.

the Earl of Stair, whose grandfather was the chief author of that massacre—

‘Prince Charles, anxious to save the house and property of Lord Stair, and to remove from his followers all excitement to revenge, but at the same time not comprehending their true character, proposed that the Glenco men should be marched to a distance from Lord Stair’s house and parks, lest the remembrance of the share which his grandfather had had in the order for extirpating the whole clan should now excite a spirit of revenge. When the proposal was communicated to the Glenco men, they declared that, if that was the case, they must return home. If they were considered so dishonourable as to take revenge on an innocent man, they were not fit to remain with honourable men, nor to support an honourable cause; and it was not without much explanation, and great persuasion, that they were prevented from marching away the following morning.’*

If the Highlanders were ‘thieves and murderers’ in 1745, they could not have been reclaimed in a moment, and we should naturally expect the calendar of crime to be very heavy when the law was regularly and completely put in force, as it was from the suppression of the Rebellion. But it appears from the statistics given by Colonel Stewart that the proportion of capital convictions to the population in the different districts of the Highlands, from 1747 to 1817—and it must be remembered that at that time almost all serious offences were capital—was extremely small; proving beyond a doubt, if proof were needed, that the population was singularly quiet and orderly.†

Carlyle held a certain bursary or studentship, the conditions of which required him to spend one winter at a foreign university. It had been arranged accordingly, before the landing of the Prince, that he was to spend the winter at the University of Leyden; and when the time came, having made his peace with Prince Charles, as we have seen, he set out for Newcastle, just as if no rebellion were on foot. With some difficulty he got shipping to Holland, where he found several Scotch and English students who afterwards became distinguished in different ways; among them John Wilkes, Charles Townshend, and Dr. John Gregory. We have not room for a description of the student-life at Leyden, the chief incident of which was that in the evening about a dozen of them met at one another’s rooms in turn, and drank coffee and smoked tobacco, and chatted about politics, and drank claret and supped on bukkam (Dutch red herrings) and eggs and salad. Indeed, we feel ourselves debarred from noticing many of the most interesting parts both of Carlyle and of Somerville, because the scene

* Stewart, i. p. 99, n.

† Ibid., ii., App., p. xxxix.

is laid beyond the bounds of Scotland, and they are consequently foreign to our subject.

Of the condition of the southern part of Scotland after the middle of the eighteenth century, we obtain from Dr. Somerville some notices which are of value as resting upon his own personal recollections.* In his early days the people, high and low, were poorer, worse clothed, worse lodged, worse fed, worse instructed than in 1814, when he wrote, and were more subject to ague and to fevers. Before 1760 none of the poor, or only a small proportion of them, wore stockings. The dress of both men and women in the middle and higher ranks exhibited by turns the extremes of gaudy ostentation and disgusting slovenliness: silks and gold lace in the evening, greasy nightcaps and dirty dressing-gowns in the morning. Swords were generally worn. On the occasion of sudden quarrels, especially in drunken brawls, the ready command of a dangerous weapon was unfortunately the frequent cause of bloodshed. Tea was used at breakfast, but its use in the afternoon came in very slowly. Though wheaten bread was partly used, yet cakes or bannocks of barley and pease-meal, and oat-cakes, formed the principal household bread in gentlemen's families; and in those of the middle class, on ordinary occasions, no other bread was ever thought of. Potatoes made a part of the food of the common people, but were considered a luxury, being cultivated only in gardens, and more costly than meal. Flowers were few, and (except in the case of tulips, which were highly prized) little was done to improve them.

'I have spoken,' says Dr. Somerville (p. 28), 'of my father's hospitality. It may be amusing to the reader to be more particularly informed with respect to the mode of entertaining, common in families like his [a clergyman's] at the period to which I now allude. Company was rarely invited to dinner. I remember only two or three occasions on which dinner parties took place in my father's house. Several of the neighbours were invited to an entertainment of this kind after killing the *mart*, which was salted for winter provision, as no fresh meat was found at that season in the market. It was called the *spare-rib* dinner, because the principal dish on the table consisted of a roast of a portion of the *mart*, which went by that name. Another formal dinner also took place in every family on one of the holidays about the beginning or end of the year. Uninvited visits often occurred, and were always received with pleasure. In my father's house, the entertainments given on such occasions were not expensive or ostentatious, but good and substantial. The usual beverage was strong ale, with a small glass of brandy; and at more formal dinners—often indeed—claret punch. Both rum and whisky were beginning to be introduced; but I remember my father protested against this practice as an inno-

* See also 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxxii. p. 373.

vation; and when any of his visitors preferred punch, he had to send to the grocer's for a single bottle of rum.'

Lord Cockburn mentions an old lady who kept up the custom of salting an ox at the beginning of winter, and systematically eating it up from nose to tail. He tells of her inviting a friend to come to dinner next Sunday, while there should yet be some of the winter provision left, saying, 'We're terrible near the tail noo!' This is somewhat analogous to the arrangement of Lord Polkemmet, who, when he killed a calf, 'ate just up one side and down the other,' the household subsisting wholly on veal, dressed in various ways, till all was consumed.

The south of Scotland (Dumfries, Peebles, Roxburghshire) was at that time supplied with ample store of claret and brandy from the Isle of Man. The claret cost not above 1s. 6d. or 1s. 8d. per bottle; the brandy 1l. per anker, or 6d. per bottle. The strong ale, excellent in quality, was brewed at home, and cost about 2d. per bottle; the malt-tax being moderate, and no excise upon home brewing.

The exemption of Scotch claret from duty, which continued till about 1780, made it the ordinary beverage in Edinburgh. When a cargo of claret came to Leith, the common way of proclaiming its arrival was to send a hogshead of it through the town on a cart with a horn; and anybody who wanted a sample, or a drink under pretence of a sample, had only to go to the cart with a jug, which, without much nicety about its size, was filled for sixpence.

In 1770 beef cost 2d. or 2½d., never exceeding 4d., per lb.; lamb 1½d.; veal 4d. and 5d., and mutton in like proportion; butter 4d., cheese 3d. per lb. The pound by which the beef was sold contained 17½ oz., the pound of butter 24 oz., and cheese the same.

At Edinburgh, when Carlyle was a student, there were ordinaries for young gentlemen at fourpence a head for a very good dinner of broth and beef, and a roast and potatoes every day, with fish three or four times a week, and all the small beer that was called for till the cloth was removed. By 1740 even the second tavern in Haddington, where the Presbytery dined, having quarrelled with the first, had knives and forks for their table. But ten or twelve years earlier, Mr. Carlyle the elder used to carry a shagreen case, with a knife and fork and spoon. In 1743 and 1743 they had still but one glass on the table, which went round with the bottle.

Roads, and all the means of locomotion, were incredibly bad. The cattle were ill-fed, and far inferior to those now employed. Agriculture was extremely backward, and the fields did not yield above

above a third part of the quantity of corn nor of the food for cattle which were raised from them in 1814. What Dr. Somerville says upon this head reminds us of one of Colonel Stewart's anecdotes. 'So backward was agriculture in the Carse of Gowrie in the year 1756, that, as a gentleman who by his abilities had risen to the highest dignity in the law was walking with a friend through his fields where his servants were weeding the corn, he expressed great gratitude to Providence for raising such a quantity of thistles; as otherwise,' said the learned judge, 'how could we, in this district, where we cannot allow our good corn-land to be in pasture, find summer-food for our working horses?'

There was more of a taste for amusements and festivities then than there is now, more playing at the national games,—not to show off before strangers at public gatherings, but for the enjoyment of the players,—more merrymaking at weddings. Parents kept their children, even when grown to mature years, at a greater distance, and exacted from them a ceremonious attention to the forms of outward respect. 'My children,' wrote Lady Strange, 'from the eldest to the youngest, love me and fear me as sinners dread death. My look is a law.' And perhaps there is not much exaggeration in the reminiscences of Mrs. Violet Macshake, in Miss Ferrier's delightful novel of 'Marriage':—

'In my grandfather's time, as I hae heard him tell, ilka master o' a family had his ain seat in his ain house, ay! an' sat wi' his hat on his head before the best o' the land, an' had his ain dish, an' was aye helpit first, and keepit up his authority as a man should do. Paurents war paurents then—bairns dar'd na set up their gabs before them as they do now. They ne'er presumed to say their heads war their ain i' thae days; wife an' servants, retainers an' childer, aw trummelt at the presence of their head. Here a long pinch of snuff caused a pause in the old lady's harangue.'

Dr. Somerville reminds us (p. 371) that—

'Sociability was another of the characteristics of those times. Expressions of kindness were then more frank and cordial, and even the conventional forms of salutation indicated less distance than is now maintained in ordinary friendly intercourse. Acquaintances of both sexes, when they met after long absence, and sometimes even on the occasion of visits, saluted with a kiss. I have often for example seen this ceremony performed in the streets of Edinburgh, by old friends among my own reverend brethren, when they met at the opening of the General Assembly. The same form was observed between gentlemen and ladies.'

He also remarks (p. 379) that during the reigns of George I. and George II., although the Whigs split among themselves into factions,

factions, still, in all circumstances, the honours and emoluments flowing from the Crown, with little intermixture, remained in the hands of the Whigs, and he adds that—

‘With respect to the management of political affairs in Scotland, a system still more illiberal and contracted was adopted. All power was deposited in the hands of one individual, understood to be the minister for Scotland; and all the subaltern stations and executive offices were dealt out in conformity with his advice and recommendation. The list of the sixteen Scots’ peers at the general election was dictated by him, and the majority of the representatives of counties and burghs were chosen, either in obedience to his instructions, or with his consent and approbation. He stood interposed as a sort of middle man, between the government and the people. All public measures of importance originated with him. He was the sole channel of solicitation to ministers, and all favours passed through his hands. Nor was his influence restricted to the disposal of places in the nomination of Government. He had often an initiative, and always a controlling power, in appointments which were nominally in the gift of corporate bodies and of individuals, by virtue of their official or patrimonial privileges. I know it to be a fact, that Provost Drummond, the most meritorious benefactor of the community over which he presided, did not find himself at liberty to promise any preferment at the disposal of the Town-Council of Edinburgh without the previous consent of Lord Milton, the delegate and political agent of Archibald Duke of Argyle. To such an extreme was this scheme of universal patronage stretched, that it was always deemed prudent to obtain Lord Milton’s goodwill before making any application, even for places of the most inconsiderable emolument and importance. It was fortunate for the public that, in the enlightened scheme for filling the chairs in the University with the ablest candidates, the Duke of Argyle concurred with Provost Drummond.

‘There was always a party in Scotland which resisted the overbearing power of the Scotch minister; but all who belonged to it were considered, for a long time after the accession of the Hanoverian family, as disaffected and hostile to the existing dynasty. There were also, at the latter end of the preceding reign, a few representatives from Scotland of unsuspected loyalty, who, on the ground of personal merit, made their way to ministerial favours and promotions, independently of the patronage of the Scottish Premier. But the fetters of aristocratic despotism, in this part of the United Kingdom, were not completely broken, nor independence secured, till the accession of George III.’

Here we may see the real origin of that system, which Lord Cockburn so bitterly complains of when continued in a very mitigated form by the Tories in the days of *their* power.

Archibald Duke of Argyle is mentioned more particularly by Dr. Carlyle, who visited him, and gives the details of his Inverary life. His official labours did not wholly engross his time,

time, since it appears that from 2 P.M., his dinner-hour, till 1 A.M., when he was generally got to bed, this sole Minister for Scotland was exclusively occupied with dinner, napping, tea, cards, and supper, and its concomitant claret. One circumstance is mentioned which must have been a little trying to the guests. 'The Duke had a great collection of fine stories, which he told so neatly, and so frequently repeated them without variation, as to make one believe he had written them down.' Dr. Carlyle, however, assures us that he had a wide range of knowledge, and was very open and communicative.

Scotland can scarcely be said to have had any political life at this time. The active intellect and keen temper of its inhabitants found vent in the cultivation of philosophy and literature and in the discussions of the General Assembly; while many Scotchmen worked their way upwards in England, in India, in the colonies, or in foreign service, and some who were worthy of better things starved in the train of the unfortunate Stuarts in their dreary exile, watching with vain anxiety for an opportunity of again inducing the French Court to set on foot an invasion, or chafing with impotent rage at the attentions paid at Rome to members of the family of the 'Duke of Hanover.' Sir Walter Scott, in his well-known article in this Journal,* has given a very interesting sketch of the worthies of those days; and the publication of Carlyle's autobiography, which Sir Walter is believed to have seen in MS., does much to complete the picture. From Carlyle we hear of many men of importance about the middle of the last century, though long since forgotten, as, for instance, Principal Tullidolph, the Chatham of the General Assembly, the most brilliant speaker of his day, yet who was snuffed out by the ridicule of a very inferior man (a grand-uncle of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers), who put him in such a rage as totally disabled him, and made him in a short time absent himself both from Presbytery and Synod. Carlyle was one of those clergymen who incurred censure for frequenting playhouses and the society of actors and actresses, when John Home was compelled to resign his living to avoid actual deprivation for the offence of bringing out his tragedy of 'Douglas' upon the stage. Somerville's very judicious and able editor, Mr. Lee, states distinctly that public opinion in Scotland would not sanction such conduct now in a clergyman of any denomination, and Dean Ramsay expresses himself to the same effect. Dr. Somerville, however, seems to have frequented theatres without misgiving.

Endless are Carlyle's anecdotes of the remarkable men among whom he lived. Of Robertson, he says (p. 286) that

* Vol. xxxvi., p. 137.

'He was very much a master of conversation, and very desirous to lead it, and to make dissertations and raise theories that sometimes provoked the laugh against him. One instance of this was when he had gone a jaunt into England with some of Henry Dundas's (Lord Melville's) family. He [Dundas] and Mr. Baron Cockburn and Robert Sinclair were on horseback, and seeing a gallows on a neighbouring hillock, they rode round to have a nearer view of the felon on the gallows. When they met in the inn, Robertson immediately began a dissertation on the character of nations, and how much the English, like the Romans, were hardened by their cruel diversions of cock-fighting, bull-baiting, bruising, &c.; for had they not observed three Englishmen on horseback do what no Scotchman or — Here Dundas, having compassion, interrupted him, and said, "What! did you not know, Principal, that it was Cockburn and Sinclair and me?" This put an end to theories, &c., for that day.'

The last mention of Robertson is contained in a letter addressed by Carlyle, in 1796, to Sir John Macpherson, who was, like himself, the friend of Scotland's 'least mortal minds,' and had given proofs of the efficacy of the intellectual training of the school of Ferguson and Robertson, by the policy he successfully pursued when called to the arduous post of Governor-General of Bengal upon the departure of Warren Hastings, at a period of unexampled financial difficulty:—

'He [Robertson] was calm and collected, and even placid, and even gay. My poor wife had a desire to see him, and went on purpose; but when she saw him, from a window, leaning on his daughter, with his tottering frame, and directing the gardener how to dress some flower-beds, her sensibility threw her into a paroxysm of grief; she fled up stairs to Mrs. Russell and could not see him. His house, for three weeks before he died, was really an anticipation of heaven.'—p. 549.

There is, perhaps, no portion of Lord Cockburn's Memorials which has attracted more attention than his notice of the lively, spirited old ladies whose characters were not yet formed by modern training, but developed themselves as they best might, under the no-training system of ancient days. One of these outspoken ladies was Lady Strange, whom we have already mentioned.

'Fear me not,' she says, in writing to her brother; 'I have given neither you nor any of the world any reason to suspect my want of what's called common sense. I think I have seen throw things you yourself have been blind to, as to the foibles of men or women. I will but do myself justice when I say I have as few of them as any she that ever wore petticoats. I know I have passion and plenty of revenge, which is, to be sure, the child of the devil, and not the brat of a weak brain.'—vol. i. p. 308.

When

When Lord Cockburn first entered society

'The procession from the drawing-room to the dining-room was arranged on a different principle from what it is now. There was no such alarming proceeding as that of each gentleman approaching a lady, and the two hooking together. This would have excited as much horror as the waltz at first did, which never showed itself without denunciations of continental manners by correct gentlemen and worthy mothers and aunts. All the ladies first went off by themselves in a regular row, according to the ordinary rules of precedence. Then the gentlemen moved off in a single file; so that when they reached the dining-room the ladies were all there, lingering about the backs of the chairs, till they could see what their fate was to be. Then began the selection of partners, the leaders of the male line having the advantage of priority; and of course the magnates had an affinity for each other.'—p. 34.

Notwithstanding the nuisance of toasts and sentiments, the world seems to have enjoyed itself considerably at dinner; and, continues Lord Cockburn,

'Early dinners begat early suppers. But suppers are so delightful that they have survived long after dinners have become late. Indeed, this has immemorially been a favourite Edinburgh repast. I have often heard strangers say that Edinburgh was the only place where the people dined twice every day. It is now fading into paltry wine and water in many houses, but in many it still triumphs in a more substantial form. . . . Supper is cheaper than dinner, shorter, less ceremonious, and more poetical. The business of the day is over, and its still fresh events interest. It is chiefly intimate associates that are drawn together at that familiar hour, of which night deepens the sociality. If there be any fun, or heart, or spirit, in a man at all, it is then, if ever, that it will appear. So far as I have seen social life, its brightest sunshine has been on the last repast of the day.

'Tradition says that the suppers of Lord Monboddo were the most Attic in his day. But the Sunday suppers of Sir Henry Moncrieff' [a distinguished minister of the Established Church, and the only man of his rank whom it could reckon among its ministers] 'are worthy of record. This most admirable and somewhat old-fashioned gentleman was one of those who always dined between sermons, probably without touching wine. He then walked back—look at him—from his small house in the east end of Queen Street to his church, with his bands, his little cocked hat, his tall cane, and his cardinal air; preached, if it was his turn, a sensible, practical sermon; walked home in the same style; took tea about five; spent some hours in his study; at nine had family worship, at which he was delighted to see the friends of any of his sons; after which the whole party sat down to the roasted hens, the goblets of wine, and his powerful talk. Here was a mode of alluring young men into the paths of pious pleasantness. Those days are now passed; but the figure and the voice, the thoughts, and the kind and cheerful manliness of Sir Henry, as disclosed

disclosed at those Sunday evenings, will be remembered with gratitude by some of the best intellects in Scotland. . . . Hearing what is often confidently prescribed now as the only proper mode of keeping the Christian Sabbath, and then recollecting how it was recently kept by Christian men, ought to teach us charity in the enforcement of observances which to a certain extent are necessarily matters of opinion.'—p. 40.

We now come to Dean Ramsay's volumes. It shows more than ordinary magnanimity in a gentleman whose society is so much sought, to empty his whole budget of accumulated anecdotes, and thus withdraw them from the stock of conversation; but we have no doubt the resources of the Dean will prove quite equal to the demand upon them. We feel bound to thank him for the addition that he has made to the stock of public amusement and instruction. It is evident from the extensive sale of the first series that its publication has been acceptable to his countrymen.

We entirely dissent from the opinion that nothing is good or interesting in Scotch if it be not equally so when rendered into English. Besides the elements of jest and humour, there is a reasonable interest in tracing the peculiar habits of thought of the Scotch people, and the use of an expressive and vigorous tongue.

Dean Ramsay explains that he does not offer his anecdotes to the public as specimens of wit and humour, but rather as illustrations of a different state of society, different habits of thought, and, above all, a different language, from that to which we are accustomed. But the Dean is so good and so accomplished a man, that he can afford to be told frankly that we cannot agree with him in his appreciation of many of his anecdotes. Some of them are, no doubt, very humorous and characteristic; some are characteristic without being at all humorous; but others are pointless and uninteresting, and a few are, in our opinion, quite unworthy to be included in his collection.

Many of the stories relate to ministers and their sermons, upon which the Scotch are apt to observe pretty freely. Dean Ramsay tells us how the Duke of Lauderdale, when a boy, saved his father's life, by remembering when the old Lord was almost dead for want of sleep, that 'he aye sleepit in the Kirk,' and causing the 'preaching man' to be sent for, who successfully administered the wonted soporific; and also how a member of a prison-board, who had been outvoted on the appointment of a chaplain, consoled himself by sanctioning the choice on the ground that the chaplain had emptied a church already, so that there was some hope that he might likewise preach the House of Correction 'vawcant.'

Dr.

Dr. Rogers (whose publication appears to us quite as good as the Dean's) tells how a minister illustrated by singularly vivid but uncouth imagery the extreme difficulty, for the rich, of obtaining salvation; but he has not told the sequel. 'Now,' proceeded the preacher, 'wha's the rich man? Is it the laird? Na, poor man, he's sair hadden down wi' mortgages. Is it the farmer? Naa, ma brethren—it's thae laa-wers in Embro' that's the rich man.'

It is necessary to distinguish between what is characteristic and curious, and what is merely Scotch. Where a child supposes that the David of whom she reads in the Bible was identical with the only David she knows, 'David Rowse the pleuchman,' or that Paul's girdle was taken for the purpose of baking bannocks—'girdle' being in the North the name for the iron plate hung over the fire for baking oat cakes or bannocks on, or that 'fit raiment' meant foot raiment—to wit, shoes and stockings—we cannot see, with Dean Ramsay, any particle of 'native humour and childish acuteness,' but merely simplicity and ignorance of English. These blunders do not seem worthy of being recorded. It is different where the simplicity causes any really odd misconstruction:—

'A young baronet, a visitor at the mansion of B——, and in terms of intimacy with the family, had attempted to kiss one of the young ladies in a shady part of the lawn. The lady offered some resistance, and the scene did not pass unobserved. A girl of eight, the daughter of the gatekeeper, rushed into her mother's cottage, exclaiming, "Come, mother, come awa' out, for Sir—— is worrying Miss——!"' *

And there is something grotesque in the stupidity of a magistrate:—

'A bailie of the Gorbals, Glasgow,' says Dr. Rogers, 'was noted for the simplicity of his manners on the bench. A youth was charged before his tribunal with abstracting a handkerchief from a gentleman's pocket. The indictment being read, the Bailie, addressing the prisoner, remarked, "I hae nae doot ye did the deed, for I had a handkerchief ta'en oot o' my ain pouch (pocket) this vera week."—The same magisterial logician was on another occasion seated on the bench, when a case of serious assault was brought forward by the public prosecutor. Struck by the powerful phraseology of the indictment, the Bailie proceeded to say, "For this malicious crime you are fined half a guinea." The assessor remarked that the case had not yet been proven. "Then," said the magistrate, "we'll just mak the fine five shillings." '†

Quaint and even mistaken use of language may be noticeable if the thought be well brought out; as where the maid thus described ‡ the exacting and economical ways of her mistress—

* Rogers, p. 213.

† Ibid., p. 133.

‡ Ramsay, First Series, p. 68.

'She's vicious upo' the wark, but eh, she's vary mysterious o' the victualling.' So where the tone of mind or language that prevails in a district is hit off:—

'An Aberdonian of the name of Bannerman (says Dean Ramsay), of a matter-of-fact disposition, when some one remarked, "It's a fine day," dryly responded, "Fa's findin' faut wi' the day?—ye wad pick a quarrel wi' a steen wa'!"'*

'Punch' translates this, 'Do you want to hargue, you beggar?' Something of this disputatious turn may be traced in the story we have heard of an Aberdonian 'sand cadger,' who, instead of uttering his usual cry of 'Buy dry san'!' as he drove his cart through the streets, shouted in a peevish tone—'Ye wunna buy san' the day—Na, ye wunna!'

It will, we confess, be a relief to us if the Dean will, in his next edition, expunge the less valuable part of his now superabundant matter. In particular, we would gladly be suffered to forget some of the contents of the 98th page of the First Series, and of the 25th, 85th, 98th, and 101st pages of the Second Series. Are there not also grave objections to the stories which he relates, on the authority of 'a kind clerical correspondent,' concerning one who, he assures us, was much esteemed by his [dissenting] congregation as a faithful and affectionate minister, widely respected by all denominations, and equalled by few in racy humour and originality? (Second Series, p. 103.) This faithful and affectionate and respected minister, on one of his pastoral visitations, was to pray while tea was being got ready, and, says he, with what Dean Ramsay surely cannot regard as 'racy humour,' 'I'll draw to a close in the prayer when I hear the ham fizzin.'

The old-world notions were sadly disturbed by the introduction of steamboats and gas; the latter innovation, says Dean Ramsay, caused an old lady to ask with much earnestness 'What's to become of the puir whales?' deeming their vested interests to be materially affected by the supersession of their oil; and another seeing a water-cart passing, and the street liberally irrigated, exclaimed, in the utmost alarm at the profusion, 'Man, ye're skailing all the water.'

Colonel Stewart tells us of the Highlanders † that

'The ritual of decorous departure, and of behaviour to be observed by the friends of the dying on that solemn occasion, being fully established, nothing is more common than to take a solemn leave of old people, as if they were going on a journey, and pretty much in the same terms. People frequently send conditional messages to the

* Ramsay, First Series, p. 199.

† Vol. i. p. 81.

departed.

departed. If you are permitted, tell my dear brother that I have merely endured the world since he left it, and that I have been very kind to every creature he used to cherish, for his sake.*

Dean Ramsay states that

‘At Hawick the people used to wear wooden clogs, which make a clanking noise on the pavement. A dying old woman had some friends by her bed-side, who said to her, “Weel, Jenny, ye are gaun to Heeven, an’ gin you should see our folk, ye can tell them that we’re a’ weel.” To which Jenny replied, “Weel, gin I shuld see them I’se tell them, but you manna expect that I am to gang clank clanking through Heeven looking for your folk.”’*

We have heard that an English clergyman has been known to entrust his dying parishioners with messages for a late eminent divine, of whom, while yet in the flesh, he was a faithful disciple and constant correspondent.

Not only have we, in Ramsay, the story of the geologist quietly checked on Sunday for ‘breaking something there forbye the stanes;’ but we are told of the exhibition of ‘the same feeling under a more fastidious form,’ when an English artist, one Sunday, being struck by the sight of a picturesque ruin, asked a countryman who was passing by to be so good as to tell him its name. The reply was somewhat startling—‘It’s no the day to be speering [asking] sic things.’ Mr. Kennedy tells with applause (p. 236) how a Ross-shire worthy, called the ‘Penny Smith,’ reprimanded the sheriff for taking a walk on the Sunday evening:—

‘Meeting the Sheriff on his Sabbath-evening walk, “Law-makers should not be law-breakers,” the smith said to him, as he looked him boldly in the face. “My health requires that I should take a walk, Kenneth,” the Sheriff said by way of excuse. “Keep you God’s commandment, and you can trust him with the keeping of your health,” was the smith’s reply; “accursed must be the health that is preserved by trampling on the law of God.”’

We have heard of medicinal springs being made inaccessible on Sunday, as if it were not lawful even for God to heal on that day. We suspect that this presumptuous sin has been committed in England also. But to return to the Scotch anecdotes. In contrast to the foolish and audacious address of the Penny Smith to the sheriff stands the just and pious answer of a shepherd on the Pentland hills to Lord Rutherford:—

‘A friend has informed me that the late Lord Rutherford often told with much interest of a rebuke which he received from a shepherd, near Bonally, amongst the Pentlands. He had entered into conversation with him, and was complaining bitterly of the weather, which

* Ramsay, First Series, p. 7.

prevented him enjoying his visit to the country, and said hastily and unguardedly, "What a d——d mist!" and then expressed his wonder how or for what purpose there should have been such a thing created as east wind. The shepherd, a tall, grim figure, turned sharp round upon him. "What ails you at the mist, sir! it wats the sod, it slockens the yowes, and"—adding with much solemnity—"it's God's wull;" and turned away with lofty indignation. Lord Rutherford used to repeat this with much candour as a fine specimen of rebuke from a sincere and simple mind.*

'An admirable addition to that scene,' says Dean Ramsay,† 'was the shepherd's answer to Lord Cockburn, the proprietor of Bonally. He was sitting on the hill-side with the shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he observed to him, "John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered, "Ay, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep ye would hae had mair sense."'

The Dean is very full on the subject of old family servants, so admirably exemplified in the immortal Caleb Balderstone—their grim attachment and somewhat officious preference of the interests to the feelings of their masters and mistresses—of one who snatched the plate away when he saw his mistress indulging in dishes that were too rich for her—of one who would reply to an order to mend the fire by the short answer, 'The fire's weel aneuch,' and would at the same time evince much interest in all that might assist the lady in sustaining the credit of her domestic economy, as, for example, whispering in her ear at dinner—'Press the jeellies, they winna keep.' The death-bed request of an old servant to the master whose bread she had eaten all her life was—'Laird, will ye tell them to bury me whaur I'll lie across at your feet?' The late Mr. Ferguson of Pitfour, many years M.P. for Aberdeenshire, had an old domestic called Sandy, who was remarkable for identifying himself with his master upon all occasions, and relating all the acts of the former as the joint proceedings of 'Me and Pitfour.' The famous Jane Duchess of Gordon, following the old man's humour, once wrote to Sandy, and invited him to Gordon Castle, adding in a P.S., 'You may bring Pitfour with you'—a freedom which Pitfour did not greatly relish. The Dean has somewhat marred this story in the telling (*Second Series*, p. 53). Those old servants were sufficiently independent. When the Laird of Abercairnrie was pulling on his boots, preparing to join the Pretender, his old butler overturned a kettle of boiling water upon his legs so as to disable him from executing his purpose, saying—'Tak that: let them fecht wha like; stay ye at hame and be Laird

* Ramsay, *First Series*, p. 17.

† *Second Series*, p. 8.

of Abercainrie' (First Series, p. 255). Colonel Stewart, however, tells of the kettle being turned to a different account, for he says that a lady, finding that she could not prevail upon her husband to take part with the rebels, and perceiving one morning that he intended to set off for head-quarters with an offer of his services as a loyal subject of King George, contrived, while making tea for breakfast, to pour, as if by accident, a quantity of scalding-hot water on his knees and legs, and thus effectually put an end to all active movements on his part for that season, when she despatched his men to join the Prince under a commander more obedient to her wishes. We have not room here to insert Colonel Stewart's account (vol. i. p. 51) of Macnaughton, a groom, who led and delivered a handsome charger as a present from his master to Prince Charles when advancing through England, and who suffered death at Carlisle, though he was repeatedly offered his life if he would disclose the name of the person who sent the horse; saying truly, that if he did so he should be hunted out of his native glen.

We learn from Colonel Stewart (vol. i. p. 232, n.) that when King George II. had expressed a desire to see a Highland soldier, and two privates of the Black Watch (or 42nd) had been accordingly sent to London, they

' "were presented by their Lieutenant-Colonel, Sir Robert Munro, to the King, and performed the broadsword exercise, and that of the Lochaber axe, or lance, before his Majesty, the Duke of Cumberland, Marshal Wade, and a number of general officers assembled for the purpose, in the Great Gallery at St. James's. They displayed so much dexterity and skill in the management of their weapons, as to give perfect satisfaction to his Majesty. Each got a gratuity of one guinea, which they gave to the porter at the palace-gate as they passed out." They thought that the King had mistaken their character and condition in their own country.'

These were Highland gentlemen-privates, and of course full of pride, but there is also to be found among the lower classes a contempt of money when offered unseasonably. A couple of schoolboys had made friends during their holidays with a clever young carpenter, who taught them to saw, and to plane, and to turn, and who made them the bows and arrows in which they delighted. 'The vacation over,' says a correspondent of Dean Ramsay,

' and our hearts very sore, but bound to Samuel Shaw for ever, our mother sought to place some *pecuniary* recompense in his hand at parting, for all the great kindness he has shown her boys. Samuel looked in her face, and gently moving her hand aside, with an affectionate look cast upon us, who were by, exclaimed in a tone which
had

had sorrow in it, "Noo, Mrs. Scott, ye ha'e spoilt a'."—Second Series, p. 48.

We doubt whether the following occurrence, which we state in the words of Colonel Stewart,* slightly abridged, could have taken place in any but a Highland regiment:—In the year 1795 a serious disturbance had arisen in Glasgow among the Breadalbane Fencibles. The soldiers being made sensible of the nature of their misconduct, and the consequent punishment, *four men voluntarily offered themselves to stand trial*, and suffer the sentence of the law as an atonement for the whole. These men were accordingly marched to Edinburgh Castle for trial. On the march, one of the men stated to the officer commanding the party, Major Colin Campbell, that he had left business of the utmost importance to a friend in Glasgow, which he wished to transact before his death; that, as to himself, he was fully prepared to meet his fate; but, with regard to his friend, he could not die in peace until the business was settled; and that, if the officer would suffer him to return to Glasgow for a few hours, he would join him before he reached Edinburgh, and march as a prisoner with the party. The soldier added, 'You have known me since I was a child; you know my country and kindred, and you may believe I shall never bring you to any blame by a breach of the promise I now make, to be with you in full time to be delivered up in the Castle.' This was a startling proposal to the officer: however, his confidence was such, that he complied with the request of the prisoner, who returned to Glasgow at night, settled his business, and left the town before daylight, to redeem his pledge. He took a long circuit to avoid being seen and apprehended as a deserter, and sent back to Glasgow. In consequence of this caution, there was no appearance of him at the appointed hour. The perplexity of the officer when he reached the neighbourhood of Edinburgh may be easily imagined. He moved forward slowly indeed, but no soldier appeared; and, unable to delay any longer, he marched up to the Castle, and, as he was delivering over the prisoners, but before any report was given in, Macmartin, the absent soldier, rushed in among his fellow-prisoners, all pale with anxiety and fatigue, and breathless with apprehension of the consequences in which his delay might have involved his benefactor. The whole four were tried and condemned to be shot, but it was determined that only one should suffer, and they were ordered to draw lots. The fatal chance fell upon William Sutherland, who was executed accordingly.

* Vol. ii. App., p. lxxxvi.

The faculty of repelling an assault by some reply, delicate or coarse, but efficacious for the purpose, is illustrated abundantly by Scotch anecdotes. Thus, to borrow again from Dean Ramsay:—

‘Mr. Miller of Ballumbie had occasion to find fault with one of his labourers who had been improvident and known better days. He was digging a drain, and he told him if he did not make better work he should turn him off. The man was very angry, and, throwing down his spade, called out in a tone of resentment, “Ye are ower pridefu’, Davie Miller; since I mind ye i’ the warld when ye had neither cow nor ewe.” “Very well,” replied Mr. Miller mildly, “I remember you when you had both.”’—First Series, p. 201.

And we have heard of a Scotchwoman, who had accompanied her mistress to Ireland, who, being jeered by an Irishman on her unmarried condition, replied, in the Predestinarian phraseology common among her class,—‘I thank the Almighty that a man was na ordainit to me, for maybe he might have been like yoursel.’

Many are the stories told by Cockburn, Ramsay, and the whole race of anecdotists, of the company gradually sinking under the table, or of the dire disasters which befel those who were sufficiently masters of themselves to attempt to ride home—of the wig lost, and, when found again, so saturated with water that the owner, especially as he put it on the wrong way, could not recognise it—of the plump into the water when the laird was so drunk that he was only sensible that some one had fallen in, but had no idea that it was himself. One of these stories occurs to our memory which we are surprised not to find in the Dean’s collection. A certain laird had quarrelled with his eldest son, and was believed to have made a settlement to disinherit him. The young man was in the army, and in process of time his regiment came to be quartered in a town near the residence of his father. The laird, as was his wont, invited the officers of the regiment to dine with him; and his son, by the Colonel’s advice, came to dinner with the rest of the officers. The old gentleman perceived during the evening that his son was a sound and fair drinker; and when the officers took leave of their host, he said, ‘That laddie’ (pointing to his son, with whom he had not exchanged a word) ‘may bide.’ He abode accordingly for several days; and the father, finding him as much impressed with the duties of the table as himself, burnt some papers before his eyes, and said, ‘Now you may go back to your regiment.’ He went back, and in due time succeeded to the estate; nor did he ever during a long life fall off from this fair promise of his youth.

It must be said, however, in justice to the Scotch lairds, that drinking was equally the fashion in England, although the escapades

escapades of English fox-hunters have not yielded so good a crop of stories. The convivialities of Pitt and Dundas were the theme of many a squib; and—*narratur et prisce Catonis*—it is well known that Eldon and Stowell enjoyed their port most fully, though it is not alleged to have betrayed them into any indiscretions. What the habits of the army were, we may learn from the Autobiography,* just published, of the late Sir James M'Grigor, the kind, courteous, and able head of the Army Medical Department, of which he was the first reformer, and which under his enlightened presidency was made instrumental in the collection of most valuable scientific information, as well as in the care of the health of our soldiers; although the admirable arrangement which enables the sanitary officers on service to communicate (through the head of their own department) direct with the Secretary of State for War,—the only security against the recurrence of frightful evils,—is of a date long subsequent to his administration. Sir James says (p. 198), 'When I entered the army [1794], and for several years afterwards, the custom with all was to drink much wine. A bottle of port, the wine chiefly drunk, was a very common dose for each; and when there were guests, particularly when two corps of officers dined together on the arrival of a corps at a station where the other had been established, the dose was doubled, and with a proportion of sherry, claret, and champagne besides. Every young man, soon after joining, became habituated to this.'

Some interesting particulars regarding the character and habits of a considerable class of the people in one part of Scotland may be learned from Mr. Kennedy's 'Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire.' Ill-fared it with Mr. Buckle that he did not meet with this work, for he would have seen in it a confirmation of much that—with great assiduity in consulting books, but remarkable ignorance of living men—he asserts of the Scotch in general.

In the epistle of Pope Gregory the Great to the Abbot Mellitus,† he says, that 'after mature deliberation he has determined that the temples of the idols in England should be converted into Christian churches, that the people, seeing their temples were not destroyed, might the more familiarly resort to the places to which they had been accustomed; and because they had been used to slaughter many oxen in the sacrifices to devils, it was ordered that on the day of the Dedication of the Church, or the Nativities of the Martyrs whose relics were there deposited, the people should be allowed to build themselves huts of

* 'Autobiography of Sir James M'Grigor.' London, 1861. 12mo.

† Bede, 'Ecc. Hist.' b. i. c. 30, cited by Mr. Stuart in his excellent Preface to the 'Sculptured Stones of Scotland.'

the boughs of trees about these churches, and should no longer sacrifice to the devil, but kill cattle to the praise of God in their eating; for it was impossible to efface everything at once from their obdurate minds.'

The result of this policy was, that in many places the people were only nominally converted to Christianity. They sacrificed as before, though they may have substituted Romish saints for their old divinities. And Mr. Kennedy further informs us that—

'during a visitation of the more remote Highland parishes in 1656, the Presbytery of Dingwall found that "amongst their abominable and heathenish practices, the people [of Applecrosse] were accustomed to sacrifice bulls at a certaine time, upon the 25th of August, which day is dedicate, as they conceive, to S. Mourie, as they call him." Whether this Mourie was a heathen deity, a Popish saint, or one of Columba's missionaries, it may be impossible to determine.'

'In Gairloch, during the same tour of visitation by the Presbytery, similar practices were found to prevail, as appears from the following minute, dated "Kenlochewe, 9 Sept., 1656 :"—"The Brethren, taking into their consideration the abominations within the parochin of Gairloch, in sacrificing of beests upon the 25 August, as also in pouring of milk upon hills as oblations, whose names are not particularlie signified as yet, referred to the diligence of the minister to mak search of thoas persounes and summond them; and withal that by his private diligence he have searchers and tryers in evrie corner of the cuntrey, especiallie about the Loch Mourie, of the most faithfulle and honest men he can find; and that such as are his elders be particularlie poseit concerning former practices, in what they know of thoas poore ones who are called Mourie his deviles, who receives the sacrifices and offerings on account of Mourie his poore ones, and that at least some of thoas be summoned to compeare before the Presbyterie until the rest be discovered." * * * * In 1678 the curate of Gairloch summoned certain parties "for sacrificing in ane heathenish manner in the island of St. Ruffus, commonly called Eilean Mourie, in Lochewe, for recovering the health of Cirstane Mackenzie."—p. 5.

Dr. Rogers says that

'In the "Statistical Account" of his parish, published in 1794, the Rev. Dr. James Robertson of Callander records, that at that period Beltane * was thus observed :—"All the boys in a township or hamlet meet in the moors. They cut a table in the sod of a circular form, by casting a trench in the ground of such circumference as to contain the whole company. They kindle a fire, and dress a repast of eggs and milk of the consistence of a custard. They knead a cake of oat-meal, which is toasted at the embers against a stone. After the custard is eaten up, they divide the cake into as many portions of similar size as there are persons in the company. One of the por-

* The anniversary of Bel : in Gaelic Bealdin.

tions is discoloured with charcoal. The whole are then put into a bonnet, and every one, blindfold, draws out a portion. Whoever draws the black portion is compelled to leap three times through the flames, with which the ceremonies close.'—p. 235.

Dr. Barclay, a correspondent of Dr. Rogers, writes that

'In the seventeenth century, the first Sabbath of May and the first day of June were deemed especially suitable for visiting certain springs or "wells" dedicated to saints, and supposed to be possessed of healing virtues. Those who sought the benefits of these healing waters deposited on the margin of the wells certain oblations indicating their gratitude. The offerings were generally of the simplest kind, consisting of bits of thread, portions of rag, and fragments of useless apparel.'—p. 238.

But how is it in the nineteenth century? The island already mentioned, situated in Loch Maree, otherwise called Loch Ewe, contains a well, which Dr. Mitchell, Deputy Commissioner in Lunacy, describes (in a paper communicated in the month of May last to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland) as sacred to Saint Malrhuba, a missionary from Ireland, who founded a monastery at Applecross towards the end of the seventh century, and was held in reverence all over the neighbouring district. This is the answer of Dr. Reeves, the very learned Irish antiquary, to the question, who was Mourie? and it is adopted by Dr. Mitchell, who states that insane patients used to be, and have within a few years from this time been, bathed in the well, and then carried out in a boat round the island, being occasionally plunged in the waters of the loch, after which, and the leaving of an offering of their clothes on a tree, a cure was expected. And we understand that people still frequent the isle, take water from the well to drink or to wash with for the recovery of health, and leave trifling offerings—bits of cloth, &c. A parallel to this pagan and popish practice may be seen in Wales, in the Cathedral Church of St. David's. Moreover, Dr. Mitchell states that within the last ten years, in the half-lowland county of Moray, an ox was buried alive to save the rest of the herd from murrain. But not only were the Ross-shire people 'sacrificing in a heathenish manner for recovering the health of Cirstane Mackenzie' in 1678, but a friend informs us that within the last six years, having occasion to go into a cottage where a poor woman was lying bedridden, he was told that a catechist had advised, a few days before, that a cock should be buried in the floor of the cottage, to obtain relief for her. Dr. Mitchell says, that in an epileptic case, on the spot where the patient fell from his first attack, a live cock was buried with a lock of his hair and parings of his nails, as an offering to the unseen power. And

And Mr. Theodore Martin, in a note to his translation of 'Catullus,' just published, remarks that

'The cock is in some of the border counties, and also in the Western Highlands, sacrificed by the peasantry as a last resource when an invalid is despaired of. A hole is dug in the floor at the foot of the bed, the cock's throat cut, and the blood allowed to run into the hole, which is then carefully covered up. There seems to be no doubt that this is the old sacrifice to Æsculapius, transmitted to this present day from the Romans of the empire.'—p. 182.

Again, what shall we say of the spiritual condition of Inniskea, an island with about 380 inhabitants, off the coast of Mayo, in Ireland?*

'Though nominally Roman Catholics, the islanders have no priest resident among them; they know nothing of the tenets of that church, and their worship consists in occasional meetings at their chief's house, with visits to a holy well called Deriola. The absence of religion is supplied by the open practice of pagan idolatry. In the south island a stone idol, called in the Irish Neevongi, has been from time immemorial religiously preserved and worshipped. This god resembles in appearance a thick roll of homespun flannel, which arises from the custom of dedicating to it a dress of that material whenever its aid is sought: this is sewed on by an old woman, its priestess. Of the early history of this idol no authentic information can be procured, but its power is believed to be immense: they pray to it in time of sickness, it is invoked when a storm is desired to dash some hapless ship upon their coast, and again it is solicited to calm the waves to admit of the islanders fishing or visiting the main land.'

But to return to Mr. Kennedy. This gentleman portrays with much enthusiasm the efforts which have been made to Christianise the people of Ross-shire, and the clerical and lay agency which has been in operation for that purpose; expressing, whenever an occasion presents itself, the utmost contempt for the 'moderate stipend-lifters,' that is to say, the parochial clergy of the 'moderate' party, whose chief function he considers to be the receipt of their stipends. To some of his descriptions it may be useful to advert.

Mr. Sage, on his induction into the kirk of Lochcarron, about 1729, found the parish in a state of extreme depravity, but seems to have made his way by the exercise of that 'muscular Christianity' which Mr. Kingsley so forcibly recommends as a means of evangelization:—

'On the night of his first arrival at Lochcarron, an attempt was

* See Lord Roden's 'Progress of the Reformation in Ireland,' and a letter of Sir Emerson Tennent in 'Notes and Queries,' vol. v. p. 121, Feb. 7, 1852.

made to burn the house in which he lodged, and for some time after his induction his life was in constant danger. But the esteem he could not win as a minister, he soon acquired for his great physical strength. The first man in Lochcarron, in those days, was the champion at the athletic games. Conscious of his strength, and knowing that he would make himself respected by all, if he could only lay big Rory on his back, who was acknowledged to be the strongest man in the district, the minister joined the people, on the earliest opportunity, at their games. Challenging the whole field, he competed for the prize in putting the stone, tossing the caber, and wrestling, and won an easy victory. His fame was established at once. The minister was now the champion of the district, and none was more ready to defer to him than he whom he had deprived of the laurel. Taking Rory aside to a confidential crack, he said to him, "Now, Rory, I am the minister, and you must be my elder, and we both must see to it that all the people attend church, observe the Sabbath, and conduct themselves properly." Rory fell in with the proposal at once. On Sabbath, when the people would gather to their games in the forenoon, the minister and his elder would join them, and each taking a couple by the hand, they would drag them to the church, lock them in, and then return to catch some more. This was repeated till none was left on the field. Then, stationing the elder with his cudgel at the door, the minister would mount the pulpit and conduct the service. One of his earliest sermons was blessed to the conversion of his assistant, and a truly valuable coadjutor he found in big Rory thereafter. Mr. Lachlan thus describes the result of his ministry:—"Mr. Sage made the people very orthodox."—p. 59.

The 'nearness to the mercy-seat,' to which Mr. Lachlan Mackenzie, successor to Mr. Sage, was sometimes admitted, was quite extraordinary:—

'Never did a sudden death occur in the parish during his ministry without some intimation of it being given from the pulpit on the previous Sabbath; and sometimes warnings would be so strikingly verified, that one cannot wonder he was regarded as a prophet by his people.'—p. 65.

The author's father is stated to have possessed similar gifts.

If we do not adopt Mr. Kennedy's views, so much the worse for us; for he assures us that '*The improbability of such things, to the minds of some, is owing to their own utter estrangement from the Lord,*' &c. &c.—p. 200.

Alister Og, the godly weaver of Edderton, after long and anxious religious exercises, 'solemnly said to his minister, "Not many sermons more will you ever preach;" and so it happened, for in a very short time the minister died,' &c. Concerning another of the 'Ross-shire Men' we learn that, after praying for three days and a half for 'daily bread' for the poor but godly

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John Grant, he went to Grant's house, and, examining the meal-chest, found it, to his astonishment, nearly full.

"O what a pity," his friend said, "you did not complete the prayers of the fourth day; for on the first I got a boll of meal, another on the second, and a third on the day following, but, on the fourth day, only half a boll arrived, but now you are come yourself, and I count you better than them all!"—p. 178.

But it is of a female of feeble intellect that Mr. Kennedy writes with the most fervent enthusiasm:—

'Of all I ever knew, she was the one who seemed to enjoy the greatest nearness to God in prayer. The whole case of one, whom she carried on her spirit before the throne of grace, seemed to be uncovered before her. She could follow him with the closest sympathy in his cares and sorrows, during his course through life, with no information regarding him but such as was given her in her intercourse with God.

'It was quite extraordinary how her mind would be led to take an interest in the cause of Christ, in places and in countries of which she knew not even the names. Instances of this might be given so remarkable, that I cannot venture to risk my credibility by recording them. One only will be given. Coming to me once, with an anxious expression on her face, she asked if there was any minister in a certain district, which she could only indicate by telling that it was not far from a place of which she knew the name. I told her there was, "but why do you wish to know?" I asked. "I saw him lately," was her answer, "fixing a wing to each of his sides, and rising, on these wings, into the air, till he was very high; and then, suddenly, he fell, and was dashed to pieces on the ground;" and she added, "I think, if there is such a minister, that he has but a borrowed godliness, and that his end is near." There was just such a minister, and his end was near, for, before a week had passed, I received the tidings of his death.'—p. 223.

And yet this modern St. Hildegard, possessing such extraordinary gifts, was known as 'Foolish Mary' to the day of her death!

Mr. Kennedy expresses much dissatisfaction with an article in the eighty-ninth volume of the 'Quarterly Review,' in which we gave some account of the strange auxiliaries called 'the men,' who co-operate with and domineer over so many of the Highland clergy. He is compelled, however, wholly to repudiate, under the name of 'cliques of separatists,' a large proportion of those who are commonly known and accepted in the character we assigned to them, and to restrict his admiration to a small and select body to whom he attributes many excellences and many wonderful gifts. On referring to our article, we see nothing in it to modify. Mr. Kennedy's testimony confirms the opinion we then expressed, that 'faith as strong,

strong, piety as fervent, as entire submission to the Divine will, may be found in many of those modern Highlanders, as warmed the breasts of John Bunyan and Rutherford.' But his book also affords the amplest confirmation of our remark that the individual members of the religious society of which we were speaking, 'not only think themselves entitled to assert generally their own acceptance with the Deity, but they measure with great minuteness their several degrees of progress in spiritual attainments, and take rank according to the indications of Divine favour—according to the success of appeals to God—of struggles with the devil—to use their own language, according to their "experiences." Each man is his own judge, and, what is more remarkable, the society in which he moves admits his judgment of himself.'

Mr. Kennedy informs us of a series of events, most certainly of an unusual kind, and occurring among a population not above its neighbours in morals or intelligence. So remarkable are his statements, that, to say the least of it, without entire confidence both in the judgment and the accuracy of the narrator, we cannot be expected to adopt them. Now, to say nothing of the improbability of any of the anecdotes which we have already cited, what can any one think of the following story, which is told with the same air of certainty as the others?—

'On another occasion he [Mr. Lachlan Mackenzie] was bearing testimony against dishonest dealing, assuring his hearers that, sooner or later, the Lord would punish all who held the balances of deceit. As an example of how the Lord sometimes, even in this life, gives proof of His marking the sin of dishonesty, he repeated an anecdote, which was current at the time. A woman, who had been engaged in selling milk, with which she always mingled a third of water, and who had made some money by her traffic, was going with her gains to America. During the voyage she kept her treasure in a bag which was always under her pillow. There was a monkey on board the ship that was allowed to go at large, and that in course of its wanderings came to the milkwoman's hammock, in rummaging which it found the bag of gold. Carrying it off, the monkey mounted the rigging, and, seating itself aloft on a spar, opened the bag and began to pick out the coins. The first it threw out into the sea, and the second and third it dropped on the deck, and so on, till a third of all the contents of the bag had sunk in the ocean, the owner of the bag being allowed to gather off the deck just what she had fairly earned by her milk. One of Mr. Lachlan's hearers remembered, while listening to this anecdote, that he had in his trunk at home a bundle of banknotes, which he had got by the sale of diluted whisky. Feeling very uneasy, he hurried to his house after the sermon was over. It was dark before he arrived, and, kindling a pine torch, he hastened to the place where he kept his money, afraid that it had been taken away. Holding

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the torch with one hand, while he turned over the notes with the other, a flaming ember fell right down into the midst of the treasure, and before the man, bewildered as he was, could rescue them, as many of the notes were consumed as exactly represented the extent to which he had diluted the whisky.—p. 64.

After this we are prepared to hear of judgments upon those who were slow to repair the church of the author's father:—

'The church of Killearnan, till within two years of my father's death, was almost as bad as it could be. Built in the form of a cross' [this seems to aggravate in Mr. Kennedy's eyes the demerits of the building], 'with the pulpit at one of the angles, its barn-like roof unceiled, its windows broken, its doors all crazy, its seats ill-arranged, and pervaded by a dim, uncertain light, it was a dismal, dingy looking place within. But all applications for a new church, or for a sufficient repair of the old, were refused by the heritors. *Tradesmen were found to declare that the church was perfectly safe*, and, whether it was comfortable or not, the heritors did not care, as they never sat in it themselves. Strange to say, the heritor who chiefly opposed the application for a new church, lost soon after, by fire, much more than his share of the expense of erecting it; the carpenter, who declared the old church to be "good and sufficient," was killed, while going to purchase the wood required for the trifling repair that was granted; and the lawyer, who represented the heritors at the presbytery when the application for a new church was refused, was unable thereafter to transact any business. These are facts, and no comment on them is to be added; but there were some who regarded them as the echo from Providence of the voice that proclaimeth, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm."—p. 201.

Now, assuming—and it is a good deal to assume—that the repairs were improperly withheld, is this text at all applicable? And if the calamities so triumphantly mentioned were God's punishment for a grievous sin, what meaning are we to attach to the terrible visitations which are stated to have befallen some of the most pious and excellent persons mentioned in the book? The text so lightly quoted by Mr. Kennedy is used, if not with more semblance of reason, at least more appositely, in a tale cited by Mr. Buckle from Wodrow's 'Analecta,' which is a perfect repository of such stories:—

'In the time of sermon the Laird of Hiltoun comes in, and charges him, in the midst of his work, to come out of the pulpite, in the King's name [the pulpit not being his own]. Mr. Douglass refused; whereupon the Laird comes to the pulpit, and pulls him out by force! When he saw he behoved to yield, he said, "Hiltoun, for this injury you have done to the servant of God, know what you are to meet with. In a little time you shall be brought into this very church, like a sticked sou." And in some little time after, Hiltoun was run throu the body, and dyed by, if I mistake not, Annandale's brother,

brother, either in a douell or a drunken toilzie, and his corpses wer brought in, all bleeding, into that church. "Touch not mine annoynted, and doe my prophets noe harm!"—vol. ii. p. 154.

So in the Memoirs of Huntington, 'S. S.' (reviewed by Southey in the twenty-fourth volume of this Journal), it is made to appear that every one who offends the S. S., or speaks of him contemptuously, is punished by some visible manifestation of Divine vengeance, while all his wants, expressed by prayer (*e. g.* the want of a pair of leather breeches), are immediately and tangibly supplied.

But these things are older than Mr. Kennedy, or Huntington, or Wodrow. All popish chronicles swarm with tales of this kind. We may refer to an article in this Journal * on the manners of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, in which we had occasion to state, from a letter of that age, the fate of a wicked countess, who carried off and roasted the pig of a poor widow, and refused her even a morsel of the flesh; but the very same day after dinner, 'having thus fattened her stomach by this robbery of another person,' she went out for a stroll, and was buried by the fall of some of the fortifications of the castle; and so she who had denied a piece of pork to the widow was smashed into pieces herself.' In a like spirit the O'Donoghue traces 'the finger of the justice of God,' in the untimely death of Cavour. So nearly allied are Popery and Puritanism. To adopt the language used by Addison, in a paper † written in the very spirit of Christian Philosophy, we 'cannot but look upon this manner of judging upon misfortunes, not only to be very uncharitable in regard to the person whom they befall, but very presumptuous in regard to Him who is supposed to inflict them.'

We are astonished at Mr. Buckle's assertion that the Scottish clergy prolonged the reign of ignorance. On the contrary, one of the earliest steps taken by the Kirk was to obtain the establishment in every parish of a school supported by the landowners and superintended by the clergy, in which the Bible was regularly read, and in which also, as the schoolmasters became better educated, instruction was given in Latin and in arithmetic, and, in short, in such branches of knowledge as the teacher himself had mastered. It is to this widely-extended education that the singular intelligence and good conduct of the Scottish peasantry have uniformly been ascribed. We have already adduced the valued testimony of Colonel Stewart regarding education in the Highlands in the early part of the last century; and in very late returns it is stated that the per-centage

* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lviii. p. 419.

† 'Spectator,' No. 483.

of persons who signed their names on the occasion of their marriage was greater in Scotland than in England : being in the former country, men 88·6 per cent., women 77·2 ; and in the latter, men 70·5, and women 58·8. When to this we add that the clergy, though reproached—and often with too much justice—for their neglect of exact scholarship, have always been zealous students, and many of them contributors to or distinguished expositors of that Scotch philosophy to which Mr. Buckle allows much value, as well as of general literature and of science ; and that they have, since the very dawn of the Reformation, insisted on the most diffused and general use of the Scriptures ; we have said enough to indicate, what it is not possible to discuss here in detail, the extreme injustice of many of Mr. Buckle's charges against them.

We cannot agree with Mr. Buckle in thinking that the works of the Scotch philosophers are not framed according to the inductive method, generally speaking, as much as the nature of the subject requires or admits of. They have assuredly been brought fully to bear on the minds of those by whom, according to him, the people of Scotland are led. A large proportion of the laity, likewise, comprising many who would be too poor to obtain a college education in England, have enjoyed similar advantages. The prevalence, therefore, of that superstition which he seems to think ought to have melted away before the genial warmth of philosophy, must be otherwise accounted for.

But what does he mean by superstition ? Where in the doctrines or formulas of the Scotch Kirk is it to be traced ? We do not say that there may not be many old prejudices and narrow dogmatic views upon particular subjects current in Scotland, and we have shown that in some remote districts they prevail to a remarkable degree ; and also that in Scotland,—as in Italy, Germany, Scandinavia, and probably in all European countries, England certainly not excepted,—there are yet traces of the superstitions which prevailed before the introduction of Christianity. But setting this aside, unless by superstition Mr. Buckle means the Christian religion, we are utterly unable to understand him.

Spain alone, Mr. Buckle thinks, is as priest-ridden as Scotland. If so, according to his principles, like causes ought to have produced like effects in both countries. But the reverse of this has taken place. The course of Spain has been almost uniformly downwards for the last three centuries, while Scotland has gradually risen during the same period to be one of the most peaceable, prosperous, and enlightened countries in Europe. It is therefore plain that if Scotland be priest-ridden, her priests are

good riders. But Mr. Buckle does not explain how or in what the people of Scotland are priest-ridden. We should rather be inclined to complain that, in the districts where that which we call Superstition chiefly prevails, the clergy, instead of holding their own place with a becoming confidence, are ridden by the ignorant laymen to whom they ascribe such mysterious powers. And the great secession of modern times (of which we need not here repeat that we wholly disapprove) turned upon the question whether the congregation—that is, the laity—should have the power of rejecting a minister without assigning reasons.

We can see no excuse for Mr. Buckle's rash generalizations, nor for his extreme discourtesy of language. How can he hope to be accepted as a scientific investigator of history, who shows himself so full of passion and prejudice as Mr. Buckle does throughout this work? But we despair of satisfying one who could write as follows:—

'In the philosophy of ancient Greece we find a vast body of massive and original thought, and what is infinitely better, we find a boldness of inquiry and a passionate love of truth, such as no modern nation has surpassed, and few modern nations have equalled. But the method of that philosophy was an insuperable barrier to its propagation. The people were untouched, and went grovelling on in their old folly; a prey to superstitions, most of which the great thinkers despised and often attacked, but could by no means root out. *Bad, however, as these superstitions were, we may confidently say that they were less noxious, that is, less detrimental to the happiness of man, than the repulsive and horrible notions advocated by the Scotch clergy and sanctioned by the Scotch people.* And on those notions the Scotch philosophy could make no impression.'—vol. ii., p. 586.

We really think that the passage which we have given in italics may relieve us from further discussion with one who prefers the Paganism of Greece to the Christianity of Scotland, and we can only express our satisfaction that the educated classes in Scotland have found in the conclusions of philosophy nothing inconsistent with a sincere belief in the truths of Revelation.

To return to the national character. It has defects, of which the Scotch have the advantage of hearing pretty freely from their neighbours, by whose criticism they have often profited. It has also merits of its own. We have seen abundantly that the nation has not been nursed in prosperity nor softened by luxury. Its boast is that it has held its own against powerful and hostile neighbours; that it has made a harsh climate and soil yield better harvests than the warm plains of more favoured lands; and that its sons have contributed their share to science and literature, and have obtained distinction in the civil and military

military service of their own and other countries, and success in honourable enterprise all over the world. They have had many obstacles to overcome :—

‘Pater ipse colendi
Haud facilem esse viam voluit.’

And their whole character and temper are in accordance with this: ‘frosty, but kindly;’ in one aspect hard and forbidding, but to those who understand them warm and genial, capable both of enthusiasm and of self-sacrifice.

- ART. VI.—1. *The Russians on the Amur; History of Discovery, Conquest, and Colonisation up to the Treaty of Peking in 1860: with a detailed Description of the Country, its Inhabitants, Productions, and Commercial Capabilities, together with Personal Accounts of Russian Travellers.* By E. G. Ravenstein, F.G.S., Corresp. F.G.S., Frankfurt. London, 1861.
2. *Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor, and the Russian Acquisitions on the Confines of India and China.* By Thomas Witlem Atkinson, F.R.G.S., and F.G.S., Author of ‘Oriental and Western Siberia.’ London, 1860.
3. *Japan, the Amoor River, and the Pacific, with Notices of other Places: comprised in a Voyage of Circumnavigation in the Imperial Russian Corvette ‘Rynda,’ in 1858-1860.* By Henry Arthur Tilley. London, 1861.
4. *Les Nouvelles Acquisitions des Russes dans l’Asie Orientale. Le Fleuve Amour.* Par V. A. Malte Brun. Paris, 1860.
5. *The Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East: an Historical Summary.* London, 1854.
6. *Commentaries on the Productive Forces of Russia.* By M. G. Tegoborski, Privy Councillor and Member of the Council of the Russian Empire. London, 1856.
7. *The Chinese Empire.* By M. Huc, formerly Missionary Apostolic in China. London, 1859.
8. *Correspondence respecting Affairs in China.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament. 1859-1860.

WHEN the Plenipotentiaries of the Western Powers were seated at the diplomatic table in 1856, arranging the terms of a treaty which was intended to restrain the ambition of Russia, and relieve Europe for some time at least from the necessity of incessant vigilance, it could scarcely have occurred even to a statesman sensitively alive to the dangers to be apprehended

from the traditionary policy of the great empire of the North, that within a period of less than three years her passion for territorial aggrandizement would again break forth. Nevertheless, having given up, under the pressure of the Allies, a few square leagues of territory which once formed an integral part of the Turkish empire, the Imperial councillors seem to have suddenly turned their attention from the banks of the Danube to the eastern frontier of the vast Russian dominions. Compelled by an unexpected combination of two powerful States to recede a few steps in Europe, Russia has since made one of her gigantic strides in Asia, adding to her previously enormous empire a territory equal to the combined areas of France and Italy. She has obtained an extensive seaboard on the North Pacific, access by one of the noblest rivers in Asia to the centre of her dominions, a considerable increase of population, and a position in Central Asia in dangerous proximity to the weakened and distracted empire of China, from the capital of which her frontier is now distant less than 600 miles.

The region bordering on the great River Amoor has passed by treaty from the dominion of China to that of Russia. In the autumn of last year, when the combined French and British expedition was supposed to be approaching Peking, and public expectation was excited by the hope of hearing through the ordinary channels of the occupation of that almost fabled capital, the nation was startled by the publication of a telegram from St. Petersburg, announcing that preliminaries of peace had been signed, and that negotiations were in progress which would speedily result in a treaty conceding to the Allied Powers all their demands. This intelligence was conveyed from Peking to St. Petersburg in the unprecedentedly short period of five weeks. Gratifying as the announcement was, we were at a loss to account for such an unusual activity in Russian communications, and for the motives which could have induced a power that had no part in the quarrel to interest itself so greatly in the result. A few weeks after the conclusion of the peace the mystery was completely cleared up. The 'St. Petersburg Gazette' published the heads of a treaty between China and Russia, by which the former confirmed the possession, by Russia, of the whole of the left bank of the Amoor (which had practically become hers in 1858), and added to it an extensive region, bounded by the Usuri as far as the lakes of Khinka, by the Gulf of Tartary, and by a frontier line running between the lakes of Khinka and Passette Bay, or Napoleon's Bay, about the 42nd parallel of latitude; so that Russia is now legally possessed not only of the country north of the

the Amoor and east of the Usuri, but of the entire coast of Manchouria down to the frontiers of Corea. The newly-acquired region has been formed into the maritime province of Eastern Siberia.

Russia has hitherto owed much more to diplomacy than to her arms. The last of her acquisitions will be found to be marked by that dexterous use of opportunities which has so often enabled her to accomplish important objects without provoking the opposition of other powers, or even eliciting from them a remonstrance or a protest.

Russia placed herself in an attitude of hostility to China in 1858, by moving a considerable Cossack force to the frontier, and thus paralysing the efforts of the Government to extinguish the Taeping rebellion. This demonstration had simply a political object. It was found expedient by the Court of Peking to purchase the retreat of the irregular Russian force in order to release a large body of Chinese troops from their otherwise indispensable presence on the borders of the empire. The price paid for this Russian concession is believed to have been the surrender by treaty of the whole of the territory north of the Amoor (of which Russia had previously taken forcible possession by a series of encroachments, to be noticed below), together with the free navigation of the river. This treaty was not ratified by the Emperor at that time; but when the Chinese Government failed to carry out its engagements with England and France, and the war was renewed by those Powers, the arts of Russian diplomacy were once more called into requisition.

At the moment when the allied forces were present before the capital, when a popular insurrection was imminent, and the palace of the Emperor in flames, the Russian Ambassador, Count Ignatieff, presented himself to the mandarins assembled in council. The wily diplomatist tendered his good offices, and pressed upon the distracted statesmen his intervention, intimating doubtless that a cession of territory on the right bank of the Amoor would at once be highly acceptable and a becoming acknowledgment of the important assistance rendered to the Emperor of China. The Ministers eagerly accepted the offer, and General Ignatieff was able in a few days to transmit to his Government not only the ratification of the treaty of 1858, but a treaty ceding a part of the Chinese empire of the highest value to Russia, absolutely and without any consideration or equivalent whatever. The services rendered by the Russian envoy to the Court of Peking were purely imaginary. The Earl of Elgin and Baron Gros were not ministers to be influenced by Russian mediation. Their terms never varied; the conditions

tions on which they made peace were those originally proposed, with the necessary addition of an increased indemnity.*

The possession of the Amoor has been one of the most cherished projects of the Czars of Russia from the time it first became known in 1639. They first coveted it principally for the sake of its valuable furs. They took possession of a considerable portion of the left bank almost as soon as it was discovered; but after many sanguinary conflicts the Russian settlers were driven from the territory by the Chinese forces, and they were compelled to abandon it by a formal treaty in 1687. From that period the mouth and lower portion of the river were protected by armed boats, and its navigation has been rigidly interdicted.

One of the most important treaties entered into between the Russian and Chinese Governments was that of Nerchinsk in 1689. The fortresses built by the Russians were demolished, and strict rules were agreed to for regulating the intercourse between the population of the respective frontiers. This treaty grants a free access to the subjects of each power to the territories of the other, under certain passport-regulations, and permits them to sell and purchase at pleasure. The future boundaries of the two empires are described with much precision, and the great object of the Chinese Government was effectually attained,—namely, the exclusion of the Russians from the navigation of the Amoor.

After the conclusion of the treaty of Nerchinsk the diplomatic relations of Russia and China assumed a more regular form, but in the course of the subsequent wars prisoners were frequently made by the Chinese; and, together with Russian deserters, were sent to Peking, and formed into an Imperial body-guard. These Russian troops were permitted to erect a church of their own. A 'Russian House' in due time arose, and caravans from Europe were lodged there at the expense of the Chinese Government. An educational establishment followed, designed to teach Chinese to the young Russians, and Russian to the Chinese. The school or college expanded into a mission, to the support of which the Chinese Government was induced to contribute. At the entrance of the Russian House in Peking stood, in 1857, a guard of Chinese soldiers. The establishment consisted then of only a few members, whose activity

* A treaty having reference to the Amoor is said to have been negotiated in the year 1860 at Aigunt, an ancient Chinese town near to Sagalien-Dia Choton, by the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, and completed, Mr. Tilley says, in three days, 'in the business-like manner said to be peculiar to that statesman in his relations with Oriental powers.' It is probable that this treaty is not the most important one, but that further concessions of far greater value were made to Count Ignatieff at Peking.

was believed to be rather of a scientific and political than of a missionary nature, and who often served the purpose of a regular embassy.

The possession of the Amoor offered the readiest and most certain route for provisioning the Pacific settlements. Not less than 14,000 or 15,000 packhorses were required to carry the annual supplies to these distant stations, and thus the price of provisions was enormously high. A pound of flour in Kamschatka often cost eighteen pence halfpenny. Public attention was directed to the Amoor, and its commercial and political importance, by the frequent publication in Russian journals of narratives of early Russian adventure in that region; and when Count Mouravieff was appointed Governor of Eastern Siberia in 1847, one of his first acts was to send an officer with four Cossacks on an expedition down the river. He also gave orders for the immediate exploration of the coast of the Sea of Okhotsk, and the mouth of the Amoor. In 1850 the river was entered in a boat by a Russian naval officer—Lieutenant Orloff—and in the following year Nicholaivsk and Mariinsk were established as the trading ports of a Russo-American Company.

In the year 1854-5 the Russian settlements in the Pacific were in urgent want of provisions and matériel of war, and the only available route was to send them from Siberia down the Amoor. Count Mouravieff himself undertook the command of the expedition, and, with a battalion of infantry and some Cossacks, amounting altogether to about a thousand men, with several guns, he descended the Amoor in barges and rafts. The Chinese force on the river was not sufficient to offer any opposition or obstruction.

The Russian 'settlements' in Chinese territory were, up to the year 1856, confined to the towns of Nicholaivsk and Mariinsk, a few agricultural colonies situate between the two, and a port at Castries Bay. Count Mouravieff was most pressing on his return for the means of completely 'colonizing' the Amoor—the territory of an independent State; and, accordingly, 697 barges and rafts descended the river in the following year, Cossack posts were formed in convenient or commanding positions, and important additions were made to the military stations along the banks. Thus had the Russians paved the way for their operations of 1858 which we have already mentioned.

The latest treaty negotiated by Count Ignatieff at Pekin is the most important and comprehensive ever concluded by China with a foreign State. This treaty was ratified at St. Petersburg on the 1st of January, 1861. After defining with much exactness the eastern boundaries of the two empires, it proceeds to establish a perfectly

perfectly free trade between the subjects of the two States, and declares that the local authorities shall afford special protection to such trade, and to all who exercise it. In addition to the ancient trade of which the town of Kiachta is the seat, it declares that Russian merchants shall enjoy their former privilege of going to Peking on commercial business, and be allowed to trade at certain other towns without being obliged to maintain large commercial establishments in them. Chinese merchants are permitted to enter Russia, if so inclined, and to Russian merchants is conceded the privilege of travelling in China at all times on commercial business, but they are not to congregate together in a greater number than two hundred in the same locality. An experimental trade is to be opened at Kashgar, a town on the Chinese frontier, for which the Chinese Government undertakes to grant land for a factory and a church. Russian merchants in China and Chinese merchants in Russia are placed under the special protection of the two Governments. Commercial disputes are to be settled by the merchants themselves before a Court of Arbitration, and the governors of provinces, in the event of a Russian subject seeking flight in the interior of China, are bound to take measures to capture him, and hand him over to the Russian authorities.

The territory acquired by Russia, together with the possession of the great river which empties itself into the Sea of Okhotsk, give to that Power a most commanding position in relation to the two empires to which it is thus brought into close proximity. It at once dominates the Chinese waters and threatens the neighbouring empire of Japan. It is not a little curious to discover the views of Russia upon the Japanese empire in an incident which occurred so early as 1792. A Japanese vessel had been wrecked upon one of the Aleutian Islands. The crew were saved and sent to the capital of Eastern Siberia, where they were detained and well treated for ten years, and carefully instructed in the Russian language. The Empress Catherine then sent them back to their native country, with instructions to endeavour to persuade the Government to establish friendly relations and open direct communications with the Russian empire. The governor of Eastern Siberia was commanded to despatch an envoy for the purpose; but the Japanese ministers, thanking the Russian ministers for their attention, declined to enter into any treaty or negotiation whatever.*

The Sea of Okhotsk receives the waters of one of the most magnificent rivers of the Old World. The Amoor has a course of

* These facts are stated by Captain Sherard Osborne in his interesting work on Japan.

nearly 2500 miles, with numerous tributaries, many of which pour an immense volume of water into the noble stream. It is, according to Captain Maury, the seventh in size of all the great rivers of the earth, and drains an area of 583,000 square miles. Its main course is formed by the junction of two rivers, one having its source in Mongolia, the other in the Siberian province of Irkutsk, in the vicinity of Lake Baikal. The most important of its tributaries, the Songari, rises in the mountains of Corea. To the north the Yablonai mountains, abounding in fine forests of oak, rich in iron-mines, and, it is supposed, also in silver and gold, form a protecting barrier from the icy blasts of the north, and give rise to several important streams that fall into the Amoor. Gold has been found in all the tributaries which have their sources in the Yablonai Mountains. No complete survey of the basin of the Amoor has yet been made: even the Russian officers are not yet thoroughly acquainted with its topography; and Mr. Atkinson leaves his readers in considerable doubt whether the information which his pages profess to communicate is derived, like the other portions of his interesting narrative, from his own explorations, or is the result of the researches of other travellers in the regions which he undertakes to describe.

The valley of the Amoor appears to be extremely varied in its features, in some places opening out into wide tracts of rich meadow-land, sprinkled with villages, and dotted with clumps of elm, black birch, and poplar, which give a park-like appearance to the scenery, at others contracted into narrow gorges with lofty precipices, under which the river, seventy feet deep, flows with amazing force. The upper district has hitherto attracted most attention, and presents the greatest attractions for future settlers. Russian travellers expatiate on its manifold capabilities: the grazier, they say, would look on its extensive plains with delight, in anticipation of the abundant crops and herds of fat cattle which they might be made to produce; the vine-grower would view its sunny hills, and think of the vintage in prospect where the grape is indigenous and requires only cultivation and care to produce excellent wines; the horticulturist would be charmed by the variety and beauty of its flora; the miner would survey the mountains and form a high estimate of their mineral wealth; the sportsman could indulge his tastes in the pursuit of almost every kind of game; while a lover of nature would gaze on the great stream and its surrounding scenery with delight. There are areas extending from the banks of several of the lower reaches, capable of feeding thousands of cattle and of producing

ducing the cereals of Europe to an almost unlimited extent. At the most southern point of the Amoor, in lat. $47^{\circ} 42' N.$, the temperature is, if Mr. Atkinson has been correctly informed, sufficiently high even for tropical produce, the thermometer being frequently 102° Fahr. in the shade, and 125° in the sun : at this part of the river birds are found which have migrated from Sumatra and Java. Some of the plains of the southern district are considered well adapted even for the cultivation of cotton. At Nicholaivsk, on the other hand, the mean annual temperature is stated by M. Ravenstein as only $39^{\circ} 42'$, and the mean temperature of winter as 1.27 ; of spring as 25.70 ; of summer as 59.05 , and of autumn as 32.23 . Grapes are found in considerable abundance in some districts, where the wild vine has been found to grow luxuriantly, but the climate of the greater portion of the country must prove an insuperable obstacle to the production of good wine, which not only requires a mean annual temperature exceeding 49° Fahr., but a summer temperature of at least 64° . Horticulture seems to be prosecuted with considerable success, and very excellent vegetables have already been produced at Nicholaivsk, where at a recent show contributions were received from fifty-five gardens. Edible berries are numerous and abundant. The mulberry is said to thrive in Southern Manchuria. Mountain apricots with large red fruit grow near Ninguta; and a small white pear is so esteemed for its exquisite flavour that it is sent to Peking for the supply of the Emperor's table. The valley of the Amoor is rich in the variety and abundance of its timber. Among the medicinal plants in which the forests of Manchuria abound, must be noticed the ginseng root (*Panax quinquefolium*), which the Chinese pharmacopoeists call *Orhota*, or the first of all plants. They consider it the most costly of all the products of the earth, diamonds and some few precious stones only excepted. The plant is now cultivated artificially, but is by no means scarce in the valleys of the Upper Usuri, where it prefers recesses never visited by the rays of the sun. It is sought for in the forests by many hundred Chinese, who obtain on an average about forty plants each, and a root five inches long is worth about five shillings.*

The population of the territories bordering on the Amoor consists of several races which before the annexation of the territory to Russia were rather tributaries than subjects of the

* We derive these particulars from M. Ravenstein's valuable work. The root 'is highly prized by the Chinese as a stimulant and restorative, or rather as a panacea for every ill.'—*Encyc. Brit.*

Emperor of China. The wealthier classes are richly clad in Chinese silks, which they purchase with the furs and other productions of the country. Their summer costume is varied in a singular manner with dresses formed of fish-skins. Of the native tribes now subject to Russia M. Ravenstein gives the following estimate:—The Orochons of the Upper Amoor numbered, in 1856, 206 individuals of both sexes, ranging over an area of 28,000 square miles, which would give 170 square miles to each individual. The Manyargs, on the right bank of the Amoor, are about 20,000, one-sixth of whom are under Russian sway. The Goldi occupy 114 villages, if they may be termed such, on the Amoor, with 320 houses, and 2500 inhabitants. The Olcha possess 40 villages, with 110 houses, and 1100 inhabitants. The population along the Usuri is estimated at 1400, of whom about 400 are on the left bank of the river. The population of the coast region is believed to be about 2500. Combining the results of all the inquiries that have yet been instituted on this subject, the native population of the Russian territories on the Amoor may be stated as about 24,000. The Russian colonists at present settled on the Amoor, including those whose emigration has not been voluntary, is estimated at about 50,000, which gives, as a total result, a population of 74,000 inhabitants spread over an area of 361,000 square miles. The rulers of Manchourian tribes are said to have been notorious for their cruelty and extortion; and the substitution of civilized government for their licence and brutality must be to the advantage of the population.

The Amoor, as it approaches the sea, takes a northern course, and its embouchure is frozen for seven months in the year. Nicholaïvsk, therefore, as a naval port is even more unfavorably situated than Cronstadt. In the island of Saghalien Russia possesses several fine harbours that will permit her fleets to keep the sea throughout the year, together with extensive beds of coal capable of regularly supplying her steam navy in the Pacific.

The connexion between the Baltic and the Caspian Seas has been for some time complete, and it now requires, we are told, only 200 miles of additional canalisation to connect the Caspian with the Pacific. When this work, which presents no very formidable engineering difficulties, has been completed, the Baltic and the Pacific will be united by an unbroken internal navigation of 8000 miles. The probability of being able to place a steam-fleet on the Amoor has been long kept in view by the Government of Eastern Siberia. Iron-works

works have been carefully fostered, and machinery for various purposes has been constructed by able engineers. The engines for the first steamers with which Russia navigated the Amoor were made at Petropavlofskoi, a zavod or mining town in Eastern Siberia. Guns are now bored at the same place, and Government works are about to be organized on a large scale, indicating the importance which Russia attaches to her recent acquisition. An enterprising manufacturer has been heard to declare that he would soon make the valley of the Tom the Birmingham and Sheffield of Siberia, and that he hoped to be able to supply the whole of Central Asia with rifles, cutlery, and all other useful metallic articles.

In a forest extending from the Onon, a tributary of the Amoor, to the desert steppe, and where the spear of the Cosack may now be occasionally seen glancing amidst the thick woods, was born the Tartar hero who summoned to his court in a remote wilderness ambassadors and princes from the most distant regions of Asia and Europe. The fate of the kings of Georgia and Armenia, of the sultans of Iconium, of the emirs of Persia, and of the grand dukes of Russia, was there decided by the frown or smile of Genghis Khan.* About 600 miles north-west of Pekin the village capital of the great conqueror or plunderer of Asia was situated, where he regulated and received the annual tribute which was paid to him by sovereigns before whom their own subjects prostrated themselves in slavish adoration. The site of that capital is now within Muscovite territory. Russia, from a dukedom scarcely recognised by the great Powers, of no weight in the affairs of Europe, the tributary of an Asiatic barbarian, trembling at the approach of Tartar hordes towards its wretched capital, and placing its sole hope of deliverance in a miraculous image of the Virgin, has become the largest empire in the world.

It is evident that the position of Russia is most ominous in regard to China. But the approaches of Russia are not confined to the district of the Amoor; advances in another quarter have been systematically made for years by undermining the independence of a very remarkable people, whom it is an avowed project of Russia to subdue and to discipline.

The Kirghis occupy one of the regions of Central Asia lying between the Russian Siberian territory and the northern provinces of China. It is an ingenious and plausible theory of M. Huc that the barbarian invasions that have successively over-

* Gibbon, vol. ii. 405.

whelmed Europe had their origin in some great social revolution. Considering the proximity of the Chinese penal settlements to the country of the Kirghis hordes, it is far from improbable that bodies of turbulent anarchists, breaking loose from the restraints of civilization, wandered into the deserts of Tartary, and there leading a vagabond life, communicated their restless spirit and love of plunder to the Mongol tribes, notorious for their fierce and savage disposition. It may be readily supposed that an union of these people with the refuse of Chinese civilization must have formed one of the most frightful of combinations. They found in Genghis Khan a leader who reduced them to discipline, inspired them with his own daring aims, and led them into Europe to devastate everything that came in their way. With the descendants of these people the Russian Government in Asia is now systematically establishing close and intimate relations. Speaking of one of the tribes amongst whom he lived and whose character he carefully studied—the Kara Kirghis, so named from the dark colour of their skins—Mr. Atkinson says that they are a brave and warlike people, and that if the chiefs combined they could muster 40,000 cavalry; and he declares that if they were employed to ravage a country, he knows of no force that would commence its work more willingly or accomplish it more effectually. The Kara Kirghis, Mr. Atkinson says, he has no doubt are at this time subjects of the Emperor of Russia, and that when disciplined and under proper command they will be found the most formidable body for mischief of any in Central Asia.*

The great steppes and plains, of which the sandy desert of Gobi is the most extensive, seem destined by nature for the habitation of a nomad population, and the moral nature of the people who have from time immemorial inhabited these arid regions is doubtless in a great degree the result of the physical conditions under which they have been placed. These tracts are altogether unsuitable for the production of grain, and are adapted only for the wandering life of the wild and superstitious Mongol. For a few weeks in the spring the steppes are covered with a rich grass, and wild-flowers spring up in profusion, but only to wither under the first sultry blast that sweeps over the boundless plains. In the short season of luxuriant vegetation countless horses, camels, oxen, and sheep wander over a country which is at other times a solitary wilderness, either scorched by the summer heat or covered with frozen snow. On the surface

* Atkinson's 'Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor,' p. 299.
that

that stretches on every side as far as the eye can range, the separate flocks and herds, although numbered by tens of thousands, appear only like spots upon the plain. All the armies of Europe might there be formed in order of battle and yet appear to take up scarcely any appreciable space. Barrows and tumuli still attest the devastations which followed the march of Genghis Khan. The winds blow in these regions with a violence unknown in Europe, and the cold of winter is most intense. The thermometer often falls 20° Réaum. below the freezing-point, and frost is followed by frightful gales of wind. One of these Mr. Atkinson says he has known to continue for eleven days with such fury that the habitations of the people were hurled down and the fragments dispersed. Young children are often blown into the snow and perish; and if men or women wander from the hut, they seldom return, but, blinded by the fine impalpable powder, are often found frozen to death within a few paces of their homes. The storms of summer are scarcely less terrible than those of winter. Whirlwinds sweep over the burning desert, and clouds of dust suffocate both man and beast. The fleetest horse is unable to carry its rider from the distant peril seen approaching on the horizon. There is a phenomenon, not peculiar, however, to these regions, but observed also in the deserts of Africa, which covers the surface of the country with hillocks. Pillars of sand are raised by the wind, and move over the plain, some of them attaining the height of 200 feet. They present so extraordinary a spectacle that Mr. Atkinson fancifully compares them to antediluvian monsters suddenly risen into life and activity. 'The smaller ones,' he says, 'seem to trip it lightly over the plain, bending their bodies in graceful curves as they pass each other, while those of larger dimensions revolve with gravity, swelling out their trunks as they move onward, till the sandy fabric suddenly dissolves, forming a great mound and creating a cloud of dust that sweeps over the desert.'

The inhabitants of these wild and secluded regions, although they have made little progress in European civilization, are far removed from savage life. They possess a polity and an organization of great antiquity, together with a history and traditions to which they cling with fond and bigoted attachment. They are descended from a race of conquerors. Ancestral pride is evident in their bearing, and gives to their manners a dignity which inspires involuntary respect. Many of the chiefs trace their descent directly from Tamerlane, others from Genghis Khan. A chair of state decorated with peacocks'

cocks' feathers and carried on the back of a camel in the line of march indicates the one, and a feather from an owl's wing, worn in the head-dress, the other. Their courage is undaunted. Robbers by profession, they form alliances and enter into treaties. Expeditions called *barantas* are frequent, and the plunder is sometimes immense. As many as 2000 horses, 400 camels, together with men, women, and children, are often the produce of these forays. The policy of the Government has been distinguished by great tact and prudence in its dealings with these proud and sensitive tribes. Their religion and superstitions have been scrupulously respected; and although, as a general principle, propagandism marches hand in hand with conquest, and the gorgeous ceremonial of the Greek Church is relied upon for gradually making converts of barbarian races, Russia has hitherto wisely abstained from obtruding her ecclesiastical dogmas and rites upon the Asiatic hordes which she has prevailed upon to submit to her temporal dominion.

The wealth of the sultans of the steppes consists of horses, camels, oxen, and sheep. Some possess as many as 10,000 horses, and other animals in proportion. Their dress is peculiar and picturesque: sometimes a coat of horseskin is worn with the mane extending half-way down the back; the waist is encircled by a valuable shawl, and the head-dress is a foxskin cap lined with scarlet cloth. In his arms and in the trappings of his horses the Kirghis chief is fastidious, and spares no expense. His battleaxe is richly inlaid with silver. His saddles are highly ornamented, and with the stirrups, bridle, and bit might challenge admiration even as specimens of European workmanship and taste. Mounted on the finest horses, the Kirghis chief and his followers rushing at full speed over the plains must present a striking spectacle, and recall to the imagination the period when these hordes were the terror of Europe.

These tribes are collected into villages, which are composed of clusters of *yourts*, a kind of residence partaking of the tent and the hut. The erection is formed of willow trellis-work, joined together with untanned strips of skin, made into compartments which fold up. They are generally about 34 feet in diameter and 12 feet high, rising to a dome, a hole on the top of which serves both for a window and a chimney. The fire is made on the floor. The household wealth is packed in boxes, piled on each other round the *yourt*. They contain rich Bokharian and Persian carpets, often of great beauty and value, pieces of Chinese silk, brick-tea, dried fruits, and silver. The Chinese barter their wares and productions freely with the Kirghis

Kirghis chiefs for horses and cattle, and each sultan employs a merchant to transact his business and carry on his trade, and this attaché to his establishment is considered quite as indispensable as the mulla or priest. Articles of convenience or luxury are not numerous in the sultan's abode. An iron cauldron suspended in the centre of the hut for cooking, the koumissack or receptacle for fermented mare's milk—the esteemed beverage of the Kirghis—and some Chinese bowls, make up in general the inventory of his goods and chattels, not omitting, however, the majestic bearcoote on his perch, to which every stranger who enters the yourt instinctively avoids a near approach. The magnificent bird is the invariable attendant of the sultan in the chace, and is domesticated with the family. This great sporting eagle is used in the hunt like the hawk, is unerring in its flight and certain of its prey. The roebuck, the wolf, and even larger animals, if once seen, never escape it. Its perch is fixed in a socket to the saddle: it is perfectly quiet in its shackles and hood, which it submits to have gently replaced as soon as it has accomplished its work.

Such are the people whom the Russian Government is now gradually bringing under its sway. It already possesses a fort in the very centre of the territory belonging to the Great Horde—a fact very significant of the future which awaits this warlike tribe. The history of this military settlement is suggestive. An engineer officer was sent from St. Petersburg to superintend the works and carry out plans that had been originated by the governor of Eastern Siberia. A field battery and a body of Cossacks were moved to the neighbourhood of the intended fort. Some attempt was made by the tribes to interrupt the progress of the settlement, and a body of Kirghis cavalry, nearly 6000 strong, was observed soon after the commencement of the operations to be advancing with hostile intentions towards the encampment. It was too late; the position had been secured; a few rounds of grape dispersed the undisciplined horsemen, and they were never seen again.

Management is employed for the extension of territory in these regions as well as force. Mr. Atkinson has given some interesting details of a negotiation between the Russian superintendent of mines and one of the princes of the steppes for the purchase of a district known to possess rich veins of silver. A meeting was arranged between the sultan of the tribes to whom the region belonged and the director of the Altai mines. Some weeks before the day appointed for the conference, the chiefs, with the people of the different tribes, had been busy examining the excavations which had been made by the Russian miners, but the bright
veins

veins of silver, by the discovery of which they hoped to enhance the value of the property, were, of course, not to be seen. The rich ore presented to their uninitiated eyes only the appearance of common rock :—

‘At length,’ says Mr. Atkinson, ‘the important time for the purchase drew near, and the Sultan and his chiefs were waiting with anxious expectation the arrival of the officer from “the Great White Khan.” The chief of the mines desired his interpreter to ask the price at which the Sultan valued the stony tract and the pastures on its western side. In reply, the Sultan stated that he and the chiefs were willing to sell the land with the minerals on the following terms, viz., that 250 pieces of silver (meaning silver roubles) should be paid to him, and a gold medal added like the one presented by the Emperor Alexander to Sultan Boulania. Also that another sum of 100 silver roubles should be paid to the mulla and chiefs, to be equally divided among them. But he said that the river they would not dispose of, as that was necessary for their pastures and for watering their cattle.

‘The director now told them that he must absolutely insist on the river being included, as he could not purchase the mines without it. Nor would it, he said, be injurious to the tribes, as their cattle could drink at the stream before it entered the mining district, where it passed for many miles through their pastures. He, however, promised to add something more to the amount named by the Sultan, if this point was ceded to him. Having stated this, he ordered the 250 new and shining roubles to be placed on the table; the large gold medal, with its broad red ribbon, was taken out of its case and placed near the money, and 100 roubles more counted down for the mulla and the chiefs. A gold-laced scarlet coat and a sabre were now added to the heap intended for the Sultan; a kalat or long robe, of vivid colours, and a gold imperial were put on the table for each of the chiefs and the mulla.

‘Having spoken together for some minutes, the Sultan said that it would take time to consider the matter, adding that they would consult all the tribes about it, and give an answer in a few days. The director fully understood what was meant by this, and that they intended delaying their decision until something more was offered; and knowing that this would be continued for an indefinite period if once permitted, he told the Sultan that, as the matter had been under the consideration of himself, the mulla, chiefs, and tribes for several months, they could not require any further time, and he assured them that if they once left his yurt without concluding the bargain he should start on his return within an hour.

‘Without further remark the Sultan began examining the sabre and the coat, desiring that the latter should be tried on. He was quickly invested with it, and viewed the extraordinary change that appeared in his person with perfect satisfaction. The gold medal was hung on his breast, producing a great effect; but when a Cossack buckled the sabre on his waist, this settled the point. He would have given half

the rivers in the steppe sooner than be stripped of his weapon and finery.

'In a few minutes the mulla and chiefs were bedecked in their new clothing, evidently on the best terms with themselves, and vastly admiring each other. The money was handed to the Sultan, which he rolled up in his shawl and secured round his waist. The mulla and chiefs followed his example. Shortly afterwards the Sultan stamped his seal on a document, transferring to the Great White Khan the whole district shown on the map prepared beforehand, with all the gold, silver, and other minerals it might contain, its pastures and the river. Thus for a sum of about one hundred and fifty pounds his Imperial Majesty acquired mines and a freehold property in the Kirghis Steppe, which will, I have no doubt, expand rapidly towards all points of the compass. These mines are of immense value, and are now sending their contributions to the imperial mint.'

The settlement of Kopal now contains 11,000 inhabitants, and promises to become a colony of great importance. Another Russian station has been more recently formed, 200 miles to the south-west of Kopal, and a new town, Vernoje, is rapidly springing up. It is evident that Russia has formed the design of surrounding the Kirghis hordes with her settlements in order to effect a revolution in the country, and thereby add to the war-like population of her empire some hundred thousand horsemen whose military spirit and power of endurance are probably unequalled in the world.

Great expectations have been formed of the mineral wealth of the district which Russia has just added to her empire. Experienced miners even entertain the opinion that it will prove a second California, and Mr. Atkinson to some extent confirms this impression, inasmuch as the mining district is situated on the same parallel as the gold deposits which exist on the southern slopes of the Altai mountains. Near the source of the principal branch of the Olekma, a tributary of the Amoor, gold has been found in sufficient quantities to make its working profitable, and lower down the course of the stream a deposit has been discovered of immense value 70 feet from the surface; but mining operations are unfortunately restricted by the severity of the climate to a period a little short of four months. Almost all the streams that flow from the north into the Amoor have been found auriferous, and promise great results.

The question of most immediate interest in reference to the acquisition of the Amoor is its possible effect on commerce. The river constitutes a great water way into the heart of Asia; and as American and British merchants can deposit their goods at Nicholaivsk for one-third of the price that it will cost the merchants of Russia, a high and almost prohibitive tariff would be necessary

necessary to exclude the commodities of other countries. But the Russian Government is apparently disposed to encourage foreign commerce, since it has hitherto imposed neither customs duties, harbour-dues, nor any other imposts at any of the ports belonging to its new possessions. The Amoor, therefore, may be considered open to the ships of all nations, with the restriction that no vessel drawing more than 12 feet water can pass through the channel of the Liman or gulf which forms the embouchure of the river. The conveyance of a cwt. of merchandise from Europe to Nicholaïvsk amounts, according to M. Ravenstein, to 7*s*. From thence to the port of Chita, the head of the navigation on the Amoor, the distance is 2260 miles; and assuming the cost of transport to be at the rate of 4*d*. for every hundred miles (as in the Lena and other great rivers of Russia), the freight to the highest navigable point of the Amoor would be 7*s*. 6*d*. The land-carriage from the head of the Amoor to Irkutsk, the capital of Siberia, is estimated at 14*s*. 6*d*. for a cwt. of goods, or double the cost of freight from Europe to Chita, thus making the total expense of carrying a cwt. of goods from Europe to Irkutsk 29*s*. If we compare this amount with the expense of conveying a cwt. of goods from the principal mart of European Russia to Irkutsk, we find, says M. Ravenstein, a gain in favour of the Amoor route of 71*s*.; and it would result from this that European produce may compete on equal terms with the produce of European Russia at a point situate 1140 miles to the west of Irkutsk.*

The commerce of Russia with China and Manchouria has hitherto been one of a very singular nature, the transit being across the continent of Asia, and occupying an enormous time. The intercourse was long exclusively one of barter, the use of coin or money of any description having been strictly interdicted. The exchange of commodities is effected at the two towns Kiachta and Mae-mae-chin, the one in Russian, the other in Chinese territory, in lat. 50° 21' N. and long. 106° 28' E., and these towns are only a few hundred yards from each other. The former is distant 4000 miles from Moscow, the latter 1000 miles from Peking. The inhabitants of each town were allowed free access to each other by day, but were separated at night, and a native of Russia, if found within the gates of Mae-mae-chin after nightfall, would probably have been formerly dealt with in a very summary manner. The only Russian official at Kiachta

* Up to the Dzeya the Amoor may be navigated by vessels drawing four feet; thence, during the spring floods, boats drawing two feet may get up to Chita. A boat-journey down the river occupies fifty days, and up the river one hundred days. A steamer may descend in twenty days, and ascend in thirty.—*M. Ravenstein*.

was the Director of the Customs. A Governor, however, has lately been appointed, and, after much opposition and discourtesy on the part of the Chinese officials, he has been formally recognised. Mr. Atkinson is probably the first Englishman who ever entered this singular town, the entrepôt of the Russo-Chinese trade and the residence of the merchants who carry it on. The houses differ little in construction from those in other parts of China, but they are more richly furnished, indicating the superior opulence of the trading community. The rooms are tastefully decorated with silk and Chinese paintings, and in them the merchant displays his choicest wares—silks of great variety and beauty, embroidered kalats, jackets and various other articles of costume, porcelain vases of exquisite workmanship and great value, dinner and tea services, some of them exceedingly costly, ornaments in jade, and groups of flowers formed in various coloured stones, showing the patience and artistic skill of the Chinese workmen. One piece of wood-carving was shown to Mr. Atkinson, about six feet high and four feet wide, the centre of which was covered with a multitude of flowers and fruits carved in amethyst, beryl, chalcedony, and jade. The price of this ornament was equal to 600*l*. Very little tea is offered for sale in the Chinese town; it is taken from the caravans to the government warehouses at Kiachta, and is then transferred by the Russians to the custom-house at Troitska, a neighbouring town.

The town of Kiachta is the residence of the Russian merchants and factors by whom the great overland trade is carried on. Many have become exceedingly wealthy, and they possess the true spirit of hospitality. The traders from Moscow reach Kiachta in the beginning of February, and their transactions are generally completed before the middle of March, when the caravans commence their progress towards Irbit and Nijni Novgorod. The transit trade affords employment to a large number of people. The Chinese commodities are first collected at the large Chinese city, Chang-kea-kow, just within the Great Wall, and are thence carried across the desert to Kiachta in small carts, drawn by one horse or a bullock. The Russian merchants then transport the goods to Novgorod or Moscow, making use of both land and water carriage. Merchandise forwarded by water is sometimes, owing to the shortness of the summer, three years in reaching its destination, and in the ordinary land transit the journey occupies a year from Kiachta to the centre of European Russia. Mr. Parkes, who has bestowed much attention on the commerce between Russia and China, estimates the cost of transport from Kiachta to Moscow as 40*l*. per ton, or about 4½*d*. per lb., and that

that of the transit through China as $3\frac{1}{4}d.$ Thus each pound of tea is conveyed from the place of its production to the central market of Russia for a sum which forms but a trifling addition to the price of the fine teas, to which the importations of Russia are chiefly confined.* The freight of tea to England round the Cape varies from $\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $1\frac{1}{4}d.$ per lb. A protective duty of 70 per cent. *ad valorem* was until recently imposed by Russia on all teas imported from foreign countries. The best period for transporting goods through Siberia is the winter: the sledge is then brought into requisition, and rivers, at other times dangerous, are crossed without risk, and the merchants engaged in the tea trade always endeavour to send forward their investments by the winter roads. What effect the opening of the Amoor and the establishment of trading ports on the seaboard of the recent acquisitions in Chinese Tartary will have in diverting the traffic from the overland route remains to be seen; but Mr. Parkes thinks that an extensive commerce across the continent is quite compatible with a large trade by sea. Originally the Russian exports to China consisted almost solely of peltry. From the severity of the climate in the northern provinces furs have been always in demand. The only imports received in exchange were formerly gold and silver in bars, rhubarb, silk, porcelain, and precious stones; afterwards cotton stuffs suitable for the Siberian population, and brick tea, became articles of extensive demand. Russia has long ceased to take any of the manufactures of China, and silks and cottons, which once formed the bulk of the returns, have entirely disappeared and given place to tea, of which nineteen-twentieths of the imports from China now consist. It was long attempted to force a trade of simple barter with China, and compel it to take Russian manufactures in exchange for tea by totally prohibiting the exportation of the precious metals, and the transmission of gold from the interior of Russia to Kiachta was interdicted under heavy penalties. This prohibition of course only gave rise to those evasions which never fail to defeat all enactments in violation of the first principles of commerce. When coin was a prohibited article in the counting-houses of Kiachta the Russian merchants had recourse to the expedient of forwarding gold and silver rudely wrought into the form of plates, cups, and spoons, which served the purpose of a currency almost equally well. The partisans of the prohibition, however, long persisted in it, apprehending that the Chinese would cease to purchase

* Communication from Mr. Consul Parkes on the Russian Caravan Trade with China, 'Journal Royal Geographical Society,' vol. xxiv.

Russian goods by taking in exchange nothing but silver or gold, with which they could purchase the cheaper manufactures of Europe at the ports open to commerce, and thus ruin the factories that had long supplied the China market; but inasmuch as the prohibition never prevented the transmission of specie to China when it was in demand or required to pay the balances of trade, the Russian Government in the year 1855 permitted the exportation of gold and silver in bars, jointly with merchandise in certain proportions, and of native coin to the extent of one-third of the value of manufactures, while it imposes no restriction on the exportation of foreign money.*

The enormous difference of price between tea of similar quality sold in Russia and England gave rise to a large contraband trade along the frontier, and insured to the smuggler a profit of cent. per cent. The Russian Government by a recent regulation† has wisely reduced the duties on Canton tea, which will put a stop to much of this smuggling trade. It was formerly thought that the caravan tea was of a different and very superior quality to that of Canton, and that to this circumstance its higher price was chiefly referable. The fact is, M. Tegoborski says, that the two sorts come from the same plant and the same plantations, and the differences in quality are attributable to the period at which the leaves are gathered and the superior care with which they are prepared. An idea which was long prevalent that the sea voyage deprived the tea of a portion of its aroma has been refuted by experience. M. Tegoborski asserts that he has drunk good Canton *tsvietotschny*, and the voyage had injured neither its flavour nor its aroma in the slightest degree. The Russian Government is understood, notwithstanding its recent partial reduction of the duty on tea imported from the coast, to be extremely desirous to preserve the Kiachta trade, as the interests of a considerable portion of the population of Siberia are intimately connected with it, and its serious decline would injure those factories which now work exclusively for China. Thirty-one thousand waggons are employed in this trade, and in a prosperous year nearly two millions of roubles‡ have been distributed among the poorer classes of the Siberian population.

The articles which China has hitherto received from Russia by the land transit are of considerable variety and value. Furs constitute an important item, but they are not of the most valuable species, only the paws and tails of the highly-prized

* Tegoborski 'On the Productive Forces of Russia.'

† By a decree of the 30th March, 1861.

‡ A rouble is 3s. 2d. English money.

animals being allowed to be exported to China, where they are formed into dresses of patchwork patterns which are held in much estimation. The skins of the reindeer find a ready sale, and the horns of the animal, if killed at a particular season, are in request for a peculiar medicinal property which they are supposed to possess. Of woollens the import is considerable, and the bright colours imparted to them by the Russian manufacturers make them peculiarly attractive to Chinese taste; but the produce of the Belgian and Saxon looms are equally appreciated for their texture and fine gloss. The result of the competition with British goods brought to the Chinese markets is, in the opinion of Mr. Parkes, unfavourable to England. Cottons from Pomerania are said to be esteemed by the Chinese, and to be much preferred to those of England. For this preference and also for the superior estimation in which some other continental products are held among the Kirghis tribes, we fear some of our manufacturers or merchants are mainly answerable. Mr. Atkinson relates a circumstance as having come under his observation, which had at the time a very damaging effect.

'In 1849,' he says, 'a considerable quantity of English calicoes reached Yarkand* (a town on the Chinese frontier), Kokhan, and Tashkend. These were printed in the two latter towns in patterns to suit the taste of the people; from their superior quality and price the Tartar merchants were induced to purchase the goods and carry them in their trading expeditions among the nomades of Central Asia. They found a ready sale, and the people were delighted with their new garments. Several of these kalats were shown to me, and their superior quality commented on by their owners. All were anxious to possess them; thus the articles had at once established a character and a trade. The following year, when the merchants visited Kokhan and Tashkend, they obtained similar goods, and these were still more appreciated by the Kirghis. In 1851 the Tartar traders brought their goods as usual, which in appearance resembled those of former years. These were taken by the caravans into distant regions, and they also met with a ready sale. But, alas! the purchaser soon discovered that he had been victimised; the material proved to be complete trash, and the discovery caused a great reaction. It was a

* Mr. Atkinson gives the following description of this frontier town:—'Yarkand is a large town, which I was informed contains nearly 14,000 houses, and the population was estimated at from 85,000 to 90,000 in 1852; by some of the merchants at 100,000. There is also a Chinese garrison of 5000 men. It is a place of considerable trade, and a great number of Chinese, Tartar, Bokharian, and Cashmerian merchants reside here. The bazaars are three miles and a half in length, and on market-days present a busy scene. Rich silks and porcelains are conspicuously displayed; also embroidered karifa kalats, for which the Kirghis give twenty and thirty horses in exchange. Brick-tea appears in vast quantities, as well as printed calicoes from Kokhan. The looms of Cashmere contribute their quota to the mass of manufactured goods.'

fact well known in Siberia that agents for English houses were in Kokhan. This was not only a disreputable transaction, but a most foolish experiment, which has done considerable injury to trade among these tribes.'

The above is, we fear, only one of many instances in which the commercial character of England has been brought into disrepute and its interests jeopardized by the low morality of a few of our manufacturers. It may be in consequence of some similar deception that Russia possesses a monopoly of the trade in hardware among the tribes of Central Asia. Her iron, tin, and copper utensils find a ready market, as do her fire-arms, cutlery, locks, and buttons, which England ought to be able to supply of a quality and at a price that would make successful competition impossible. In leather Russia possesses a natural superiority. It is imported largely into China and the Kirghis territories, of all colours and qualities, for saddles, purses, bags, and other useful articles. Apparatus for opium-smoking, constructed in Russia, also finds a ready sale in China, and it is made the more inviting by being accompanied by the seductive drug, which does not, it thus appears, all proceed from the poppy-fields of Bengal.

The commerce of Russia with Asia has of late greatly increased. The imports from China increased, in a period of seventeen years ending in 1855, 45 per cent., and the exports to China 50 per cent. The exports of Russia to the whole of Asia for the same period have increased 30 per cent. The three countries, China, Persia, and the Steppes of the Kirghis, now represent more than four-fifths in value of the Russian Asiatic trade; that with the Kirghis has increased 67 per cent. in a period of seventeen years. The imports from this region were recently valued at 1,924,700 silver roubles, and the exports at 1,717,800. Cattle, sheep, and hides form 83 per cent. of the Russian imports from these people, and the chief exports are cotton manufactures, wheat, and leather.* There was a time when the cotton manufactures of China were largely consumed in Siberia, but the development of the Russian manufactures put an end to the trade, and China has for some time given little except tea in exchange for the commodities which it requires. The manufacturing industry of China is understood to be making much progress. It imports raw cotton largely from India, and in increasing quantities. It is the known and avowed policy of the Imperial Government to encourage a manufacturing interest. The quantity of English cotton cloth now imported is quite inadequate to supply the wants of 350 mil-

* Tegoborski 'On the Productive Forces of Russia.'

lions of people. Whether these wants will be ultimately provided for from the mills of Great Britain or from the manufactories of China is uncertain. In China labour must be always cheap and superabundant, its internal industry is capable of furnishing almost everything that it requires, and Europe may eventually have to supply it only with a few articles of fancy or luxury. Its interior trade is known to be enormous, and a school of political economy (for China possesses able writers on the science) has recently arisen, which, rightly or wrongly, aims at making the country self-supporting. 'There are but two wants,' says M. Huc, 'which China is not able to supply for herself—namely, leather and furs—and these she will always be able to obtain most advantageously from Russia.'

The opening of a direct communication by sea between Russia and the coast of Tartary may somewhat change the character of the intercourse between Russia and her Siberian provinces. Bulky commodities will now find an access to the Trans-Baikal territory from Europe at a comparatively moderate freight, and the commodities which are exported from Russia by sea will necessarily come into competition with those of other countries. A commercial undertaking, called the Amoor Company, has been formed, for trading to the recently-ceded territories, and supplying the native population and the settlers with Russian goods. Nicholaivsk is at present the seat of government for the Amoor province. Its climate is very bad. The town is situate on the left bank of the river, about twenty miles from its mouth. Before the year 1855 it contained only a few hundred inhabitants; its present population is about 3500, including a regiment of Cossacks. Mr. Tilley, the first and probably the only Englishman who has seen Nicholaivsk, and who visited it in a Russian corvette as a guest of the officers during a voyage in the Japanese and Chinese waters, gives a description of the town and the surrounding country which is far from attractive:—

'A desolate scene,' he says, 'is the termination of this mighty river. Pine-covered slopes extend for miles, their colour one monotonous brown, relieved only by the dark, cold green of another species of fir, which covers the summits of the hills. A peculiar form of some spot on the shore, with a plot of cabbages growing near it, pointed out the position of an earth battery, of which there are several before arriving at Nicholaivsk. Crossing from the south bank of the river obliquely to the northern, a short distance from the mouth, we kept along that shore, and at 6 A.M. cast anchor before Nicholaivsk. The town occupies a few hundred acres cleared from the surrounding forest. The houses are all of block construction, the trunks of pine being laid lengthways,

lengthways, and the crevices stuffed with dried moss which everywhere carpets the forest. The church is of the same material, and has a tower and a fine set of bells presented by a rich merchant of Irkutsk. There are also government schools for the children of soldiers and officers. The houses of the governor, chief officers, and a few merchants are fitted up with all the comfort that European and Chinese upholstery can supply. Only two of them have more than one story. The streets are rendered just passable by a plank pavement, and all spaces not occupied by building or roads are covered by the still rooted stumps of trees.

Mr. Tilley, who was treated at Nicholaivsk with that hospitality which is the characteristic of Russian society in every part of the world, abstains with a becoming reserve from giving any details relating to the position, nature, and strength of the defences, but we believe we are correct in stating that the military force now maintained by Russia on the Amoor amounts to about 20,000 men, and these are distributed in small detachments along the river and the Chinese frontier. The approaches to Nicholaivsk are defended by batteries mounting sixty heavy guns, and the naval force of Russia in the Pacific, having been considerably increased, now amounts to 22 ships of war carrying 158 guns. The commercial interest of Nicholaivsk is at present concentrated in the North American Fur Company and the lately-formed trading company of the Amoor. To the first the Russian Government has granted many privileges, together with the exclusive trade with China, by way of Kiachta, in furs, for which tea is received in exchange for the supply of Siberia. This company has several steamers plying on the Amoor. The Amoor Company also possesses some valuable concessions. On his return to the river from Castries Bay, Mr. Tilley found three large ships of the Company recently arrived freighted with 'matériel,' together with two English engineers to superintend certain works which he does not describe. Some small boats of iron, drawing eighteen inches or two feet of water, have also, we are told, recently arrived, and that they will be followed by many others, constructed expressly for river navigation, and intended to push their way up the smaller streams into the very centre of Asia.

Opposite, and extending parallel to the coast of the new Russian territory, lies the Island of Saghalien, the northern half of which is now Russian, and the southern still Japanese. Posts of Cossacks are stationed in the Russian portion of the island in order to control the inhabitants. The object of a late visit of the Governor of Siberia to Yedo was to negotiate the cession to Russia of the southern part of Saghalien, the possession of which is considered

sidered necessary for the security of the Amoor. The Japanese, it is said, after much procrastination, positively refused to relinquish it, but the Russian Government will probably before long take possession of the coveted territory, as a 'material guarantee' for the satisfactory adjustment of some diplomatic 'difficulty.'*

It is doubtful whether the port of Nicholaivsk will be retained as the naval station of Russia in the Pacific, since its position is disadvantageous and approach difficult.† The Strait of Tartary possesses several excellent harbours, one or two of which were discovered by the English squadron in the Pacific during the last Russian war. These harbours, the shores of which will doubtless become the sites of considerable towns, are admirably sheltered, and one or two only are closed by ice during winter. Those to the south have the advantages of a better climate and a more fertile country. The oak, beech, and walnut there grow luxuriantly, and the vine thrives well on the shores. Rumours were recently in circulation that Nicholaivsk was speedily to be abandoned in favour of De Castries Bay, which was to be connected with the Amoor either by a canal or a railway. The Bay of Olga, six hundred miles further to the south, has also been named as the future position of the chief settlement. The harbour is said to be peculiarly good, open throughout the year, and to have the advantage of being opposite Japan, and much nearer to China. A road or railway of 150 versts would connect it with a large river—the Usuri—a navigable tributary of the Amoor, and the probable future line of communication had already been surveyed by engineers. The great advantage of the Amoor to Russia is the navigable highway it opens into Central Asia. The possession of the extensive coast-line is at present regarded as valuable not so much with a view to immediate colonization or commercial advantages, as a means of excluding other nations and giving to Russia a future commanding position in the Chinese seas. Port St. Vladimir (43° 84' N., 135° 27' E.) is described by M. Ravenstein (whose work is by far the most complete and comprehensive that we have met with on the Amoor) as opening between the rocky promontories of Baliuska and Vatovsky, 1870 yards apart, with a depth of ten fathoms at the entrance, and the port as one of the finest on the coast of Manchuria. It consists of three inlets, of which the

* We have heard, since the above was written, that Russia has now acquired the whole of Saghalien.

† The allied squadron failed in every attempt to navigate the intricate channels of the Liman during the last war, and to discover the mouth of the Amoor.

southern is the most capacious, and offers great advantages for building, refitting, and arming ships.

We do not apprehend any immediate result from the annexation of so considerable a portion of Chinese Tartary to the Russian empire, beyond the necessity of increased vigilance, and perhaps of strengthening our naval force in the Japanese and Chinese waters. The policy which the Czar has marked out for himself appears for the present to be the consolidation of his empire and the encouragement of foreign trade, as forming the basis of that maritime greatness which is a traditional object of Russian ambition. Whenever the mercantile and maritime development of Russia shall be in any degree proportioned to its colossal empire, it is impossible that such a country should not become an object of apprehension to all independent States.

England has immense interests at stake in the maintenance of her commercial ascendancy in the East; and if Russia should ever acquire the power to control British trade, or become a successful competitor for the supply of the principal markets of Asia, a heavy blow will have been struck at our political greatness.

As connected with this subject, we must refer to some suggestions of Mr. Atkinson on the policy of establishing great fairs, similar to that of Novgorod. The distances and the difficulty of communication, the concentration of manufactures within a few districts, together with the scarcity of commercial towns, give to fairs in Russia an importance which they do not now possess in other countries, although there was a period when they were necessary in all parts of the continent of Europe, as well as in England. The system of credit was too limited, and mutual confidence too rare, to allow much trade except that which consisted of barter or was carried on by ready money. In Russia fairs are still the centres of all commercial enterprise, and besides the great one of Nijni Novgorod there are a hundred and twenty-eight others, at which an immense amount of business is annually transacted. Mr. Atkinson suggests that fairs should be opened at places near the passes of the Himalaya, or one great fair established as far up the Indus as practicable. This he considers preferable to the plan in practice of consigning English goods to agents in Yarkand, Kokhan, or Tashkend. When such fairs are established, he is of opinion that the Tartar and other merchants of Asia will attend regularly for the purchase of the goods required by the people whose wants they are accustomed to supply, and that the influence of these fairs would be sensibly felt at Novgorod, since the distance of the Indus from Semipalantinsk, the principal

principal Russian establishment in the Steppe country, is but little more than half of that to Novgorod. If agents for English houses were settled in any of the Tartar towns, he thinks they might create jealousy, as the merchants would consider such a course as an attempt to deprive them of their legitimate profits; but as these enterprising traders are in the habit of travelling thousands of miles with their caravans, they necessarily know every part of the country and in what part of it the tribes are located at every season of the year. It is by the agency of these merchants that Russia distributes her merchandise over Central Asia. Mr. Atkinson furnishes a list of the commodities which are likely to be most in request by the Kirghis and other tribes, for the details of which we must refer to the pages of his important and interesting work. England, in the possession of the Indus, has a natural facility for carrying on a profitable commerce with Central Asia; and it rests with our manufacturers and merchants to determine whether the millions of that vast region shall be supplied with the European commodities which they require from the banks of the Mersey, the Clyde, and the Thames, or from Moscow and Novgorod. It is not the population of these great plains that would alone benefit from a free access to British productions if placed within their reach at some spot high up the Indus, but such wares will also find their way to the Mongolian tribes on the north of the great Gobi desert, and to the countries beyond the Selenga and the sources of the Amoor. The inhabitants of Siberia will, in Mr. Atkinson's opinion, eagerly avail themselves of the advantages of this commerce; the Kirghis, as soon as fairs shall be opened, will send numbers of excellent horses to India, and the precious metals being abundant in their country will in time also be exported freely in exchange for the articles which they desire.

We have in former numbers of this Review repeatedly directed attention to the aggressions of Russia in Asia.* We announced a few years since that, in the Chinese province of Manchouria, Russia had contrived to establish a military station at the mouth of the river Amoor, the outlet of Siberia.† We now learn that the most extensive preparations had been long in progress at Irkutsk for the annexation of the territory which has recently been added to the empire. Mr. Atkinson, who spent two winters in the capital of Siberia, and two summers in the regions to the south, saw the preparations which were in progress for the annexation of the Amoor district; and he had an opportunity, he says, of

* See Numbers 191 and 192 of the 'Quarterly Review.'

† No. 192, p. 590.
judging

judging of their efficiency. Chests of arms for new regiments of Cossacks were constantly arriving, as well as batteries of artillery fully equipped, which could be needed for no other purpose than to overawe the Chinese Government. He estimates the force of Cossacks then ready for active service in Eastern Siberia as amounting to between thirty and forty thousand men. The dockyard and arsenal on the banks of the Angara were in full activity preparing material of war and a steam flotilla; and the Government evidently felt that the time had arrived to take the first step towards the dismemberment of China. That policy has resulted in a complete success, without the expenditure of an ounce of gunpowder or one drop of blood, and has been carried out in a manner strictly conformable to the most approved diplomatic precedents. A Russian squadron of no contemptible strength now displays its flag in the Strait of Tartary or rides in safety in the harbours of the Sea of Japan; and as wherever Russia has once planted her foot the next object has always been to make that footing sure, it may not be long before we hear of the erection of enormous fortifications. The naval power of Russia has never been much considered in estimating her political strength. Shut in for a great part of the year by a frozen sea, her ships have never encountered those of any Power which had the free range of the ocean. As yet perhaps her Government regards the rising naval establishment in Eastern Asia more as a school of naval instruction than an immediate addition to her maritime strength; but its value in reference to the future, and to her well-understood objects, must nevertheless be great. In a tract, the title of which we have prefixed to this article, and which was generally attributed to Sir John McNeill, that able and experienced diplomatist truly said, 'the avidity with which Russia has sought, and the pertinacity with which she has clung to every acquisition of territory even when it could be maintained only at the cost of large pecuniary sacrifices, shows that she desires those acquisitions with reference to some other consideration than the mere intrinsic worth of the property acquired.' Her ambition, as we said in 1854, is enormous. The last of her acquisitions in a part of the world where she is peculiarly free from European *surveillance*, and where her machinations for an extension of territory have been long carried on, affords an instructive warning to the Western nations that they can never abate their distrust or rely on her moderation. We are inclined to think that, when the Chinese Government becomes fully aware of the artifices which were employed to obtain the formal cession of so large a portion of its territory, and that portion the cradle of the Mantchoo dynasty, indignation at having been deluded into

so important a concession without any substantial equivalent will take the place of gratitude for supposed services in an hour of extreme distress. The systematic occupation of the left bank of the Amoor in defiance of the repeated protests of the Chinese Government was as indefensible by the law of nations as any of those aggressions to which we are in the habit of referring as some of the worst results of popular government in the New World, and proves that a low sense of international morality is the characteristic alike of democracy and despotism. The free navigation of the Amoor as the outlet of her Siberian possessions is all that Russia could in reason and justice have sought from the Chinese Government. The habitual feeling of the Government of China towards Russia has been recently revealed in a remarkable document. A State paper, purporting to be a memorial addressed to the Emperor of China by the President of the Board of Civil Office and twenty-three other leading statesmen, was found in the Summer Palace. It is a remonstrance against the intended flight of the Emperor into Tartary. 'Where,' say these sagacious councillors, 'can your Majesty's personal safety be better assured than at the capital? Beyond the Hoo-pe-kow Pass is the haunt of numbers of Russian barbarians, and these have been constantly pretending to deliver communications to the Government at Peking for the furtherance of some treacherous design.'* That design was manifest enough when the Russian Minister sought a conference with the Prince of Kung on the approach of the allied forces to the capital. Nor is it less instructive to observe the anxiety manifested by Russia to confine other Powers in their diplomatic intercourse with China to the governors of the provinces, while by the means of a resident embassy she has been able to communicate directly with the Court. In a leading journal—the '*Abeille du Nord*' of St. Petersburg—an article appeared at the commencement of the late war, the object of which was to prove that the British Government had often acted unjustly towards the 'Celestial Empire.' 'What,' said this Government organ, 'can European nations want in China but security and liberty of commerce in the seaports? It is there that the power of European nations can be sensibly felt without being exposed to considerable losses of men and money. Would it not be better, instead of treating directly with an impotent government, to make arrangements with the local authorities?'† Suggestions of this kind, as our Minister at Peking has justly observed, are founded on a misapprehension—he might have said a misrepresentation—of the position and influence of the Chinese

* Correspondence, p. 263.

† Ibid., p. 39.

Government, in which the will of the Emperor is supreme. To keep the representatives of every other Power out of Peking seems to have been the policy of the Russian Government. We cannot but think that the mind of the Emperor of China must have recently received a considerable amount of political enlightenment. It is with much satisfaction that we learn that a disposition has been unequivocally manifested by the Court of Peking since the war to draw closer its relations with the representative of the British Government. We entertain a confident expectation that a strong reaction will soon display itself throughout the country in favour of England, and that the Government will freely acknowledge that the two nations are commercially united only to their mutual advantage, and we trust that the 'majesty of honest dealing' will inspire all classes in China with the conviction that Great Britain could have had no object either in her policy or her arms inconsistent with the prosperity and integrity of their country.

ART. VII.—1. *Opere Politico-Economiche del Conte Camillo Benso di Cavour*. Cuneo, 1857.

2. *Camillo Benso di Cavour*. Per Roggero Bonghi. Torino, 1861.

3. *Count Cavour, his Life and Career*. By Basil H. Cooper, B.A. London, 1860.

COUNT CAVOUR holds far too great a place in the history of our time to permit us to pass over his death in silence. Short as was his public career, he was the most remarkable man of our generation, and his influence will probably be felt longer and more widely than that of any living being. He has called into political existence a nation which, if its future be not marred by untoward events or wilful misconduct, may become one of the greatest of the earth, and may alter that balance of power upon which the present relations of the civilised world are based.

A candid inquiry into the history and condition of Italy will show that two things were necessary to the success of a man who, at this particular time, sought to achieve her independence and to unite her various States under one rule—that he should be born a Piedmontese, and should come from the upper, rather than the middle or lower ranks of the people. Both these conditions were fulfilled in Count Camillo Benso di Cavour. He was descended from an ancient and noble family; founded, it is believed, by a Saxon named Odibert. His ancestors have been traced to the middle of the 12th century. They belonged to the flourishing community

community of Chieri, holding fiefs which are still possessed by their descendants. During the Middle Ages the Bensos numbered several distinguished statesmen and warriors. The Count Geoffrey Benso defended the Castle of Montmeillan, then the bulwark between France and Savoy, for thirteen months with great bravery and skill, against Louis XIII. At a later period the family contracted alliances with the noble French house of Clermont-Tonnerre. The title of Count of Cavour was conferred upon Michele Antonio di Benso, from a small town in the province of Pinerolo.

Camillo was the second son of the Marchese don Michele Giuseppe Benso di Cavour and of Adelaide Susanna Sellon, a lady of Geneva. He was born on the 10th of August, 1810. It is not a little curious that one of his sponsors was Pauline Borghese, the sister of the first Napoleon. His father, although an amiable man, and much beloved in his family, had rendered himself unpopular by his aristocratic manners and reserve, and by his connexion with the absolute party. A share of his unpopularity long fell upon his son. Like most young men of rank, Camillo was sent to the military academy. The army was then almost the only career open to a youth of noble birth. The civil service of the State was despised, and few in his position could be prepared for it by a suitable education. He soon distinguished himself by his diligence and ability, and was chosen as a royal page, then the next step to successful entrance into patrician life. His position at the Court seems to have been irksome to him. He took little pains to conceal his distaste for it, and was soon dismissed from its duties. Returning with renewed energy to his studies, chiefly directed by the celebrated astronomer Plana, he completed his military education at eighteen, leaving the Academy with the rank of Lieutenant in the Engineers, and the reputation of an able mathematician and one of the most industrious pupils of the institution. He was soon employed as an engineer, although only nineteen years old, in important works. In a letter, dated the 9th March, 1829, he writes, 'I have passed the whole winter in the Apennines, to make the plan of a new fort, the object of which would be to close the road between Nice and Genoa!' A singular entry into life of the statesman who, thirty years later, was called upon to transfer the frontiers of his country to this very line of defence. From Genoa, he was sent to finish some works at L'Esseillon, a fort perched upon precipitous heights, and commanding the pass of the Mont Cenis into Italy. He writes with a keen enjoyment of the grand mountain scenery which surrounds it. He had formed an early friendship with the late Mr. William Brockedon. That distinguished Alpine

traveller had been the first to describe those beautiful passes and valleys, now the favourite resort of the English tourist, which lead from the spotless summits and stern grandeur of the Swiss Alps through almost imperceptible gradations of gloomy pine-forests, shady chestnut-groves, smiling vineyards and convent-crowned hills, into the sunny plains of Italy. He had sent his magnificent work on 'The Passes of the Alps' to the young Count. To no one could the gift have been more grateful. He was proud of his glorious native valleys, and jealous of their reputation. In the letter we have just quoted, the first of a series of great interest addressed to his English friend, he writes:—

'Having, with the exception of the Stelvio, explored all the passes you so well describe, I have seen with the liveliest pleasure that, doing full justice to the picturesque beauties of our valleys, you give so charming a description of them. The Piedmontese, who have hitherto been sacrificed on this score to the Swiss, should be grateful to you for what you have done for them. You sustain their cause in the most triumphant manner, by making known to all Europe the singularly picturesque scenery of the Mont Genève, and the magnificent valley of Aosta, which are in no way inferior to the most beautiful parts of Switzerland. We shall be indebted to you as one of the first amongst strangers, who, divesting himself of those accepted prejudices which assigned to Helvetia alone all the beauties of the Alps, has rendered complete and signal justice to a country which so well deserves to be known.'

He had been placed under arrest for a short time in the Fort de Bard, on account of political opinions expressed with too much freedom. Like most of the educated young men of Italy, his sympathies were altogether with the party of liberty and progress. But, unlike many of them who were hurried into unhappy excesses, his views from the very beginning seem to have been singularly moderate and practical. There is no greater proof of the miserable tyranny which then weighed upon Italy, and which attempted to crush every noble aspiration and every development of human intelligence, than that such a man should have been the object of suspicion and persecution. This policy was only calculated to breed conspirators and nourish hatred. Cavour took a wiser part than to join secret societies and to engage in hopeless plots. He threw up his commission in the Engineers in disgust, and set to work heart and soul to study the political and social questions of the day, and to prepare himself for the work that was before him, and to which he even then looked forward. A remarkable letter has been preserved, written by him about this time, in which he says that, in his dreams, he already sees himself the Minister of the

the Kingdom of Italy.* The events of 1830 made a deep impression upon him. The French Revolution, the fall of the Bourbons, the establishment of constitutional government under Louis Philippe, the Reform agitation in England, and the growing strength of the Liberal party, led him at first to hope that the wrongs of Italy would be redressed, and that she would share in the progress which appeared to be in store for the West of Europe. He writes from Genoa in the month of December 1829:—

‘I congratulate you sincerely on the happy change which has taken place in the policy of your Government. Whilst all Europe is walking with a firm step in the path of progress, unhappy Italy is always borne down under the same system of civil and religious tyranny. Pity those who, with a soul made to develop the generous principles of civilization, are compelled to see their country brutalised by Austrian and ——— bayonets. Tell your countrymen that we are not undeserving of liberty—that, if we have rotten members, we have also men who are worthy to enjoy the blessings of light. Forgive me if I wander, but my soul is weighed down under the weight of indignation and of sorrow, and I feel a very sweet relief in thus opening myself to one who knows the causes of my grief, and surely sympathises with them.’

His eyes were constantly turned to England. He watched with an interest extraordinary in a stranger and so young a man—for he was only twenty-two years of age—the progress of the great questions which then agitated the public mind in this country. He was not satisfied with such casual information as he could obtain in foreign publications. He wished to dig down to the very root. He applied to his English friend for books, reports, and documents, and studied them with untiring industry. The English language was now perfectly familiar to him. In it he wrote, on the 16th April, 1832, the following remarkable letter, which shows how early he had examined financial and economical subjects. Of course we are not concerned with his views on English party struggles:—

‘It is not only in England that the great question of the corn-laws is agitated; here, as well as in your own country, the contending interests of the *consommateurs* and the *protecteurs* are in presence striving in order to obtain—the first, greater liberty for foreign importation, the latter, a more effectual protection against the corn of

* He writes,—‘Je vous remercie, Madame la Marquise, pour l’intérêt que vous prenez à ma disgrâce; mais croyez le bien, je ferai tout de même ma carrière. J’ai beaucoup d’ambition, une ambition énorme; et lorsque je serai Ministre, j’espère que je la justifierai, puisque dans mes rêves je me vois déjà Ministre du Royaume d’Italie.—C. CAVOUR.’

Odessa. Most unhappily, nowhere the true principles of economical science are so little understood as in Piedmont. The lucid theories and profound reasonings of the philosophical writers, as well as the numerous facts and evidence collected by the care of various enlightened Governments, are totally unknown here. The violent passions of the one, and the blind and selfish interest of the others, are the only arms employed, till now, in the discussion of this question of so mighty interest. Having been of late engaged in several discussions on this subject with (a) person who can exert an efficacious influence on the final decision of it, I have endeavoured to collect all the official documents which might throw a light on the subject. I possess now all that has been written on it in France, but I yet want some works published in England; I mean, 1. "A relation of a journey undertaken by Mr. Jacob, by order of Government, in the western provinces of Europe, in order to ascertain the state of agriculture in these countries;" 2. "The Report of the Committee on the Corn-laws in the House of Lords." I will be infinitely obliged to you if you be so kind as to procure these works for me.

'All our attention is now directed towards England. We wait with great anxiety the final decision of the Reform question. More than any other nation Italy is interested in the triumph of the Liberal party in England, because more than any other nation she stands in need of the powerful and disinterested help of Great Britain for obtaining in some manner the redress, at least, of a portion of the intolerable grievances which afflict her since 1814.'

The young Count received with joy the books he had asked for, and others added to the list. He had thrown himself with his usual eagerness into the study of the great controversy on the corn-laws and free trade. In July, 1832, he writes:—

'A slight illness has confined me to my bed for several days. It is only two days since I have regained the free use of my faculties. You would scarcely doubt that the first use I have made of them is to thank you warmly for the trouble you have given yourself in procuring for me the precious documents that I had asked you to send me. They will be of the greatest use in enabling me to fix my ideas clearly upon the difficult, but most important question of the Corn Laws and of Free Trade, which hitherto, I confess, have been entirely in accordance with those of your most celebrated writers and statesmen. Perhaps a deeper examination of the question will bring me to the opinions of the uncompromising partisans of the reciprocity system. Still I have never yet been able to find any conclusive answers to the reasonings of Smith and Ricardo, and to the facts advanced by Mr. Huskisson, and his disciples your present ministers. According to my view, the commercial and industrial crisis which has afflicted England, and the distress of the working classes which has been its result, far from having been caused by the new system introduced into your commercial policy, would have been diminished

diminished by it, and might even have been avoided if that policy had been adopted on a larger scale, and especially had it been extended to the Corn Laws.'

Cavour hailed the passing of the Reform Bill as a dawn of freedom for Italy; 'and in the miserable position in which we are placed,' he exclaims, 'we need indeed a ray of hope.' In the same letter he gives this touching description of the sufferings of his unhappy country:—

'Pressed on the one side by Austrian bayonets, on the other by the furious excommunications of the Pope, our condition is truly deplorable. Every free exercise of thought, every generous sentiment, is stifled as if it were a sacrilege or a crime against the State. We cannot hope to obtain by ourselves any relief from such enormous misfortunes. The fate of my countrymen of the Romagna especially is truly deplorable, and the steps which have been taken by the mediating Powers have only made it worse. The intervention of France is not even sufficient to exact the smallest reasonable concession from the Pope. The voice of England alone, if raised in a firm and positive tone, can obtain for the people of the Romagna a supportable government, somewhat in harmony with the ideas and manners of our age.'

When, in the course of his Italian travels, he visited Milan, the watchful Austrian authorities had already their 'eye upon him.' His character and opinions were well known; spies were set to dog his steps; the houses he frequented were 'denounced.' When the archives of the police fell into the hands of the Italian party in 1848, amongst the vast collection of papers which related to almost every man of eminence and ability in Italy was found a detailed report upon Cavour. He was pronounced a dangerous character, and one of far too much capacity not to be regarded with the utmost jealousy. The archives of the Austrian police in Italy,* and those of the states under Austrian influence, exhibit, it is well known, a very different spirit from that in which the House of Hapsburg has governed its German dominions. It would really seem that virtue and noble qualities were, of themselves, grounds of suspicion.

In 1833 Cavour's father had been elected to the important but very laborious post of Mayor of Turin, and was compelled to give up the superintendence of his own property, which consisted principally of 'vast agricultural and commercial undertakings.' His eldest son was absent from Italy, and the management of the family affairs devolved upon Camillo, who thus found himself unable to

* A large portion of the contents of these archives has been published under the title of '*Carte segrete e Atti ufficiali della Polizia Austriaca in Italia dal 4 Giugno 1814 al 22 Marzo 1848.*' *Capolago*, 1851. 3 vols.

carry out his long cherished project of visiting England. 'I wish for nothing so much in the world,' he writes, 'as to become personally acquainted with that illustrious nation which has filled the moral, industrial, and political world with its name.' In 1835 he was called by the illness of his aunt, the Duchess of Clermont-Tonnerre, to Geneva. He was connected through his mother's side with many of the most distinguished families of the republic, with whom to the last he was in constant and affectionate intercourse. He now visited Paris, and crossed over to England. This country had been the object of his constant thoughts. He laments in his letters how little she is really known on the Continent. 'Even the accounts,' he complains, 'given of her by her own newspapers, are so distorted by party feeling, that it is impossible to gain an accurate knowledge of public events.' His correspondent, whose opinions on English politics did not agree with his own, had referred him for comfort and information to the '*Morning Herald*;' but in that meritorious journal he had not found any great relief from his difficulties, nor any new and profound views on the important subjects he was investigating. Strongly attached as he was to liberty and progress, he earnestly protested against violent changes and popular excesses. He expresses a fervent hope that the result of the struggle in England 'would be of a nature to reassure the friends of order and liberty, those great foundations of society threatened by blind and extreme parties.' But he has also as strong a conviction of the necessity of making concessions in accordance with the spirit of the times. 'Nothing has shaken,' he writes, 'my faith in the principle of free trade; on the contrary, that which has taken place in England since the new direction given by Huskisson to the customs system has fully confirmed my original views.'

Thus prepared by long study, by an intimate acquaintance with our literature, our political institutions, and the history of our public men, Cavour was better fitted than probably any young traveller had ever before been to make the utmost of a visit to England. He was eminently fortunate in finding a guide ready to receive him in his friend Mr. Brockedon, who had from the first appreciated his abilities and his character, and had foretold his future greatness. The very divergence of their opinions rather sharpened Cavour's zeal for inquiry, and led him to examine into many things which might otherwise have escaped his notice. Mr. Brockedon's skill and ingenuity as a mechanician, to which we owe some of the most useful inventions of our time, his position as a man of letters, his connexion with the principal scientific and literary societies, his reputation as an artist, and his generous,

rous, manly, and genial disposition, rendered him singularly well qualified to direct the attention of his friend to that which was best worthy of it in this country. Chiefly under his guidance Cavour visited the great public and private institutions and establishments of London and the manufacturing districts, inquired into the principles upon which they were managed, and examined the wonderful inventions and improvements in mechanics which have been the cause of the vast development of the resources and commerce of England. He completed his inquiries by spending some time in Scotland and Ireland.

The political and social condition of this country was of special interest to him. He investigated with the utmost eagerness, but at the same time with the calm, penetrating, and business-like judgment of a statesman, the great problems of the day. Nothing is more striking in his early letters than the love of truth and the desire of attaining to it that they display. Marvelling as he did at the wealth and freedom of England, he did not suffer his enthusiasm to mislead him. He had prepared himself to examine dispassionately the sources of her greatness, not as a mere curious man, but as a practical one. Blue books, parliamentary returns, papers on financial, social, and industrial questions, improvements in manufactures, husbandry, and agriculture, reports upon factories, schools, poor-laws, and trade, even treatises on the laying out and management of flower and botanical gardens, were all read with the same ardour, and illustrated and verified by his own inquiries.

His attention was especially turned to our parliamentary proceedings. He was constantly present at the debates in the House of Commons, and soon attained that acquaintance with its complicated modes of procedure, with the tactics of its leaders, and with the rules observed in discussion, which subsequently proved of such singular advantage to him. It was an interesting and encouraging sight to observe this young Italian nobleman, endowed with all the vivacity and imagination of his countrymen, with a ready and brilliant wit, and with the most pleasing manners, renouncing the seductive pleasures of society, and giving himself heart and soul to the dry study of those profound questions which had engaged the greatest thinkers of the age. It would have been well for Italy had she possessed many such men. The hour of her regeneration would not have been so long delayed.

We have entered somewhat fully into these details, because they furnish the key to Cavour's subsequent success, and to his political character. Nothing can be more interesting than the study of the youth of a great man, than to mark the early dawn of

of his intellect, and to trace the first tendency of his mind. The lives of most men are shadowed out before they are five-and-twenty. The impulse given to the thoughts and disposition by that time generally continues in the same direction with little change. The foundation is laid, development alone ensues. No one who has carefully examined the career of Cavour, or who knew him, will be inclined to doubt that his early study of the great questions then chiefly agitated, and nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in England, mainly influenced his future life, and led to the formation of those opinions, and to the adoption of those principles, upon which he subsequently acted when called into the service of his country. He scarcely ever made a speech or wrote a paper in which some allusion to England will not be found, in which he does not summon, as justifying a policy or a principle, the great names of Chatham, of Pitt, of Canning, or of Peel, in which he does not point to a maxim or a rule of the House of Commons for the guidance of the Italian Chambers, in which he does not show that he was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the English constitution. His admiration for England—not an irrational, blind, or frivolous admiration as his enemies wished Italy to believe, but a deep earnest reverence for those principles which had led to her greatness and her freedom—subsequently earned for him the title of which he certainly felt no shame, of the ‘Anglomane.’ Cavour’s visit to England was the turning-point of his life. Its fruits were soon visible. He had already, in 1835, published an account of the English poor-law; and one of his first literary works when he was again settled in Turin was a paper upon Ireland, published during the winter of 1843-44, in two parts, in the ‘Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève.’ It attracted general attention. A translation was published in this country in 1845. This remarkable production has rather the character of a state paper than of a pamphlet written upon an exciting topic of the day. It is calm, dispassionate, and entirely free from those exaggerated notions which usually characterise a foreigner’s view of this subject. Many specific measures which he suggests in it have since been carried out. Amongst others, the establishment of a line of steamers between the extreme point of the county of Clare and America, by which he contends the communication between the two countries would shortly be reduced to a seven-days’ voyage—a striking instance of his foresight, and an argument in favour of the Galway contract which unluckily escaped Father Daly’s friends and clients on a recent occasion.

Cavour, by his pen and his connexion with several public institutions,

institutions, had now begun to take an active part in public affairs. On the 25th of August, 1842, the King, Charles Albert, had approved by a royal patent the '*Società Agraria*,' of which Cavour had been one of the originators, and of which he was soon after appointed resident councillor. Its ostensible object was the improvement of agriculture, and of the arts and sciences connected with it; but the founders of the society had other ends in view. It was their intention that it should become a bond of union between men of liberal opinions, and should ultimately open the way to the establishment of a constitution in Piedmont. Other questions than those strictly relating to agriculture were, consequently, discussed at their meetings and in their journals. Their principal organ was the '*Gazetta dell' Associazione Agraria*,' to which Cavour became the principal contributor. His articles at once attracted attention by their boldness, the novelty of their opinions upon Free Trade, and their advocacy of constitutional institutions. He especially opposed the establishment, by the Government, of model farms which were then much in public favour. He entered into an examination of the condition of agriculture in Piedmont, and contended that it was not for the State to undertake experiments at the public expense, but that the true mode of developing the resources of a country was to encourage the industry of the people and to remove all restriction upon it, by wise and liberal laws; that all real progress came from their intelligence, and not from the interference of their rulers. These broad and liberal views produced their political effect. Insensibly, and without exciting the jealousy or suspicion of the Government, they gave an impulse to that intellectual movement which owed its origin mainly to Gioberti, Balbo, Massimo d'Azeglio, and other eminent Piedmontese, who, by their writings, were preparing the way for constitutional freedom. Amongst the papers which he published at this time were a comprehensive inquiry into the subject of railways for Italy, and an able argument against Communist doctrines.

Finding too limited a scope for the expression of his political opinions in his '*Agricultural Journal*,' he founded in 1847, with his friends Cesare Balbo, Santa Rosa, Boncompagni, Castelli, and other men of moderate constitutional views, the '*Risorgimento*,' of which he became the editor. The principles of the new periodical were announced to be, 'independence of Italy; union between the princes and peoples; progress in the path of reform; and a league between the Italian states.'

Cavour now threw himself into more active political life. One of his first public acts was to unite with his colleagues in the
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press in calling upon the King of Naples to abandon his anti-Italian policy for the course of reform then followed by Pius IX., the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Charles Albert, 'in the policy of Providence, of pardon, of civilization, and of Christian charity.' In the beginning of the eventful year 1848 a meeting had been called of the principal political leaders in Turin, to consider the steps to be taken with regard to a petition from the inhabitants of Genoa to the King, demanding, amongst other measures, the expulsion of the Jesuits and the organisation of a national guard. After several persons present had given their opinion that a deputation from the capital should accompany that from Genoa to present the petition, Cavour exclaimed with great vehemence, 'Why should we ask in a roundabout way for concessions which end in little or nothing? I propose that we should petition the King to concede to us the inestimable benefits of public discussion in face of the country, in which the opinions, the interests, and the wants of the whole nation shall be represented. I propose that we should ask for a constitution.' Whilst this proposition was approved by the more moderate of those present, the extreme democrats, with the exception of Signor Brofferio, declared themselves against it. Out of this division of opinion grew the two parties in the Piedmontese parliament; of one of which, the Constitutional, Cavour became the recognised leader.

He himself informed the King of what had passed at the meeting, assuring him that the Constitutional party had no other object in view than the support of the throne and the true interests of the people united with those of government. Shortly afterwards Charles Albert, on the petition of the municipality of Turin, granted a constitution. Cavour was named a member of the commission, of which Balbo was the president, to draw up a scheme for the election of deputies. He took the principal part in its proceedings, and prepared the electoral law, which, with some modifications, is now that of Italy. The first electoral college of Turin sent him to the new chamber as its representative. He at once assumed a first place in the assembly by the ability, the vigour, and the matter of his speeches.

The events of 1848 seemed to promise at last a day of freedom for Italy. He shared in the general hope, and did not even shrink from advocating with enthusiasm the declaration of war against Austria, and the union of Lombardy to Piedmont. When the King seemed to waver in his decision of advancing to the assistance of the Milanese, Cavour urged Balbo to proclaim himself dictator, and to march upon Milan, declaring that he was ready to accompany

accompany him barefooted. After the defeat of Custoza he actually enrolled himself as a simple volunteer. The armistice concluded at Milan, however, rendered it unnecessary for him to join the army. But in common with the wisest and most moderate of his countrymen, he soon became alarmed at the pretensions and excesses of the democratic party. He declared himself unhesitatingly against their doctrines and their policy, and foretold the dangers into which they were hurrying Italy. He exposed them in the 'Risorgimento,' and in his speeches; and thus earned for himself that hatred which never flagged to the day of his death. They, on the other hand, threatened and denounced him as a retrograde, and, what was far worse in the eyes of the extreme party, as a moderate. The dangerous and unbecoming practice of permitting the public in the galleries to signify their approval or displeasure was then at its height.* Cavour was assailed with a storm of hisses. His speeches were interrupted by shouts and uproar, whilst the attacks upon him were received with rounds of applause. He had the courage to resist this indecent tumult, and to call upon the President to clear the galleries. 'Hisses and noise,' he exclaimed on one occasion, 'will never prevent me from speaking the truth. He who interrupts me does not injure me alone. Every one of my colleagues shares the insult with me.'

He had now become so unpopular that, when the King was compelled to form a Democratic Ministry under Gioberti and to dissolve the Chambers, an unknown candidate was chosen in preference to him by the city of Turin as its representative. He continued to condemn the policy of the extreme party in the 'Risorgimento,' but at the same time he gave his support to those measures of Gioberti, which from their moderate character so exasperated the democrats that when that Minister proposed to interfere in Tuscany to check the misrule of the Republicans he was obliged to resign.

We need only refer to the fatal events of 1849. The folly, the jealousies, and the excesses of the Democratic party in Italy, and the weak and treacherous policy of France, had ruined the cause of Italian freedom. The battle of Novara had left Piedmont prostrate at the feet of Austria. French Republicans had illustrated their doctrine of universal fraternity by shooting down their brother Republicans at Rome. Venice, deserted by La-

* Every friend of Italy must regret that this most fatal practice still exists. It should be put a stop to at all risks. So long as it is permitted, constitutional liberty will be in danger. The President has a right to clear the galleries; but he appears to exercise but little control over their occupants.

martine and his Government, who had betrayed her to Austria, and had sought to place the shame on England, fell after a glorious resistance, giving an example of noble sacrifice which alone casts any lustre upon the history of that unhappy period. Tuscany, wearied by a state of uncertainty, and alarmed at the prospect of invasion, invited the Grand Duke to return. Men of moderate opinions throughout Italy had long separated themselves from the extreme party represented by Mazzini and his colleagues. They had held aloof from all share in the events of this year of revolution. This is a fact which has too often been lost sight of. It furnishes, however, the key to much that has since taken place. It was Ricasoli and the leaders of the constitutional party who recalled the Grand Ducal family to Tuscany. Even Gioberti himself proposed that the Pope should be invited back to Rome.

It was an immense advantage to the restored princes to have been thus brought back by the most intelligent and moderate of their subjects. It rested chiefly with them to render the reconciliation permanent. The occasion was lost through distrust and fear of those they governed (not an unusual accompaniment of restorations), and a reckless disregard of their rights and feelings. A moderate, conciliatory, and just policy might at that moment have united princes and peoples. All that the wisest and most influential men in Italy asked was a federal union of the different states in the Peninsula upon a liberal and constitutional basis, from which even the House of Austria was not to be excluded. But concession was obstinately refused. The Italian states, again brought under the direct influence of Austria, were governed in a jealous and severe spirit, some of them with a cruelty which roused the indignation of Europe. In their bitter disappointment the hopes of the Italians were turned to Piedmont, and that kingdom necessarily became the rallying-point for Italian freedom; so that the position which she has since held was made for, and not by, her.

Cavour was re-elected a member of the Chambers in December, 1849. His foresight, and the justness of his views during the lamentable crisis through which the country had just passed, had now been fully recognised. The place which he accordingly held in public estimation, and the confidence reposed in him, rendered him peculiarly fitted to lead the constitutional party in Italy. In Piedmont alone could that party gather strength and influence; everywhere else it had been confounded and crushed with the democrats and republicans. The unfortunate Charles Albert had been succeeded by a young King who was willing to govern as a constitutional monarch,

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and who has since justified the trust placed in him. Even most of the republican leaders now saw that the sole hope of freedom for Italy rested in this constitutional party, and they determined to renounce their own views and to rally round it. Manin, the most virtuous, disinterested, and noble-minded of these men, after a visit to England, wrote his celebrated letter calling upon the republicans of all parts of Italy to give their entire support to Piedmont. Mazzini alone, pursuing his dark and mischievous plots and intrigues, preferred his selfish ends to the welfare and happiness of his country; but his followers had been so much discouraged, that his party was almost extinct, except where blind and cruel acts of despotism gave it temporary strength.

Cavour's popularity was soon increased by his vigorous and able support of the Siccardi law, abolishing ecclesiastical jurisdiction. He succeeded on this occasion in uniting the moderate men of all parties in the Chambers, and in forming that Parliamentary majority which enabled him subsequently to carry out his own policy. On the death of Santa Rosa (October 11, 1850), he was named his successor as Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. Soon afterwards he was, in addition, charged with the Department of Marine. One of his first acts was to call upon the syndics of the various provinces to abolish the local taxes upon bread, a measure which was received with general favour. Notwithstanding the difficulties with which he had to contend in the political and financial condition of the country, he lost no time in putting into practice those principles of free-trade which he had so long adopted, and of the truth of which he had so earnest a conviction. To this end he concluded treaties of commerce with England, Belgium, and other European Powers. His views met with determined opposition from both the retrograde and the extreme democratic sides of the Chambers. His desire to establish close and intimate relations with England was especially condemned as opposed to the traditional policy of Piedmont. The attacks upon him by the Protectionist party were at one time so violent that they led to a duel; not an uncommon end at that period to a Parliamentary contest. His adversary was the challenger. They fought with pistols at twenty-five paces, each combatant being allowed to advance five. Neither was hit after the first fire, and the quarrel was made up. Cavour behaved with great courage and with his usual calmness. Immediately before the duel he had made a long and excellent speech in the Chambers.

His Treaty of Navigation and Commerce with France was particularly obnoxious to the Savoyard members, who loudly demanded

manded protection for their wines and other articles of native produce. Cavour refuted their objections in a masterly speech, delivered on the 8th and 9th April, 1852, which showed his intimate knowledge of the subject of free-trade, and his perfect acquaintance with the resources of his country. It was spoken in French, as especially addressed to the Savoyards. A translation of it appeared soon after in England,* with an introduction, contributed by Cavour himself, in which he entered with great detail into the finances and taxation of Piedmont, and pointed out the changes he had already made, and those he had in contemplation. He shows how he had begun a radical reform of the customs tariff. The treaty with Belgium had reduced the duties affecting those branches of industry which had previously enjoyed the highest protection, such as threads and stuffs, woollen fabrics and iron; and other treaties with England, France, the Zollverein, Switzerland, Holland, and Austria had abolished almost all differential duties.

Cavour had long been revolving in his mind his great scheme for transferring the naval arsenal of Piedmont to the Gulf of Spezzia, and of rendering the harbour of Genoa worthy of the growing commerce of the country. As soon as he was Minister of Marine he entered with his usual eagerness into the preliminary inquiries. Municipal jealousies and political party-spirit ran so high in Genoa that they threatened for some time to thwart his project. He was even unable to obtain a dispassionate opinion upon the nature of the works required, and of their practicability. In his difficulty he had recourse to Mr. Brockedon, who prevailed upon Mr. Rendel, the well-known engineer, to visit Genoa, and to make a report upon the capabilities of the harbour and the works necessary for its improvement. Cavour in a characteristic letter dwells upon the confidence he places in the independent and trustworthy nature of an Englishman, points out the importance of Genoa to England as a commercial port in the Mediterranean, and warns us that 'Marseilles is not in the hands of our best friends.'

He was now the recognised leader of the majority in the Chambers. He had soon shown himself the only man capable of directing their deliberations by his tact, his knowledge of the principles of constitutional government, and his acquaintance with the forms of Parliamentary procedure. However, a difference of opinion with his colleagues, in opposition to whom he had succeeded in persuading the Chambers to elect Ratazzi as their president, led to the resignation of the Ministry, which was

* By R. H. Major, of the British Museum. Pickering, 1852.

reconstructed in a few days, with Massimo d'Azeglio at its head, but without Cavour. He took advantage of his exclusion from office to pay a hasty visit to England and France, and to renew the friendships he had formed with many of the most eminent men of both countries.*

A weak and vacillating Ministry could not long hold together when deprived of its ablest member. Having become involved in a serious dispute with the Holy See on the question of civil marriages, it resigned on the 26th of October. Cavour was called upon to form a Government, but, finding it impossible to come to terms with the Pope's agent, who put forward the monstrous pretension of the exclusive jurisdiction of Rome in all ecclesiastical matters, he withdrew. After several ineffectual attempts to bring together a Ministry, the King yielded to the condition upon which alone Cavour would accept office—resistance to the demands of Rome. He became the chief of a new Government, as President of the Council and Minister of Finance.

From this period is to be dated Cavour's career as the 'Minister of Italy,' and that bold and vigorous foreign and domestic policy which has enabled Piedmont to gather round her the whole Italian race, and to become, from a third-rate State of little importance, one of the Great Powers of Europe. During the following two years he passed a number of important measures which tended to develop the resources and increase the prosperity of Piedmont. A system of railroads was planned for the country, chiefly with the assistance of the able engineer Paleocapa, whom he named his Minister of Public Works. The principles of free-trade were further extended, and a convention was signed with England in 1854, for the reciprocal opening of the coasting-trade.

In 1854 the war broke out between the Western Powers and Russia. In January of the following year a treaty was concluded between England, France, and Sardinia, by which the latter agreed to send an army of 15,000, afterwards increased to 25,000 men, to the Crimea. This treaty—which was condemned at the time by many in this country, and met with a powerful opposition in the Sardinian Chambers, although it was well received

* It was during this visit to England that Cavour made that midnight excursion through the lowest and most filthy parts of London which was so characteristic of his desire to get at the bottom of everything, and to ascertain for himself the merits of those social questions in which he took so deep an interest. A very interesting and graphic description, from the pen of one of his companions, of that night's proceedings, when the lowest dens of infamy and vice were visited under the care of a London detective, has appeared in a weekly paper.

by the people at large—was a master-stroke of policy. It affords the strongest proof of the wisdom of its author, and would alone establish his claim to the title of a great statesman. That the Minister of a small State involved in most serious political and financial difficulties, and scarcely recovered from a terrible catastrophe which had exhausted her resources and had almost destroyed her army, should have calmly and in cold blood entered upon a war with a powerful empire, was an instance of daring for which a parallel can scarcely be found in history. But the step was not taken hastily, as the act of a desperate man, nor without calculating all the consequences it involved. On the contrary, Cavour's far-seeing mind had most completely anticipated them. In the great speech which he delivered in defence of his policy, he pointed out, with irresistible logic, its motives, and predicted with marvellous forethought its results.

After showing that with the Bosphorus and Dardanelles in her hands Russia would in time have the greatest naval arsenal in the world, which, with her vast military strength, would render her power irresistible, he exclaimed, 'I may be asked what matters it to us that Russia should have the mastery of the Mediterranean? It may be said that that mastery does not belong to Italy, nor to Sardinia; it is now the possession of England and of France; instead of two masters, the Mediterranean will have three. I cannot believe that such sentiments can find an echo in this Assembly. They would amount to a giving up of our hopes of the future!'

Rising, as he sometimes did, from the conversational tone in which his speeches were generally delivered, to impassioned eloquence, he ended by pouring forth these words of warning and advice to his countrymen:—

'How will this treaty, you will perhaps ask me, avail Italy? I will answer you; in the only way in which we—or in which perhaps any one—can help Italy in the present condition of Europe. The experience of past years, and of past centuries, has proved—has proved at least to my satisfaction—how little conspiracies, plots, revolutions, and ill-directed movements have profited Italy. So far from doing so, they have proved the greatest calamity which has afflicted this fair part of Europe; not only from the vast amount of human misery they have entailed, not only because they have been the cause and excuse for acts of increasing severity, but especially because these continual conspiracies, these repeated revolutions, these ineffectual risings, have had the effect of lessening the esteem, and even, to a certain extent, the sympathy which the other nations of Europe once felt for Italy.

'Now I believe that the first condition of any improvement in the fate of Italy, that which comes before all others, is that we should

should restore to her her good name, and so act that all nations, governments, and peoples should render justice to her great qualities. And to this end two things are necessary—first, that we should prove to Europe that Italy has sufficient civil virtue to govern herself with order and to form herself for liberty, and that she is capable of receiving the most perfect system of government known to us; and secondly, that we should show that in military virtue we are not inferior to our ancestors.

‘You have already rendered one service to Italy by the conduct you have pursued for seven years, proving in the clearest way to Europe that the Italians are able to govern themselves with wisdom, prudence, and loyalty. It remains for you to render her no less a service—if not even a greater—it remains for you to show that the sons of Italy can fight like brave men on the fields of glory. And I am persuaded that the laurels which our soldiers will gather in the plains of the East will profit more to the future of Italy than all that has been done by those who have thought by declamations and by writings to effect her regeneration.’

Cavour was not disappointed in the estimate he had formed of the Sardinian army. By their courage, their discipline, and their soldier-like qualities they established a reputation not inferior to that of the best troops in Europe. But what was of no less importance, the glory gained on the field of battle removed that feeling of discouragement which had arisen after the fatal defeat of Novara, and a nucleus of Italian soldiers was formed around which would be gathered in time an Italian army.

In the autumn of 1855 Cavour accompanied the King to France and England. He was received in this country with marks of the highest respect, and had opportunities not only of communicating officially with the members of the Government, but of seeing the principal political men of all parties, with whose opinions and history he had an intimate acquaintance which appeared extraordinary to those who were not acquainted with his habit of following our debates, and his power of remembering what he read. He attributed great importance to this short visit, principally because it enabled him to place his own views as to the future of Italy, which had been greatly misunderstood, before the most influential leaders of public opinion.

What Cavour had so clearly foreseen now came to pass. The treaty of alliance with England and France made Italy. Austria knew it well from the first—hence her undisguised jealousy of it. From henceforth Italy was to be recognised as a nation, and to take her place accordingly in the councils of Europe. Peace was to be concluded by conferences in which the Great Powers were to be represented. Sardinia claimed her right to be present as a belligerent. In spite of the remonstrances of

Austria she was admitted, and Cavour brought before the assembled statesmen the condition of Italy. For the first time the national wishes and hopes had been expressed by an Italian in a European council. For the first time Italy had been heard in her own justification and defence; and, fortunately for her, she had found an advocate in the most able, the most wise, and the most moderate of her sons. Cavour made a deep impression upon his colleagues by the clearness of his views, and the singular ability with which he urged them. He spoke seldom, but always to the point; and his opinions had much weight. Unable to enter fully into the Italian question at the conferences, he addressed two state papers upon it to Lord Clarendon.* In them he proved, by indisputable facts, how impossible it was for Piedmont to develop her material resources, or her free institutions, whilst hemmed in on all sides by Austrian bayonets, exposed to endless intrigues, and compelled for her own safety to make a constant drain upon her finances. It is evident by his language in the Congress, and by these documents, that Cavour still looked to a solution of the Italian difficulty in the withdrawal of the French and Austrian troops from the territories of the Pope, and in a reform of the Italian governments themselves. His plan—at any rate for the temporary settlement of the question—was a confederation of Italian states with constitutional institutions, and a guarantee of complete independence from the direct interference and influence of Austria; and the secularisation of the Legations with a lay vicar under the suzerainty of the Pope. At that time he would have been even willing to acquiesce in the occupation of Lombardy by Austria, had she bound herself to keep within the limits of the treaty of 1815. Had Austria shown more wisdom and moderation, there can be little doubt that the excuse for French intervention would have been removed, and that the great struggle which has since taken place in Italy might have been deferred for many years.

The language of Cavour at the Conferences of Paris had only tended to embitter the relations between Austria and Sardinia. Mutual recriminations led at length to the recall of the Austrian Minister from Turin, on the 16th of March, 1857, followed by the withdrawal of the Sardinian Minister from Vienna. War now became sooner or later inevitable. Neither the finances nor the political condition of Sardinia could bear the presence of a vast and threatening army on her frontiers.

* Correspondence with Sardinia respecting the State of Affairs in Italy. *Parl. Papers*, 1856.

On the other hand, constitutional institutions and a free press in Piedmont, the gathering-place of refugees from all parts of the Peninsula, who fomented discontent in the neighbouring states, were incompatible with the tranquillity of Lombardy. Open war was preferable to this hostile peace. Austria increased her troops by sending about 50,000 men across the Alps. Cavour asked the Chambers to sanction a loan of forty millions of lire to enable the Government to prepare for any events. He was resolutely opposed by the reactionary party, but obtained a majority after a remarkable speech delivered during the best part of two days' sittings.

Unfortunately the good understanding which had hitherto existed between Cavour and the English Ministry had suffered since the Treaty of Paris. In advocating with France the union of the Danubian Principalities, he had opposed our policy. He pleaded that Lord Clarendon himself had, in the first instance, taken a similar view, and that it was unjust to demand that he should change his opinion merely because England had changed hers. This slight estrangement was increased by the temporary cession of Villafranca to Russia as a harbour for commercial steamers and a coal depôt. In consenting to this arrangement, which conferred no territorial rights, Cavour wished to conciliate that power now that the object of the Crimean campaign had been attained, and desired at the same time to aim a blow at Austria, whose great mercantile steam association, the 'Austrian Lloyd,' was threatened by the establishment of the rival Russian company for the navigation of the Black and Mediterranean Seas. The English Government, not unnaturally, suspected that Russia had ulterior objects in view, and that the fine vessels built for her were not solely intended for passengers and trade.

These differences with the English Government, and the absence of anything more than a cold sympathy on its part in the quarrel with Austria, led Cavour to turn for aid to France. He felt that the war which was impending, a war in which the very existence of Piedmont as a free state would be imperilled, rendered a close alliance with that nation absolutely necessary. Overtures were consequently made to the Emperor which led to the celebrated interview at Plombières in the autumn of 1858. On that occasion an arrangement was come to, soon afterwards to be ratified by the marriage of the daughter of Victor Emmanuel with Prince Napoleon. Its first result was the memorable speech addressed by the Emperor to Baron Hubner on the first day of the new year—the signal for alarm throughout Europe and for hope in Italy. Still Cavour believed that war would be

deferred. He nevertheless obtained from the Chambers another loan of fifty millions of lire to place the country in a state of defence; justifying this step in a very able circular addressed to the Sardinian Ministers at foreign courts. For a time the abortive Congress proposed by Russia gave some hopes of peace. But the change of Government in England, misunderstood by Austria, led her to believe that a change of policy would follow, and encouraged her in refusing concessions which might have averted a war. When asked in the early spring whether hostilities were imminent, Cavour still expressed a belief that Austria would shrink from them. 'When,' added he, 'you hear that I have intrusted Garibaldi with high command, you may be certain that war is inevitable.' Suddenly that celebrated chief was named commander of the corps of volunteers. One morning a rough-bearded man, wearing a slouched felt hat and a countryman's blouse, demanded an audience of the Minister. Declining to give his name, he was refused admittance; but as he insisted upon seeing the Count, the servant went to his master, and, describing the uncouth appearance of the stranger, warned him of the risk of receiving unknown persons. 'Let him come in,' said Cavour in his good-natured way: 'it is probably some poor devil who has a petition to make to me.' It was Garibaldi. Cavour had never seen him before. A long interview gave him the highest opinion of the character and capacity of this remarkable man, whom he made up his mind to employ as soon as the time for actual war had arrived.

On the 25th of March Cavour paid a hasty visit to the Emperor at Paris, and at a final interview came to a full understanding with him as to the course to be pursued in the event of the breaking out of hostilities. Still neither France nor Piedmont was thoroughly prepared for war when, on the 19th of April, Count Buol sent his ultimatum, demanding the immediate disarmament of Sardinia, and allowing three days for a reply. Cavour called together the Chambers at once, and, in a short speech, proposed that the Constitution should be temporarily suspended, and that full powers should be conferred upon the King. The ultimatum was rejected, and on the 29th the Austrians crossed the Ticino. The French troops, still unprepared for a campaign, wanting supplies and ammunition, and even a proper medical staff, were partly hurried across the Alps, and partly sent by sea to Genoa. Delays and incapacity on the side of the enemy gave the French and Sardinian armies time to unite and to occupy the principal defensive positions. The withdrawal of the Austrian troops from the Legations, and a series of disastrous defeats, ending in the great battle of Solferino, left

left the French the masters of all Central and Northern Italy except Venetia. During this eventful period the activity and energy of Cavour were surprising. He always rose between three and four o'clock; indeed, it was his common habit when in office to make appointments for six o'clock in the morning, winter and summer. He superintended the administration of almost every department of the State. In a series of masterly circulars, addressed to the Sardinian diplomatic agents abroad, he explained the situation of affairs, and boldly declared his policy. The rapid success of the allied armies seemed to have placed within his reach the object of a life of toil and hope—a free and united Italy. It may, then, be imagined with what dismay and sorrow he received the news, almost by accident, of the interview of the two Emperors at Villafranca, and the conclusion of the armistice, which was to end in peace.

For a moment he seems to have lost his usual control over himself. He felt that his country had been betrayed, her dignity offended, and his own pride mortified, by the step which had been taken by the Emperor without consulting either his sovereign or himself. He remonstrated urgently with the King, insisted that the terms of peace should be rejected, the Piedmontese armies withdrawn from Lombardy, and the Emperor left to carry out his policy as best he could. The King was in favour of calmer counsels. He felt that much had been gained by a great addition to his territories secured by treaty. Cavour insisted that to accept the proposed conditions would be to betray the Italian cause and those who had already compromised themselves in its behalf. He pointed out the infamy of calling upon men to rise on one day, and then to abandon them on the next to those who never forgot or forgave, and upon whom the most solemn pledges were not binding. But these arguments were urged in vain. Overcome by his feelings, the indignant statesman is believed to have addressed words to the King which led to his dismissal from the royal presence. He resigned at once, and retired to his farm at Leri. He refused even to see the Emperor, declining an invitation sent to him to dine at the Imperial table.

During the period of his retirement from office Cavour lived mostly at Leri. Although his mind was engrossed with public affairs, he found time to attend to the management of his brother's estates and his own. Many of his friends visited him. The railway station nearest to the small village adjoining the farm is Livorno, between Turin and Novara. There the Count's carriage was usually in waiting, and a rapid drive over a road deep in mud or furrowed with ruts, according to the season of the year, brought

brought his guests to Leri. The dwellinghouse itself is one of those buildings common in this part of Italy, distinguished more by its picturesque neglect than by any architectural pretensions. In front is an extensive court-yard, surrounded by stables and granaries, the outer walls of which are hung with graceful festoons of grapes, or with the golden heads of the Indian corn. A few rooms had been added to the farm for the comfort of visitors. But Cavour himself usually inhabited a small half-furnished chamber in which he transacted business. On a holiday his 'fattore' or bailiff, the village doctor and priest, and one or two farmers of the neighbourhood, generally dined with him at his mid-day meal. In appearance and dress he was not unlike one of them. His simple, easy manners, his hearty laugh, and his cordial greeting were those of an honest country gentleman. There never was a man who looked less like a statesman upon whom rested the fate of nations. He was full of frolic and fun. He would slyly hint to the doctor that the stranger who had just arrived was Mazzini himself, or he would invent for the priest, with the humour and gravity of Charles Lamb, some marvellous story of the discoveries in unknown regions made by an English traveller who had joined the party. He would enjoy the joke like a very child, rubbing his hands quickly together, as he was wont to do when pleased, and keeping up the 'mystification' with infinite relish. But if one of his neighbours asked him a political question, he would reply as if he were addressing the Chambers, explaining the facts with the greatest clearness, and giving his own opinion upon them. This was the time to see the real character of the man; to understand that union of rare qualities which made him the idol of the Piedmontese people, and led them almost to overlook the greatness of the statesman in their love for his personal worth.

When the meal was over, and the guests, as is the custom of the country, had dispersed, Cavour resumed his gravity, without losing the extreme simplicity of his manner. Under the outward calm and good humour there lurked a feeling of deep indignation against the French Emperor. He chafed and fretted at the check which had been given to his magnificent schemes for the liberation of all Italy; but he was comforted by the confidence which his countrymen had placed in his patriotism and wisdom, and by the unexampled constancy and prudence they had shown in an hour of the severest trial. He felt that his temporary retirement would ultimately secure the triumph of the great cause with which his name and fame were for ever connected. Above all, he rejoiced at the manner in which the tortuous and uncertain policy

policy of the Emperor had been baffled by the uncompromising firmness of the Italians themselves.

Of the character and policy of Louis Napoleon he was accustomed to speak with much freedom. No one had had better opportunities than Cavour of sounding their depths. He was the only living man who had ventured to grapple with him face to face, and who had used him for his purpose. The estimate he had formed of his capacity was not a high one, but he fully admitted his fertility of resource, his physical and moral courage, and his knowledge of the people he governs. 'He has no definite policy,' he remarked to an English friend. 'He has a number of political ideas floating in his mind, none of them matured. They would seem to be convictions founded upon instinct. He will not steadily pursue any single idea if a serious obstacle presents itself, but will give way, and take up another. This is the "*mot de l'énigme*" to his policy. It is by steadily keeping this in view that I have succeeded in thwarting his designs, or in inducing him to adopt a measure. The only principle—if principle it can be called—which connects together these various ideas, is the establishment of his dynasty and the conviction that the best way to secure it is by feeding the national vanity of the French people. He found France, after the fall of the Orleanist and Republican governments, holding but a second place amongst the great Powers; he has raised her to the very first. Look at his wars, look at his foreign policy; he has never gone one step beyond what was absolutely necessary to attain this one object. The principle ostentatiously put forward in the first instance has been forgotten or discarded as soon as his immediate end has been accomplished. It was so in the war with Russia; it has been so in the war with Austria. In the Crimea he was satisfied with the success of his army in the capture of Sebastopol, which took from the English troops the glory they had earned by their admirable devotion and courage, and to which they would have added had the war continued. In the struggle with Austria he was astounded by the greatness of the victories of Magenta and Solferino. The military glory of France had been satiated, and he thought no more of the liberty of Italy, of that free and united nation which he was to have called into existence from the Alps to the Adriatic.

'It is this uncertain policy, guided by dynastic and selfish considerations, which makes him so dangerous to you, and which renders it necessary that you should ever be on your guard. Not that he is hostile to England, or that he has any definite design against her. On the contrary, he has much affection for your country.

country. He is a man of generous impulses, and has strong feelings of gratitude towards those who have served and befriended him. At the bottom of his heart he is greatly attached to Italy. His earliest recollections are bound up with her. He is to this day a "carbonaro" in his desire for Italian freedom and hatred of Austria. He has not forgotten the kindness and hospitality shown to him when an exile in England. He admires your institutions and the character of the English people. But all this is as nothing when compared with the maintenance of his dynasty, the establishment of which he looks upon almost in the light of a religious obligation. If the moment came when he thought a sacrifice necessary to sustain it, however great that sacrifice might be, however painful or repugnant to his feelings, he would make it.

'No one has had better opportunities of knowing him than I have. He has talked to me with the greatest openness of his future plans. But he has invariably assured me at the same time that his first object was to maintain peace and a good understanding with England. I believe,' he solemnly added, 'that from policy as well as from affection such are his views; and that only in a moment of the utmost emergency, when he was convinced that his influence in France depended upon it, would he depart from them. But that moment may come, and you would be madmen if you were not prepared for it.'

As regards the Peace of Villafranca, Cavour attributed it to no distinct policy, but rather to a variety of motives:—'There is no profound secret or mystery about it,' he said; 'it was rather an impulse than the result of any well-considered design. Two splendid victories had added sufficiently to the glory of the French arms. The horrible scenes he had witnessed on the field of battle had made a deep impression upon him. He felt much disgust at the quarrels amongst his generals, who were sacrificing the honour of their country to personal jealousies. Then there were the heat, the dust, and the labour, for he did not spare himself; indeed, he did everything. His exertions and the fatigue he went through were amazing. His health was beginning to give way. He had had enough of campaigning and its hardships, and was anxious to get back to Paris. To add to all this he could not resist the temptation of dealing in person with a legitimate Emperor, as his uncle had done before him, of imposing, without consulting any one, the conditions of peace, and of earning at the same time, by his generosity and moderation, the gratitude, and perhaps eventual support, of a still powerful, though vanquished enemy. These various motives and con-

siderations

siderations together led him to abandon the great cause in which he had embarked, and to forget the proclamations, the promises, and the hopes of the day before.'

Cavour was convinced that the difficulties of an attack upon the Quadrilateral had been greatly exaggerated. He believed that the fortresses would have soon fallen. The result of subsequent inquiries made by the Austrian Government itself into the state of Mantua and Verona fully confirmed his opinion. After the fatal day of Solferino a panic had seized the Austrian army. The result of the battle was first known in Verona by a vast rabble of soldiers and camp followers blocking up the gates leading into the city. The greatest disorder prevailed even in the forts, which were without the necessary guns and ammunition, and in some of which the troops had been gained over. At the same time the inhabitants of the city were ready to rise. It is believed that Louis Napoleon was not unacquainted with these facts, and that he urged them upon the Emperor of Austria at Villafranca to obtain his acceptance of the conditions of peace.

The following anecdote illustrates the fickle and uncertain character of the French Emperor. Before the battle of Magenta, the critical position of his army had caused him the deepest anxiety. He had almost made up his mind that a defeat was imminent. It was even feared by his ally that he would throw up the game, and enter into a precipitate peace. Through incredible mismanagement the Austrians were completely defeated. The Emperor lodged the night after the battle in the house of the parish priest of the town around which the bloody contest had raged. When he had left in the morning, his humble host sought for some memorial of the great man. At length a sheet of paper, crumpled up, was taken from the empty fireplace. It was the rough draft of the famous proclamation of Milan. The depression of the previous days had been succeeded, after the wonderful victory, by unbounded elation. Now everything appeared within the Emperor's reach, and he called upon the Italians to be soldiers to-day, that they might be citizens on the morrow.

After the resignation of Cavour several ineffectual attempts were made to form a ministry. At length his strong hand was succeeded by the feeble grasp of Ratazzi and La Marmora. But from his farm at Leri he really governed Italy. His fame had never been greater; the confidence felt in him by his countrymen never more complete. The peace of Villafranca had been received with one feeling of scorn and indignation. By his opposition to it he had gained unbounded popularity.

popularity. Encouraged by his example, and strengthened by his advice, the Italians made a stern and effectual protest against the treaty by simply refusing to fulfil its conditions, and to receive back the Princes they had expelled.

It was evident that no ministry of which he was not the head could stand. Those who had succeeded him were soon sending day by day, almost hour by hour, to consult him. It was not long before he was invited to attend the meetings of the Cabinet. A reconciliation took place with the King, and Cavour was named the representative of Piedmont to the Congress of Paris, which was to have settled the affairs of Italy, but which never met. In the beginning of 1860 the Ratazzi Ministry resigned, and he again became Prime Minister.

Cavour had scarcely returned to office when it became known that the Emperor had demanded the cession of Nice and Savoy. His conduct in the negotiations which ensued has been severely censured. It is consequently of much importance to his fame that it should be cleared up. We believe that, if he made promises on the subject of the two provinces, it was with the earnest intention of keeping them. We are confident, from information derived from authentic sources, from our knowledge of his character, and from his love of truth, that when the whole history of these transactions is known his reputation will not suffer.

To understand this question fully we must go back some years. It is admitted that Savoy, although the ancient inheritance of the royal house which now rules Italy, might, from the language, habits, and sympathies of a considerable portion of its population, and by its geographical position, be naturally coveted by a government like that of France. Accordingly, whenever a favourable opportunity has occurred, it has been occupied as a French province. Its permanent annexation to France was not, therefore, the peculiar policy of Louis Napoleon—it had long been the wish of the French people. The price that Italy was to pay for the help of France in a successful struggle against Austria had been fixed at the surrender of Nice and Savoy long before he came to the throne. The Republican party had haggled over it when there was a question of forming in 1848 and 1849 a 'Sub-alpine' kingdom by the union of Lombardy and Venetia to Piedmont.* It is altogether a mistake to suppose that the question was a personal one between the Emperor and Cavour, or that the idea was a new one put forward for the first time

* This clearly appears from the important and interesting collection of papers of Daniel Manin, recently published. ('*Documents et Pièces authentiques laissés par D. Manin.*' Paris, 1860.)

at Plombières. On that occasion the Emperor suggested that, in the event of a strong Italian kingdom being formed on the southern slopes of the Alps by the addition of Lombardy and Venetia to Sardinia, France would recur to her old claim for compensation in Savoy and Nice, without the surrender of which he would be unable to justify to his subjects the sacrifice of blood and treasure entailed by a great war. Cavour's reply was, we believe, almost in the following words:—‘Sire, if Italy free, completely united, and recognised by all Europe, should one day take her place amongst the great powers, and Savoy and Nice should of their own accord ask to be united to France, I will not say that we should not consent to consult the wishes of their populations. But this will be your work: we would never agree to a compulsory cession or an exchange.’ There was this tacit understanding, but no written agreement or bargain. It was known everywhere in Europe, except, it would appear, in the English Cabinet, that France would claim the two provinces if the war ended in the aggrandisement of Piedmont by the addition of Lombardy and Venetia. No French government was likely to do otherwise. It was its traditional policy.*

The peace having left Venetia to Austria, the Emperor renounced for the time his claim. That such was the case the following anecdote will show. So great was the agitation at Milan after Villafranca that the authorities feared a manifestation of hostile feeling against the Emperor on his public entrance after Solferino. Although an actual demonstration was prevented, the attitude of the population was too significant to escape his notice. In expressing to the governor of the city his surprise at their ingratitude, he used these words—‘It is true that you have lost Venice, but you have saved Savoy and Nice.’ Still he had not abandoned his design. To the astonishment of the Piedmontese Government their generous ally claimed at Zurich sixty millions of francs as an indemnity for war-expenses. It was hinted at the same time that, if the money were not ready, the two provinces would be accepted as an equivalent. But the pecuniary claim was admitted, and, to the disappointment of France, paid.

Our readers will recollect that on the 8th of July, 1859, Count Walewski stated to Lord Cowley that the Emperor had abandoned all idea of annexing Savoy to France. The French Government has, however, distinctly asserted, that between July and December of that year the intention of France to demand that pro-

* Despatch from M. de Thouvenel to the Count de Persigny of Feb. 4, 1860. (*‘Documents Diplomatiques,’* published by the French Government. Paris, 1861.)

vince and Nice, in case of any considerable increase of the territory of Piedmont, was formally notified to the English Ministry. M. de Thouvenel goes even further, and declares that M. de Persigny had actually suggested to the English Government that it should take the initiative, and should itself propose that Savoy should be annexed to France.* It is somewhat curious that these assertions should not have received any denial or explanation.

When the Duchies, the Legations, and Tuscany, in defiance of remonstrances and threats, persisted in rejecting his scheme for an Italian confederation, the Emperor insisted upon the cession of the two provinces. Cavour resisted the demand on the grounds that Venetia had not been added to Piedmont, and that the annexation of the new territory was effected by the populations themselves, not only without the aid, but in spite of France. He hoped at first in the generosity of Louis Napoleon, and, when that hope was gone, in the decided expression of public opinion in England, which he believed would prevail with the Emperor. By a comparison of dates† it will appear that until the middle of February, 1860, Cavour had stated to the English Government that the King had entered into no engagement either 'to cede, exchange, or sell Savoy and Nice to France.' The declaration of the Governor of Chambery to the same effect to the deputation of Savoyards was made on the 1st of the month. Up to the 5th no decision had been come to in France on the question, although it had been discussed for some time previously. On the 9th the Emperor, in a conversation with Lord Cowley, for the first time intimated his intention of 'claiming a proper frontier for France.' On the 24th M. de Thouvenel, in a despatch to M. de Talleyrand containing the new French scheme for the settlement of the Italian question to be submitted to the Sardinian Government, formally puts forward the demand for the cession of the two provinces. The negotiations for this purpose made so little progress owing to the determined resistance of Cavour, that the Emperor, in order to be in time for the opening of the French Chambers, sent to Turin M. Benedetti, who enjoyed his complete confidence, and had the reputation of being a sterner and perhaps more unscrupulous diplomatist than M. de Talleyrand. A hint from him that the Emperor, in the event of Cavour still persisting in his refusal, had determined to withdraw the French troops from Italy through Tuscany—or, in other words,

* 'Documents Diplomatiques,' p. 70.

† The facts above stated will appear clearly by a comparison of the various despatches and documents on the subject laid before Parliament.

that he intended either to occupy that state or to replace the Grand Duke—brought the negotiations to an end. On the 1st of March the Emperor announced in his speech to the Legislative Assembly the approaching rectification of the French frontiers, and two days afterwards Cavour in a despatch to the Sardinian Envoy at Paris admitted the right of the populations of Savoy and Nice to express their wishes as to annexation to France, but still declares that the King will never voluntarily consent to cede or exchange either province.

It would be unfair to overlook the enormous difficulties with which Cavour had to contend in this question. He had to choose between assent to the Emperor's demand, however unjust and ungenerous, and the sacrifice of his great scheme so near its accomplishment for the liberty and unity of Italy. Had he refused to make the sacrifice, and had the hopes of Italy been rudely disappointed, what would have been the feelings of the Italians themselves? Would they not have looked upon him as a traitor to the national cause? They were willing to pay the price demanded by the Emperor. There was no voice raised from one end of Italy to the other against Cavour for acceding to it. Even in the Chambers scarcely any but the deputies of the province of Nice protested against it. The strategical importance to France of the ceded provinces, so much dwelt upon in England, was denied in Italy. They might be useful to France for defence, but not for attack. In case of a war with that power, it was urged, Savoy would have to be abandoned at once. Seventy or eighty thousand men could not be left on the other side of the Alps, with the risk of being driven into a corner, or of being cut off by a successful descent on the Italian coasts. Savoy, it was true, had furnished valuable troops to Piedmont; but, as Cavour had pointed out, if Italy is to rise again, she must rely upon the valour of her own sons. In the Chambers the Savoyard deputies had steadily opposed his liberal policy, and, under the influence of a bigoted priesthood, had ever been in opposition to the measures of progress and improvement which had raised Piedmont to her high position in Europe. Savoy was, moreover, too poor to contribute much to the resources of the kingdom. Cavour had often declared that she was the Ireland of Italy. It was unquestionably to the King 'the sacrifice most painful to his heart' to surrender 'the cradle of his race'—a sacrifice which, it must be remembered, the Houses of Orange and Lorraine had not hesitated to make under similar circumstances before him; but henceforth the House of Savoy was to be lost in the King of Italy, and he was prepared to make it.

Cavour's

Cavour's consent to the farce of an appeal to universal suffrage, instead of simply surrendering the provinces, has been considered a grave political error. It was evident that the populations could not refuse a consent demanded by France and not opposed by Piedmont. But the Emperor insisted upon 'an appeal to them' to justify his usurpation in the eyes of Europe. Cavour, on the other hand, with his usual sagacity, foresaw that by acceding to it he established a precedent which the Emperor could scarcely refuse to acknowledge when the time came for the annexation of further Italian territory to Piedmont. That he felt most deeply and bitterly the sacrifice he had been compelled to make, no one who knew him has ever doubted. But his position was equally difficult and delicate. In defending himself in the Chambers he had to justify his policy, and to clear his own character whilst precluded from making disclosures which could alone place them in their true light, but which might have offended the 'susceptibilities' of the Emperor. He never spoke of these unhappy events without a pang, so apparent that his friends refrained from touching upon a topic so painful to him. He had a settled conviction that Italy would one day regain her lost provinces.

Whatever may be thought of the conduct of Cavour in this matter—and it is our conviction that he is not to be charged with double-dealing, but that, resisting to the last, he only yielded to pressure which it was impossible to withstand—the baseness of the French Government has left a stain upon its character which will never be removed. It has already brought its own punishment by destroying the confidence of Europe in the word and honour of the Emperor.

The state of Italy was now such, that no man with less influence, less wisdom, and less courage than Cavour, could have carried her through her difficulties. At the conclusion of the war the democratic party had again obtained importance through the success and reputation of Garibaldi, who unfortunately allowed himself to be guided by their evil counsels. Urged onwards by them, he had, in the autumn of 1859, planned an invasion of the Marches. His adherents, if not himself, had even gone so far as to tamper with the Piedmontese army. An outbreak at Bologna was only prevented by the firmness and courage of Farini, who threatened to place Garibaldi himself under arrest. The personal influence of the King restrained the impetuous chief for a time; but in the spring of the following year an abortive rising in Sicily was the signal for a general movement on the part of the Mazzinians. Garibaldi publicly announced his intention of going to the aid of the Sicilians, and an expedi-

tion

tion was prepared at Genoa. The King and his government would have willingly prevented it. Cavour knew full well that the time for adding the Neapolitan dominions to the rest of Italy had not yet come. The newly formed kingdom required peace and leisure to consolidate its strength, to develop its resources, and to recover from the struggle in which it had been recently engaged. He foresaw that if the expedition failed, he would be accused of sacrificing its leader; but that if it proved successful, Garibaldi would reap the glory, leaving to him the far greater difficulty of dealing with the liberated states. But the feeling was so strong in favour of the Sicilians, that desertion threatened to become general in the Sardinian army. Cavour yielded, not without extreme reluctance, to the less of the two evils, and after having taken the only measures in his power to prevent the sailing of the expedition. He was probably not without expectations that it would fail in its objects.

Within almost a few days Garibaldi by his daring and genius had conquered a kingdom. With the exception of two great fortresses nothing remained to the Bourbon family. The difficulties foreseen by Cavour now commenced. Garibaldi and his followers, elated by success, were prepared to advance upon Rome in defiance of the French army. Again the cause of Italian freedom was at stake through the rash and hopeless schemes of the democratic party. Cavour did not hesitate as to the course he should pursue. In order to forestall Garibaldi he decided that the Piedmontese army should invade the Marches and join the Garibaldian forces now held in check by the line of defences occupied by the King of Naples. The result of this bold policy was the annexation to Piedmont of all the remaining territory of the Pope except that protected by the actual presence of French troops, and the transfer of the Neapolitan dominions to Victor Emmanuel.

We have expressed in a former article an opinion upon the policy of Count Cavour in these transactions. It might be impossible to justify it upon any moral ground or by any maxim of international law. To attempt to excuse it upon the pretence that the Pope had refused to disband his mercenaries was an error. Its only justification could be the existence of an overwhelming political necessity. There are times when paramount considerations of public safety or of national interest may override the law of nations and furnish an excuse for acts otherwise altogether indefensible. It appeared very clearly to Cavour that this was such a time. The triumph or the defeat of the democratic party would have been equally fatal to the redemption of Italy. Cavour therefore resolved to prevent either the one or the other, and to retain

retain in his own hands the control of the destinies of the Peninsula. That the course he pursued is a further proof of his genius as a statesman will not be disputed.

The task of governing the newly-acquired territories was as difficult as Cavour had foreseen it would prove to be. Even the short rule of Garibaldi had involved the whole administration of the Two Sicilies in the utmost confusion. Great as was his genius as a soldier, he was wanting in the qualities of a statesman. He was surrounded by a number of unprincipled adventurers and desperate politicians, who took advantage of the simplicity and honesty of his character to effect their own selfish and dishonourable ends.

The only men who have played a part in the great events which have taken place in Italy against whom there is any charge of corruption, of tampering with the public money, and of turning their political power to their own private advantage, are the followers and friends of Mazzini and Garibaldi. Large sums, partly subscribed in this country, have never been accounted for. Concessions of railways and public works were shamelessly demanded and recklessly conceded. The most noisy and uncompromising patriots profited most. A disgraceful waste of public money and a flagrant abuse of public patronage marked their short hold of power, and even contributed to render more corrupt the already polluted atmosphere. No one has ever accused Garibaldi himself of having been privy to the abuses committed in his name. He was, on the contrary, ever ready to disavow them when they were pointed out to him in their true light. He himself passed through some of the greatest temptations that could surround a man without a stain upon his character. His conduct offers a noble contrast to that of many of the men by whom he was surrounded, and under whose influence he unfortunately too often acted.

After leaving Naples Garibaldi unhappily again fell under the control of the Mazzini party. His boundless influence had rendered him a most dangerous subject. Disdaining, as a representative of the people, to urge his grievances in a constitutional way, he constituted himself an irresponsible power in the state. He had even called upon the King to dismiss his Ministers, to whom he bore a morbid hatred on account of the surrender of his native province to France. Cavour determined to grapple with the danger, and his triumph was complete.

Urged onwards by some of the most reckless of his adherents, and by the fatal applause of the galleries, Garibaldi made in the Chambers, on the 18th of April, a most intemperate and ungrounded attack upon the Ministry, and especially upon its head.

One

One of his followers, General Bixio, in a soldierlike speech, appealed to him and to Cavour not to sacrifice, by their differences, the holy cause in which they were both, with equal patriotism, engaged. He was supported in a few noble words by Ricasoli. Cavour, amidst enthusiastic and prolonged applause, accepted the appeal, and declared that he had already forgotten what had passed. Garibaldi, too, declared himself satisfied, and a reconciliation took place; but by some hasty and ill-judged remarks at the end of the sitting he further impaired the influence and respect he had before enjoyed in the Chambers and with the moderate party in Italy.

The government of Naples now principally occupied Cavour's thoughts. He had been greatly disappointed with those Neapolitans upon whom he had chiefly relied for aid and advice, feeling the truth of Macchiavelli's maxim, that the worst rulers of a state are those who have returned from exile. The people with whom he had to deal were debased by a long oppression and misrule, and were consequently yet incompetent to understand or to enjoy the blessings of freedom. He was urged on all sides to place the Neapolitan territories in a state of siege, as the only means of suppressing disorders fomented by the intrigues of the priesthood and of the fugitive King at Rome. His earnest love of legality made him reject indignantly all such suggestions, and he bitterly complained that he could obtain no better advice.*

On

* Amongst the last letters he ever wrote were two on the subject of Naples, so characteristic of his noble nature that we give the originals:—

'CARA LADY,—Se la costituzione dell' Italia è posta a repentaglio perchè non ho voluto ammettere ora, in via eccezionale, nella marina un giovane che dava la sua demissione e se ne stava a casa quando i suoi compagni si battevano, bisogna dire ch' essa è talmente delicata da non potere durare tre mesi.

'Sapete perchè Napoli è caduta sì basso? Si è perchè le leggi, i regolamenti non si eseguivano quando si trattava di un gran signore o di un protetto del Re, dei Principi, dei loro confessori od aderenti. Sapete come Napoli risorgerà? coll' applicare le leggi severamente, duramente, ma giustamente. Così ho fatto nella marina; così farò nell' avvenire, e vi fa sicura che fra un' anno gli equipaggi Napolitani saranno disciplinati come gli antichi equipaggi Genovesi. Ma per ottenere questo scopo, credete alla mia vecchia esperienza, bisogna essere inesorabile.

'Addio, cara Lady —; mi spiace di non potere questa volta seguire i vostri consigli, ma è per l' uomo politico una dura necessità, il dare ascolto alla voce della ragione, facendo tacere quella del cuore.

'C. CAVOUR.'

'CARA LADY,—Ho ricevuto la vostra replica; ve ne ringrazio; vi ringrazio specialmente della vostra insistenza, e delle vostre energiche censure. Le considero come prova della vostra stima e sincera amicizia. Non mi avete convinto, sul caso speciale; ma mi avete persuaso che vi è molto a fare per Napoli.

'Se foste uomo ed Italiano, vi affiderei le sorte di quelle provincie—ma poichè non potete governarle, piacervi continuare ad illuminarmi sulla loro misera condizione.

'Nella settimana uscirà il nuovo ordinamento della marina: verrà costituito un

On the 30th of May, while dressing, Count Cavour was seized with a slight shivering fit, which he attributed to indigestion. His full habit had long led him to dread an attack of apoplexy. He sent for his physician, and, according to his usual custom, had himself bled,—an operation which was repeated on the following day. During the night the bandages came loose, and he lost much blood. Next morning, however, he felt better, and his active mind returned to business. The state of things in the Neapolitan dominions, and the conduct of the Neapolitan Deputies in the Chambers, caused him much anxiety and irritation. He insisted upon seeing M. Nigra, who had recently returned from Naples, and an exciting conversation took place between them, which

consiglio composto di un numero pari di Napoletani e di Italiani del Nord: a questo sottoporre le questioni di massima relativa agli antichi uffiziali della marina Borbonica. Se il suo voto sarà per l'indulgenza, lo seconderò. Credo essere il mio dovere di mostrarmi severo, e di lasciare ai miei subordinati la parte della mansuetudine. Spero così di mutare lo spirito che informava l'amministrazione Napoletana; spirito fatale che corrompeva gli uomini i più distinti, e le migliori istituzioni. Forse questa mia dichiarazione non mi giustificherà ai vostri occhi, ma spero che varrà a conservarmi la vostra stima e la vostra amicizia.

'C. CAVOUR.'

'DEAR LADY,—If the Italian Constitution is jeopardised because I have declined to admit into the navy, in an exceptional manner, a young man who resigned and remained at home whilst his companions were fighting, all I can say is that it is too delicate to last for even three months.

'Do you know why Naples has fallen so low? It is because the laws and regulations were not executed when a great man, or a *protégé* of the king or princes, their confessors and followers, was concerned. Do you know how Naples will rise again? By executing the laws severely and rigorously, but justly. I have done so in the navy, I will do so in future; and I promise you that within a year the Neapolitan crews will be as well disciplined as the old Genoese crews. But to attain this end, trust to my long experience, you must be inexorable.

'Adieu, dear Lady; I grieve to be unable to follow your advice on this occasion, but it is for the politician a hard necessity to listen to the voice of reason whilst he stifles that of the heart.

'C. CAVOUR.'

'DEAR LADY,—I have received your reply. I thank you for it; I thank you especially for your perseverance, and for your energetic censures. I look upon them as proofs of your esteem and of your sincere friendship for me. You have not convinced me as regards this particular case, but you have persuaded me that there is much to do for Naples.

'If you were a man and an Italian, I would confide to you the destinies of those provinces; but as you cannot govern them, be kind enough to continue to enlighten me as to their miserable state.

'Next week the new regulations for the navy will be issued. A council will be formed composed of an equal number of Neapolitans and of Italians from the north. I will submit to it the case of the officers formerly in the Bourbon navy. If its decision be in favour of indulgence, I will support it. I believe it to be my duty to show myself severe, and to leave it to my subordinates to be conciliating. I hope thus to change the spirit which has prevailed in the Neapolitan administration—that fatal spirit which corrupted the ablest men and the best institutions. Perhaps this declaration will not justify me in your eyes, but still I hope that it will tend to preserve me your esteem and your friendship.

'C. CAVOUR.'

lasted

lasted two hours, and was only interrupted by a relation, who, entering the room, insisted that it should cease. The exertion and the excitement caused a relapse. Again and again, as he became weaker, he was bled. His physicians have been blamed, especially in this country, for resorting to a practice condemned by modern medical science. But it is but just to them to state that Cavour himself insisted upon it, and would only employ such as would follow his own prescriptions. Still no uneasiness was felt until the morning of the 4th. Every attempt had then failed to check the fever, and he seemed to be sinking. Those who were about him now became seriously alarmed, and their anxiety was shared by the population of Turin, which gathered round his house, and awaited with eager looks every report from the sick chamber. The King desired that Dr. Riberi, the physician of the royal family, should be called in. When left alone a short time, whilst the medical attendants were in consultation, Cavour asked whether they had abandoned him. 'It is of little matter,' said he, laughing; 'I shall leave them all to-morrow morning.'

Up to this time he had seen and conversed with many persons, amongst them the English Minister, Sir James Hudson, who through all his political trials and difficulties had been his faithful friend and prudent counsellor. To no man did Italy owe more during her great struggle; no one has kept her more steadily in the path of moderation and of constitutional freedom—no one has exercised more influence for good amongst men of all parties. Cavour knew this, and esteemed him accordingly.

His brother and others of his family were desirous that he should now receive the last Sacraments of the Church. He consented at once. His parish church, the Madonna degli Angeli, belongs to the order of the Capuchin friars. One of them, Fra Giacomo, had been employed by him in some negotiations upon ecclesiastical matters. Cavour had often asked him jokingly whether, in case of approaching death, he would administer the Sacraments to one included in some of the many furious excommunications which the Pope had launched against the enemies of the Church. Fra Giacomo did not hesitate to obey the summons to his bedside.* 'You think me then an honest fellow, do you not, Giacomo?' said Cavour to him, with a smile.

* The report that Cavour had directed a telegraphic message to be sent to the Pope praying for absolution in order to receive the Sacraments has been formally denied by his brother. It was probably one of those inventions not uncommon to the priesthood on similar occasions, and will, no doubt, be put forward hereafter as a proof of his recantation and submission to the Church in his last moments.

Up to this time he had retained full possession of his senses. He had spoken calmly of his approaching end, but no words escaped him either of regret for what he had done or which might lead to the inference that he recanted at the last one of those opinions steadily and consistently maintained during a whole life. On the contrary, he spoke as a man who had conscientiously performed his duty. The King, after seeing him later in the day, said that he had been greatly struck by the calm and sweet expression of his countenance.

The crucifix was placed between the lighted tapers, and the other mournful preparations were made in the sick chamber for the last religious rites. It was soon known abroad that the solemn ceremony was about to be performed. A vast crowd gathered round the house. When the tinkling bell which announces the approach of the Host was heard, a murmur of uncontrolled grief rose from the throng. The friar ascended the broad stairs amid the chants of the attendants. The room in which the Count lay was open, as is the custom in Italy, to those who followed the priest. A few of the relatives and friends of the dying man entered. As they stood around his bed a feeling of unutterable sorrow came over them at the calamity about to fall upon them and upon their country. Cavour himself was calm and collected. Addressing Fra Giacomo, he said, in a strong voice, 'The time for departure is come;' using the words of one going on a journey.

In the evening the King came to his bedside. Raising himself with his two hands, Cavour exclaimed, 'Majesty! you here!' and strove to seize his hand to press it to his lips. The King, deeply affected, bent over him and kissed his cheek, saying, 'I have heard that you are suffering much, and I am here to see you.' 'I am suffering no longer,' replied the Count. After a few more words his thoughts began to wander. 'If you receive any letters,' he said, with much animation, 'let me have them immediately; it is very important that I should have them, and I cannot go to you.' Then endeavouring to recollect himself, he repeated, 'Remember it is very important that I should have them immediately. As for the Neapolitans—purify them, purify them, purify them!' (*li lavi, li lavi, li lavi!*). He then spoke of Italy. His whole soul was wrapt up in this one thought—in his country. During his illness no allusion to his own affairs or condition, no bitterness, no reproach to any one man, escaped his lips. His last trial—that indeed which had probably hastened his death—the state of Naples, left the last impression upon his waning mind. 'No! no!' he repeatedly

repeatedly exclaimed, in the words which he had often used during the previous two months, 'I will have no state of siege. Any one can govern with a state of siege!' The last intelligible sentences which he is said to have uttered were 'State tranquilli; tutto è salvato'—'Be tranquil; all is saved;' and 'Oh! ma la cosa va; state sicuri che ormai la cosa va'—'The thing (the independence of all Italy) is going on; be certain that now the thing is going on.' As he gradually sank he was heard at intervals to mutter, 'Italy—Rome—Venice—Napoleon.'

As the morning of the 6th of June dawned he fell into a deep lethargy; at seven he passed away almost imperceptibly in the arms of his beloved niece, the Countess Alfieri.

Never had a greater sorrow fallen upon a country. In Turin every shop was closed, all public and private business suspended. Even the very children seemed to feel that a great calamity had overtaken them. As the sad tidings spread through Italy, a gloom of mourning, like the shadow of an eclipse, seemed to creep over the face of the land. Even those who had differed from him in life grieved over the loss of a great and good man. The '*Armonia*,' the organ of the priest-party, bore witness to his secret deeds of kindness and charity. Nay, even the very Austrian newspapers paid a generous tribute to the genius of a great statesman who had passed away. One sole exception disgraced the Italian press. Those who had persecuted him with relentless malice during his life sought to insult his memory after his death—those whose evil plots and cowardly deeds he had hated with the warmth of a brave and honest man. The vile libels which Signor Brofferio* had published whilst he lived were reproduced by the organs of Mazzini and his friends after he was no more. This outrage, however, proved that Cavour had rightly judged these men when he denounced them as the cause of dishonour, misfortune, and servitude to Italy.

The day after his death the Count lay in state. The whole population came to gaze for the last time upon that familiar face. Men of every rank followed the body as it was borne to the parish-church through streets hung with black and deep in funeral flowers. It was deposited there only for a time. His native city desired that his remains should be confided to it, to be placed beneath a monument worthy of the man, and of the capital which he had made the cradle of Italy's freedom. The King asked that they should be borne to the Superga, that he himself might

* We regret to say that one of these disgraceful attacks was translated into English and sold at a cheap price for the people.

one day be near the servant to whose genius and devotion he owed his unexampled prosperity. But Cavour's own wish was fulfilled. He rests in the small niche he had himself pointed out, beneath the old church of Santena, in the land which belonged to his forefathers, and where his kin have for generations lain before him.

For ages to come may the Italian seek the spot, as sacred to the man who gave freedom and happiness to his country, and raised Italy for the third time to her place amongst the nations of the world.

The loss to his countrymen of such a man, at such a time, is beyond reckoning. But fortunately for Italy she is not without statesmen who are worthy to carry on the great work which he left unfinished. The foremost amongst them is the Baron Bettino Ricasoli, whom the united voice of Italy chose to fill his place. There is something not unlike in the character and history of the two statesmen. A nobleness of disposition—an integrity which no enemy has dared to assail, and no friend has been called to vindicate—a love of his country equal to any sacrifice and any hope—a tenacity of purpose not to be swayed—a commanding eloquence—a kind and benevolent heart—simple and easy, yet dignified and refined manners—have gained for Ricasoli the respect, the love, and the confidence of his fellow-countrymen. Born a Tuscan, he is, like Cavour, the descendant of a very ancient and noble family. He still holds, as its representative, lands which belonged to it in the 11th century. A tower of his ancestral castle of Broglio, hidden amongst the wooded Apennines, near Siena, was built in the 5th century; and the edifice itself has not been added to since the beginning of the 15th. Long devoted, like Cavour, to the management of his estates, he studied agriculture, and advanced the resources and prosperity of his country by the introduction of an improved system of husbandry. Large tracts of marsh-land, once fatal to human life, have through his enterprise been drained and fitted for habitation and culture. His love of constitutional government is chiefly founded upon a study of the political institutions of England and a personal acquaintance with this country. He has the same enlightened views as Cavour regarding the Church of Rome. It was through his firmness and vigilance that, during a period of revolution and dangerous uncertainty, Tuscany had not to deplore one crime or outrage. Entrusted with unlimited authority, he never failed in respect to the law, nor has he been accused of one arbitrary act that was unnecessary. When we hear so much boasting of public virtue, yet see so little of its practice amongst those who claim to be the protectors of Italy,

Italy, it is worthy to be remembered that during nearly two years of absolute power the Baron Ricasoli not only never received one farthing of the public money, but even contributed out of his own purse to the expenses of the state. Now that Tuscany by her own wish forms a part of the new Italian kingdom, the greatest sacrifice he can be called upon to make is to leave his farms once more, to become the Prime Minister of Italy.

The Baron Ricasoli has announced, in words not to be mistaken, that his policy is the policy of Cavour, and that he is resolved that by just and legal means Italy shall be united and free, with Rome for her capital, and with Venice delivered from the rule of the stranger. His success must depend upon the Italians themselves. By gathering around him, forgetful of their jealousies and resolute in rejecting the counsels of rash and violent men, they may enable him to finish the work confided to him. They will thus best show their love for the great man who has passed away, and will raise the noblest monument to his memory.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Rebellion Record: a Diary of American Events, 1860-61.** Edited by Frank Moore. London, 1861.

2. *Causes of the Civil War in America.* By John Lothrop Motley, LL.D. London, 1861:

3. *Considerations on Representative Government.* By J. S. Mill. London, 1861.

THE American secession is a subject which every organ of public feeling in this country approaches with reluctance. The House of Commons will not even suffer it to be debated, and the newspapers touch on it with a hesitating delicacy which they have never shown to our oldest allies or our most dreaded enemies. The catastrophe is too fresh, too sudden, too terrible in its consequences to permit Englishmen now to remember any of the small annoyances which in past times American pretensions or antagonism may have caused. We are never backward in showing sympathies for the calamities of our fellow-men, of whatever race or climate. But America has special claims on us

* It is perhaps necessary to premise that throughout we use the words 'Democracy' and 'Democratic' in their European, not their American, sense. In Europe the word Democracy means the absolute government of the numerical majority. In America the word has given a name to a political party, and, like the word 'Whig,' has consequently entirely drifted away from its earlier meaning. The so-called 'Democratic' party in America is that which is now stoutly resisting the absolutism of the numerical majority.

which are shared by no other country in the world. Syria and Poland have been, during the last year, the theatres on which anarchy has played her mad and bloody pranks. Italy has been checked in her splendid struggle to emerge from the degradation of centuries by the loss of the hero-statesman whom not she only but all the world has mourned. For these sorrows England's sympathies have been heartfelt and abundant, and not limited to words alone. How much more freely, then, should they flow for the calamities of a people who are our kinsmen by blood, who speak the same tongue and inherit the glories of a common literature, and among whom the same traditions, though sadly maimed, are held in honour! In the presence of their great calamity we have no heart to recollect that they have been competitors as well as kinsmen. We will not even dwell too critically on the rude ingratitude with which the good wishes and good offices of England have been received. We have strained to the uttermost the latitude allowed by international law in giving to our neutrality a bias favourable to all that remains of the Republic that was once our rival. We can only lament it as a sad evidence of their extreme distress that they should have expected us to go farther. That they, the advanced guard of liberty, can be asking us to adopt in their case the scouted policy of Laybach and Troppau, and to intervene for the purpose of bringing back their revolted subjects under their yoke, only proves how far men in the agony of extreme danger will drift from the principles which in calmer moments they have held up as sacred. But this is not a time to judge too harshly their violence or their errors. It is their first great national grief, their first experience of the vanity of boasting. War in its grimmest form—civil and servile war—hangs over them, and the exasperation of the contest is not likely to modify the hectoring tone which has always characterized their diplomacy. It is impossible not to feel for them in their novel position as the assertors of legitimacy against revolution. We must accept their irritability as one of the inevitable consequences of a terrible calamity and a false position. When the calamity has passed and the false position is rectified, we do not doubt that they will applaud the dignity, the self-restraint, and the true friendliness that have marked the course of England. Whatever reproaches, however, in this moment of national delirium they may address to us, cannot lessen the sorrow with which we regard the sufferings of a people so admirable for their independence and their courage, and so closely bound to our own.

But though these are the emotions which will be first awakened in every English mind by the events that are passing in America, reflections

reflections of a different character must mingle with them and follow them. We cannot help reasoning upon those calamities, as well as sorrowing over them. No one can see so mighty a ruin so suddenly achieved without speculating upon the causes of decay. A bereaved family look upon a surgeon as very hard-hearted if he wishes to dissect a patient who has just died of some obscure disease; and in the same way the Americans may think it pitiless of us to philosophize over the coffin in which their beloved Union lies. But public writers, in the investigation of political science, must study the pathology of republics as of empires. However painful may be the subjects of which they have to treat, it is their function to gather warnings for the future from the failures of the past; to correct out of the narrative of each new wreck the chart of political navigation.

But, if this is our duty in every case, it is specially so in the instance before us. The Americans have been something more to us than relatives or rivals. They have been conductors of a great experiment, ostentatiously set up in the face of all the world, designed to teach the nations wisdom, and to confute the prejudices of old times. They have told us that the old machinery of graduated conditions and balanced power is but useless and costly gear, working only for the benefit of the few, humiliating and impoverishing the many. They patented a cheap and ingenious mechanism of government, never tried before for anything like an extensive territory, which should neither wound the people's vanity by a subordination of ranks nor trench upon their means for the support of a ceremonious court. For a time the experiment succeeded. There was no question as to some of the advantages that attended it. The government was cheap and free from debt, the taxes were light, emigrants poured in from Europe, and the increase and prosperity of the new country under its new form of government were beyond anything that the history of the world could parallel. The example was not lost upon the populations of the old world. The effect of the American Revolution upon European thought has hardly been sufficiently recognised. It did not create democratic theories, for they had long before been hatched in the brains of philosophers, but it popularised them. Ever since the revival of letters they had been in some form or other familiar to abstract reasoners. They had been generated in a great degree by the passionate idolatry of classical examples that was then in fashion, and they were fostered by the form of Church polity which the Puritans were driven by stress of circumstances to assume. Philosophers inherited them. Sydney, Locke, and Milton were deeply infected by them. But they remained matters of speculation, not of practice.

The

The rights of man were a beautiful subject for theory-drawing in the study, but no one had dreamed of applying them to the actual wants of life. The United Provinces had indeed made themselves into a republic, but it was in no sense a democracy; it was rather a republic of the type of the Swiss Cantons,* where the sovereign authority to which they objected had been struck off, but the framework of society was suffered to remain intact. The United States were the first modern instance of the application of the democratic theory to the government of a large state. Even then it was not done without hesitation. A return to monarchy was at one time agitated, and the movement attained sufficient importance to alarm the democracy considerably. Washington appears to have sanctioned the new system without any strong abstract opinion in its favour, simply on the ground that in the then exasperated condition of public feeling against the only monarch of whom they had had any practical experience, it would have been impossible to bend the Puritan neck to a monarch's rule without certainly provoking a civil war.

The municipal character of the old colonial charters, the absence of great inequality of conditions, the leaven of Puritanism, predisposed the Americans to the democratic system which their acquired hatred of monarchy naturally suggested. But no sooner was it set up than it reacted strongly on the old world. Before that time the discontent of popular champions in England had fastened itself on other questions. The repeal of the Septennial Act, the seating of this or that ministry in power, the extirpation of Popery, had taken the place which is now filled up by bills for lowering the suffrage, equalizing electoral districts, and taking votes by ballot. The idea of entrusting political supremacy to the rude and destitute, was not then an opinion which was looked upon as a mark of advanced views and liberality of thought. But when the example of America began to operate, a change was very quickly visible. The weak mind of Lafayette was a fitting vehicle for the contagion. He brought back to France the poison from which thenceforth no state in Europe was destined to be secure. The American example gave a new direction to

* Sismondi thus sums up the merits of some of the few Swiss Cantons which possessed a democratic constitution from the first:—'It is truly a will of their own that is expressed by the citizens of those little cantons in the assemblies of all the people; but that will is invariably retrograde. In spite of their confederates, in spite of the clamour of Europe, they have maintained the use of torture at their tribunals; they have maintained the treaties for furnishing mercenaries to foreign powers—and these men, so proud and jealous of their liberty, are the most anxious to sell themselves to despots to keep other nations in chains: in fine, every year, almost at every diet, they solicit the confederates to proscribe the liberty of the press.'—Sismondi, '*Etudes sur les Peuples libres*,' lib. i.

the thoughts of men who were bent on change. It gave a practical fulcrum to the arguments of the dreaming disciples of Rousseau. It was followed almost madly by the French. That the government of the Bourbons would have fallen in any case, discredited as it was by past excesses and paralyzed by the pitiable weakness of the reigning sovereign, is probable enough. But the whole colour and tendency of the French Revolution was borrowed from the American. Both were conducted on strictly logical principles; and in both, the quaint figment called 'the rights of man' furnished the major premiss of the great argument. It became an article of political faith, that though men or bodies of men might err, and though statesmen of character and education were peculiarly liable to frailties, intellectual and moral, the mob in the street, starving, violent, and unwashed, were exempt from this human weakness.

More slowly it reacted on less mercurial England. The propertied and privileged classes did not give way to it with the same insane abandonment that had been practised in France on the celebrated Day of Dupes; but it bred a new political philosophy. Under its influence a school of Liberals grew up, allying themselves to the Whigs, and yet possessing little in common with what Whigs were under Somers or under Fox.

One of the most conspicuous *Shibboleths* by which this new school was distinguished, was their peculiar use of the word 'Progress.' They asserted, with the air of men who had made a great discovery, that the age was an age of progress, and that our policy ought to be progressive; and progress, in some combination or other, was incessantly on their lips. Taken literally, their maxims were simple truisms. Every age of mankind, whether it likes it or not, must be an age of progress; in other words, it must abandon, in some respect or other, the exact position occupied by the age that went before it. Whether that progress is to be looked on as progress towards good or towards evil, will depend very much on each man's notion of the political *summum bonum*. But it soon appeared that the school of Liberals which took its rise during the Revolutionary War, had a very definite and concrete notion of the *summum bonum*. Their view of progress was everything which approached to the political constitution of America. This worship of America appears very early in the development of their opinions; but as time went on and the prosperity of the young republic became more confirmed, the admiration became more enthusiastic.

The working of Sydney Smith's mind upon this subject is a fair illustration of the inferences which were drawn from the success of the United States by the new Liberal school. He was
never

never an extreme politician ; but, until the decorum of ecclesiastical dignity restrained the free expression of his thoughts, his faith in the Transatlantic experiment grew with every year. So early as 1818 he was writing eloquently upon most of the merits which have been so often discovered there by the demagogues of our own day. The cheapness of the government, the tolerance and lenity of the executive, the absence of pomp or splendour, the peaceful operation of universal suffrage, and the party organization wielded by the Caucuses, all excite his keen admiration.* In 1824 he repeats these opinions in a still stronger form. Some of his judgments offer such a curious contrast to the present state of things, that they are worth extracting :—

‘ The *economy* of America is a great and important object for our imitation. The salary of Mr. Bagot, our late Ambassador, was, we believe, rather higher than that of the President of the United States. The Vice-President receives rather less than the second clerk of the House of Commons ; and all salaries, civil and military, are upon the same scale ; and yet no country is better served than America ! Mr. Hume has at last persuaded the English people to look a little into their accounts, and to see how sadly they are plundered. But we ought to suspend our contempt for America, and consider whether we have not a very momentous lesson to learn from this wise and cautious people on the subject of economy. . . . America is exempted, by its very newness as a nation, from many of the evils of the old governments of Europe. It has no mischievous remains of feudal institutions, and no violation of political economy sanctioned by time and older than the age of reason. If a man find a partridge upon his ground eating his corn, in any part of Kentucky or Indiana, he may kill it, even if his father be not a Doctor of Divinity. The Americans do not exclude their own citizens from any branch of commerce which they leave open to all the rest of the world. . . . Ancient women, whether in or out of breeches, will of course imagine that we are the enemies of the institutions of our country, because we are the admirers of the institutions of America ; but circumstances differ. American institutions are too new, English institutions are ready made to our hands. If we were to build the house afresh, we might perhaps avail ourselves of the improvements of a new plan ; but we have no sort of wish to pull down an excellent house, strong, warm, and comfortable, because, upon second trial, we might be able to alter and amend it—a principle which would perpetuate demolition and construction. Our plan, where circumstances are tolerable, is to sit down and enjoy ourselves.’

This last extract plainly intimates that, in the abstract, he considers the institutions of America a great deal more enviable than those of England. Even in 1843, when age, success, and

* Works, p. 234, ed. 1851.

the loss of his Pennsylvanian investments had modified his views, he could still write thus:—

‘The United States are now working out the greatest of all political problems, and upon that confederacy the eyes of thinking men are intensely fixed, to see how far the mass of mankind can be trusted with the management of their own affairs, and the establishment of their own happiness.’

We have quoted Sydney Smith at length because he was no fanatic, and because his language faithfully depicts what has been passing for the last fifty years in a large class of English minds. The example of America constantly before their eyes, kept alive, as it had created, the party of so-called progress. It transmuted the whole nature of the agitation for Reform. In Pitt and Fox’s time the cry for Reform was a definite demand for the redress of a definite grievance. It implied nothing beyond itself; it was not spoken of as a mere instalment of a debt. In that light it was probably regarded by Lord Grey to the end of his life; and Lord John Russell faithfully accepted the tradition of his leader, when he gave utterance to the word ‘finality.’ But that was not the spirit of the party which formed his political strength, and had borne him aloft to power. They looked upon the Reform Bill as only one stride in a career of which no human eye could descry the ultimate goal, but of which the light of America, far away ahead, at once indicated the direction and guaranteed the safety. It was idle to reason with them on the success which had attended English institutions. American government was cheaper, purer, and more popular than our own, and under it her trade was reaping, even more rapidly than ours, the harvest of wealth and power. More and more doses of democracy, as large and as fast as the patient would bear it, was the recipe they deduced from the results of the experiment. And not only was it desired as an advantage, but it was anticipated as a decree of fate. To this extent not only the friends of change but its opponents were affected by the new current of opinion. Many hoped by delicate management and judicious concession to stave it off for a time. But of the inevitable tendency, whether it were to be called downward or onward, few were bold enough to doubt. If any sceptic suggested a suspicion that such certainty implied some fatalism in those who deprecated, and some Utopianism in those who desired the final issue to which all were looking, he was promptly met by the example of America. On the one hand it was regarded as the bright gleam in the horizon heralding the dawn of freedom and equality; on the other hand it was looked upon as the mournful presage of the ruin into which, by an inevitable law, all

all the institutions of the older world were more or less rapidly mouldering. It was not strange that men should have been misled by the apparent success of the young republic, or disheartened by the effect which its example was obviously producing on all the populations of the old world. The struggle might well seem wearisome, for it had been condemned as hopeless by the most profound political philosopher of his time. Humbler intellects might well succumb to an inevitable destiny, when a study of the condition of the United States could impress even a man like M. de Tocqueville with the conviction that the nations were doomed sooner or later to be ruled by all that was poorest and lowest among them :—

‘ In proportion as I contemplated American society, I saw more and more in the equality of conditions the generative fact from which each special fact seemed to spring, and I incessantly found it before me as the central point to which all my observations converged.

‘ Then I turned towards our hemisphere and I thought I discovered something analogous to the spectacle offered by the new world. I saw the equality of conditions, which, without having as in the United States attained its utmost limits, was approaching to them every day more and more; and that same democracy which ruled over the American societies seemed to me in Europe advancing rapidly towards power.

‘ The whole of the book which the reader is about to read has been written under the impression of a sort of religious terror produced in the mind of the author by the sight of that irresistible revolution, advancing over all obstacles through so many ages, and still advancing in the midst of the ruins it has made.’

These are the words with which M. de Tocqueville introduces his great work upon American democracy. Such was the hue which the contemplation of America had given to his views of the past and future history of Europe. The illusions which mastered a philosophy like his were not likely to fall unavailing upon meaner intellects. Whether men liked it, or whether they disliked it, a general impression was abroad that democracy was an inevitable doom. It was in vain to protest that this republic was but eighty years old—that the identification of democracy with progress rested on an experiment that was but just begun—that no republic in ancient times had proved strong enough to contain the struggles of internal faction—that no effort to imitate the North American example on any large scale had been successful—and that in France, as in the Spanish colonies of North America, the boast of a new kind of freedom had issued in anarchy and slaughter. The rapid growth of the United States was held to outweigh all other arguments. The friends of revolutionary change were prompt enough to use it. It was the usual refrain of

of all Mr. Bright's denunciations of the aristocracy—the fastness into which he always triumphantly retreated when hard pressed by argument. It has consoled him under many discouragements which of recent years his principles have undergone. The sad collapse of universal suffrage and vote by ballot in France, the horrible portent of a grinding despotism in a country not cursed by an aristocracy, the evaporation of all the prophecies of eternal peace with which he had beguiled his countrymen into a rash disarmament, were humiliating trials; and his mortification peeped out from behind the exaggerated bluster with which he characteristically disguised it. But then there was always America to fall back upon. When he proposed to allot to the poor the exclusive possession of the powers of government, he could point to America as a proof that such a system could go on at all events without collapse. When he sketched out a financial scheme in which fixed property, lands, houses, and investments should pay the whole taxation of England, he could cite America as a case in which such a system was to some extent at work. He was never weary of dwelling with rapture on her cheap and efficient government, on the sagacious and pacific policy which resulted from an unrestricted suffrage, and on the all-pervading education which had produced an enlightened people superior to the savagery of war. Perhaps we do not hear quite so much of these topics just at present. But it was scarcely a year ago that he pronounced a panegyric on Mr. Cobden, as one 'who looked to America, as every one did who had his eyes in front of him instead of behind;' and even so late as last March, one of his disciples, Mr. Baxter, was sufficiently forgetful of altered circumstances to allow himself to recur to the good old commonplaces of the superior cheapness of the American government compared to our own.

But it is not only on the understanding of her political admirers that America has exercised this disturbing influence. Conservatives were in reality nearly as much dazzled as Liberals. They knew what history taught them and what common sense taught them concerning the end to which such institutions must be doomed. But the spectacle of so great a practical success seemed to take all heart out of their defence; they borrowed the apologetic tones of their opponents, and argued that England must maintain her old institutions, not because they were good in themselves, but because she was too old and crowded a country to risk a change. They fought doggedly, but with little hope, as men who felt that a brief respite was the utmost that resistance could win from fate. Nothing but a sense of the inevitable could have induced the two great parties of the State—both

—both deeply interested in averting the legalized rapacity of democratic finance—to permit their leaders to run the race of concession which of late years has painfully marked our history. The huge and growing strength of the American argument cast its shadow upon their convictions and their courage; it was vain, they thought, to resist a stream which only grew in strength by opposition. Like prisoners bound upon a pirate's ship, who see the deadly plank prepared for them, the more timid inertly submitted to be driven, the bolder voluntarily plunged, over the fatal brink; but all alike, in their despair, acquiesced in the inevitable future which they saw mirrored in American experience.

And now the sands of the time of trial have run out, and the results of the great experiment are unfolding themselves before our eyes. 'The great Republican bubble has burst,' as Sir John Ramsden described it in terms which, in spite of Mr. Gladstone's hectoring objurgations, every one felt to be the simple truth. It has collapsed, as its predecessors have done, into a chaos of anarchy and bloodshed. The end has come quicker than it did to the democracies of Athens and Rome, slower than it did to the democracies of France and Spanish America; but the same event awaits them all. And it has come in the mode in which some at least who foresaw it looked for.

'Every election approaches nearer and nearer to a civil war. Before every election the threats of the party that fears disappointment are louder and louder. Will they ever be executed? If Colonel Fremont had succeeded last December, as but for the intervention of a third candidate he must have done, would the South have submitted in impotent rage? If, as probably will be the case, he should succeed four years hence, will she then submit? We will not venture to answer any of these questions. But it does appear to us that a bond which every four years is on the point of separating must eventually snap.'—*Quarterly Review*, April, 1857.

These, when they were written, were not acceptable opinions. The Micaiah who will not prophesy peace when there is no peace is never a very popular character. We have often been roughly taken to task for our earnest efforts to stem the current of delusion, and to induce our countrymen to adjourn their judgment till the experiment was complete. But we have never faltered in our belief that, in spite of the energy and courage of the American people, their government was constructed on conditions that rendered permanence impossible. Others who were no admirers of democracy were inclined to defer its collapse in America to the time when the conditions of its population should be similar to our own. This was the opinion of Lord Macaulay.

Macaulay. As events proved, it was too favourable a judgment. A far slighter strain has sufficed to snap the ill-compacted fibre. But his letter to Mr. Randell puts this view—the ultimate argument against all democracy—in language so striking that we shall make no apology for recalling it to our reader's recollection:—

‘ I have long been convinced that institutions purely democratic must, sooner or later, destroy liberty, or civilization, or both.

‘ In Europe, where the population is dense, the effect of such institutions would be almost instantaneous. What happened lately in France is an example

‘ You may think that your country enjoys an exemption from these evils. I will frankly own to you that I am of a very different opinion. Your fate I believe to be certain, though it is deferred by a physical cause. As long as you have a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land, your labouring population will be far more at ease than the labouring population of the old world; and, while that is the case, the Jeffersonian policy may continue to exist without causing any fatal calamity. But the time will come when New England will be as thickly peopled as Old England. Wages will be as low, and will fluctuate as much with you as with us. You will have your Manchesters and your Birminghams; and in those Manchesters and Birminghams hundreds of thousands of artisans will assuredly be sometimes out of work. Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test. Distress everywhere makes the labourer mutinous and discontented, and inclines him to listen with eagerness to agitators, who tell him that it is a monstrous iniquity that one man should have a million while another cannot get a full meal. In bad years there is plenty of grumbling here, and sometimes a little rioting; but it matters little, for here the sufferers are not the rulers. The supreme power is in the hands of a class, numerous indeed, but select—of an educated class—of a class which is and knows itself to be deeply interested in the security of property and the maintenance of order. Accordingly, the malcontents are firmly but gently restrained. The bad time is got over without robbing the wealthy to relieve the indigent. The springs of national prosperity soon begin to flow again; work is plentiful, wages rise, and all is tranquillity and cheerfulness. I have seen England pass three or four times through such critical seasons as I have described. Through such seasons the United States will have to pass in the course of the next century, if not of this. How will you pass through them? I heartily wish you a good deliverance. But my reason and my wishes are at war, and I cannot help foreboding the worst. It is quite plain that your Government will never be able to restrain a distressed and discontented majority, for with you the majority is the Government, and has the rich, who are always a minority, absolutely at its mercy. The day will come when, in the State of New York, a multitude of people, not one of whom has had more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a

Legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of Legislature will be chosen? On one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith. On the other is a demagogue ranting about the tyranny of capitalists and usurers, and asking why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne and to ride in a carriage while thousands of honest folks are in want of necessities. Which of the two candidates is likely to be preferred by a working man who hears his children crying for more bread? I seriously apprehend that you will, in some such season of adversity as I have described, do things which will prevent prosperity from returning. Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand; or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman empire was in the fifth; with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman empire came from without, and that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country by your own institutions.'

But the American democracy was destined for no such noble end. Its institutions have not fallen battling with the common enemies of all institutions—the mobs who form a standing menace to order and a standing excuse to tyranny. It has sunk from the decrepitude of premature old age. The nation is young and vigorous, and doubtless has before it a long career of that real progress which consists in subduing nature and refining the soul of man. But the institutions which should have held that nation together and guarded its unity as a state have perished from the same maladies that have marked the extinction of the most corrupt and the most effete of the monarchies of Europe. The same disease which sapped the strength and ensured the fall of the monarchy of France in the last century, and the monarchy of Naples in this, has proved fatal to the scarcely-fledged powers of the American Republic. The same deadly symptoms have shown themselves in all three cases: the discontent of not merely the ruder masses, but of whole sections of its subjects, and the utter lack in the hour of need of rulers who could perform the commonest duties of government. There is so much that is instructive in this great and unexpected calamity that it is worth while to investigate more closely its real causes and the extent to which it can be fairly charged on the natural workings of democracy. On the strength of the experience of the United States we have been led into many measures from which, but for such an example, we might have shrunk. We cannot therefore shut out all thoughts of past predictions when we behold their present calamitous fulfilment. We render to the Americans, with sorrowful alacrity, the tribute of sympathy which so great misfortune may justly demand; but we cannot permit their strange sensitiveness

sensitiveness to criticism to bar us from drawing for our own use the terrible lesson which is written in their fate.

The truth is, that it is only by calamities so startling as this that men can be warned of the dangers with which democracy is surrounded. It has fascinations which set all mere logical processes at defiance. In itself there are few theories more charming than the natural perfectibility and perfection of the human race. It commends itself so heartily to sanguine youth, to think that evil is no necessity in the world, but that it is caused, or largely enhanced, by the corrupt imbecility of a handful of privileged families. There is something chilling in the belief that by the stern law of nature, evil must always largely prevail, suffering always predominate in human life, that good men must often submit to calumny and obscurity, that good schemes must constantly break down, and that the Utopia of the Reformer will ever be flying before him as he chases it, like the mirage of the desert. It is far pleasanter to think that all these hateful growths have but one neck; and that by striking down an obsolete theory of government, or a noxious vested interest, the Saturnian age can be brought back again. In a man's early years such chimeras gain ready credence; and it is youth who believe, and who act, and who pledge themselves. The policy of a generation is deeply coloured by the early dreams of those who are young when it begins. The same charm floats around many of those by whom democratic doctrines have been the most successfully enforced. It is a hackneyed saying of Gibbon's, that 'the virtues of priests are more dangerous than their vices.' From his point of view the remark was very just; nothing in this world is so noxious as the combination of a pure heart and a warped mind. Well-intentioned error possesses a force which far outweighs, for the purposes of evil, the efforts of mere clever rascality. And to democracy this maxim specially applies. Wherever weak and undue concessions to theories of perfectibility have lodged the power over the intelligent in the hands of the ignorant, and have issued in a bloody convulsion, it has been done in great part by virtuous and amiable young men who thoroughly believed in the folly that they preached, and who only awoke from their dream when the mischief was past recall. There was something very beautiful in the character of Barnave; something very winning in the enthusiasm of Lafayette. It was natural that the French should have been misled by doctrines and characters that were alike fascinating. They had no recent example before them to teach them the inevitable results of democracy. We cannot claim any such excuse. A strange fate has allowed us to see at once the beginning and end of its career. Its seductive enchantments we have felt

among ourselves ; we have yielded to the intoxication of theories of progress, and have sunk softly into the soothing belief that it was impossible to trust too confidently to the excellence of human nature, especially of English human nature. Across the Atlantic we may see represented in the sternest colours the end to which such self-delusions lead. As a nation we are enjoying the same sort of privilege which was sometimes accorded in mediæval fable to favoured sinners, who were permitted to see with their own eyes, while yet in the flesh, the woes which their course of life would bring upon them. We are allowed to study, in the experience of another land, the termination of the path of democratic progress upon which we ourselves have entered. Such lessons are not to be thrown away. We may not reject instruction out of delicacy to those in whose examples we are taught. If ever the danger which belongs to the rule of the ignorant and hungry is to be impressed on a careless generation, it must be by events of the character of the French Revolution or the American disruption ; otherwise the odds against truth are too severe. Cold and calculating reasons have very little hope of triumph if they must withstand, unaided, the fascinations of the enthusiastic and the sanguine. It is only in the wreck of all ideals, and the collapse of all fantastic hopes, that sober cynical Truth can make her prosaic accents heard.

That this ideal Republic has collapsed is a fact which few are bold enough to contradict. Few people doubt that this war must end either in a division of its territory or a change in its form of government. But there are still some people who refuse to admit that there is any connexion between the catastrophe and the nature of American institutions. An ancient faith is not so easily cast aside : its votaries will believe anything rather than admit that their idol is a block of wood. They say that it is not democracy, but slavery, that has rent the republic asunder. In the first place we are assured, by some of the best authorities, that it is not slavery, but free trade, that is in issue ; but let that pass. Such a defence is wholly beside the point. It ignores the very nature of the duties in respect to which the American system is charged with having failed. Government is a defensive and remedial institution ; its function is to maintain order and avert internal conflict, and it only succeeds when it does so. Of course it will have to perform that function under circumstances of severe trial ; if there were no subjects of difference by which collisions between opposing interests were likely to be produced, Government would be a superfluous expense. One of its main ends is to meet the emergencies in which public peace and order are threatened ; and the criterion of its merits is the

success

success with which it attains that end when those emergencies arise. If there were no such things as storms, sea-walls would be unnecessary. If you want to know whether your sea-wall is well or ill-constructed, the best way is to watch how it behaves on the occasion of a great storm. A knotty point like slavery is the very touchstone to try the metal of a Government; until it has been so tried, its success can no more be assumed than the success of an iron-plated man-of-war which has never left the dock. England has passed through many such critical questions; she has been convulsed by religious, political, and dynastic controversies; she has had to suppress, in turn, the secession yearnings of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Any one of these difficulties was equal in magnitude to that which has proved fatal to the United States. She has emerged from all with British strength unbroken, and British frontier undiminished. America has fallen before the first difficulty by which the resources of her Government have been tried. Of course the particular difficulty which has produced the collision may be said to have caused the failure of the Government. When the winds came, and the floods rose and beat against the house in the parable, and it fell, no doubt the winds and the floods were the causes of its fall; but the fact that it was built upon the sand may be said to have had something to do with the catastrophe.

We have already alluded to the two separate counts under which democracy may be charged with having caused the American civil war. Like the worn-out despotisms of the Continent, it has been at once irritating and powerless. It has united in a fatal combination the maximum power of arousing discontent, and the minimum power of repressing it; the exasperating tendencies that give rise to insurrection, with the weakness that opens to it a triumphant end. The omnipotence of the majority, imperious as any king, greedy as any court-mistress or court-confessor, has bred the revolution; the feeble, changeful, and corrupt executive has reared it to its present menacing stature.

The omnipotence of the majority has always been looked upon as the germ of future danger to the Republic by the most keen-sighted observers both of America and Europe. 'The Federalist' contains very earnest warnings against the tendency of 'the superior force of an interested and overbearing majority' to violate the rights of a minority. Both Madison and Jefferson have left their apprehensions upon record. Accordingly the first founders of the Republic took many precautions to moderate its action, and to curb it in its excesses. A restricted suffrage, an independent judiciary, a system of indirect election

in the choice of the President, were all contrivances devised by the creators of the democracy to fetter the Frankenstein they had raised. The checks were well-intended, but they were utterly in vain. Washington and his contemporaries had never seen democracy at work. They could not know by experience its impatience of control and certain tendency towards despotism. They did not recognise, what with better warning too many among ourselves are apt to forget, that when once the balance between the democracy and the other powers in the State is overset, it will never rest till it has swept them utterly away, and reigns not only supreme, but alone. It was idle to restrict the suffrage so slightly that the supremacy still remained with the class whose sympathies were democratic. That happened, which, if we lowered our suffrage, would happen among ourselves. Preponderance was converted into absolute rule. The lower classes, with whom the supremacy had been left, hastened to confirm and to extend their monopoly of power. It is useless to fence men about with limitations and restraints which at the same time you give them the means of pulling down. The low franchise was used to make the franchise lower still; and bit by bit every restriction that removed it from universal suffrage was abolished. The alterations were made at various times in various States, but the actual result to which these alterations have brought the several States is thus summed up by Chancellor Kent:—

‘In the States of Maine, Vermont, New York, Maryland, South Carolina, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Alabama, no property qualification whatever—not even paying taxes or serving in the militia—is requisite for the exercise of the right of suffrage. Every free male white citizen of twenty-one years, and who shall have been a resident for some short given period, varying in those States from two years to three months, is entitled to vote.’

To this enumeration, Mr. Tremenhare adds Florida, Texas, Wisconsin, Iowa, California, and Virginia. In the following States what he terms the semblance of a qualification has been retained:—

‘In the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Georgia, Ohio, and Louisiana, the elector is required, in addition to age and residence, to have been assessed and to have paid—or, in Ohio, to have been charged with—a state or county tax, or, in Connecticut, to have served in the militia.’

To this list New Jersey and North Carolina must be added. In the little state of Rhode Island alone is any effective qualification enforced. Such is the end of the restrictions by which the great

great founders of the Republic hoped to avert the evils of absolute democracy. The truth is, that a high suffrage is possible, and universal suffrage is possible; and either of them may remain as permanent institutions. But a low suffrage, which, without making the masses absolute, subordinates the educated classes to them, can only act as a transition from one form of government to the other. The encroachments of democracy are as the encroachments of the sea. As long as the dyke remains whole and unbroken, the fury of the waters without is impotent. They may dash and shatter themselves against it, but as soon as the storm that has raised them subsides they will retire back harmlessly to their ancient limits. But suffer one breach, however small, to be made in the dyke, and they will widen it and widen it gradually till at last the dyke is undermined and swept away, and all the prosperity and fertility that it guarded is opened to the desolating flood.

The same fate has followed the other restraints which the statesmen of the Revolution attempted to impose upon the popular power. The indirect elections have become an empty form, and the President is practically chosen by the direct vote of the whole population. The independent judiciary was another effective check, wisely devised if it could have been upheld, but which the encroaching spirit of democracy could ill brook. Especial stress had been laid upon it in 'The Federalist' by the founders of the constitution. The most sagacious constitutional lawyers that have arisen in America since that time have vindicated its pre-eminent importance with equal earnestness. Judge Story extols it as 'the citadel of public justice and public security,' and justly adds that 'there can be no security for the minority in a free government, except through the judicial department.' But it fell under the reckless ban of the theorists who led the way in beating down every barrier which the wisdom of the revolutionary statesmen had erected against the madness of the people. President Jefferson was the first to propose in 1801 that the judges should be appointed for a short term of years; and the recommendation was renewed and urged with great pertinacity by President Jackson in 1829. At the time when Judge Story wrote, only five States out of twenty-four had carried into effect this novel and violent application of the extreme democratic theory. But since that time the evil leaven has leavened the whole mass more rapidly. When Mr. Tremenhare wrote (and we believe the same state of things endured up to the moment of the disruption), only four States out of thirty-one upheld the independence of the judges. In twenty-two States they were elected by the people for short terms; in two appointed
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by the governor for short terms; in three elected by the people during good behaviour. In the Territories the judges have been made removable at the discretion of the President. Mr. Tremenhoe observes with great force:—

‘The burden of all the elaborate arguments and earnest warnings of the greatest statesmen and lawyers whom the United States have produced has been, that there was but one check under their system of government upon the self-will of democracy, one security against the tyranny of the majority,—and that was to be found in the independence of the judicial body.’ *

But the warnings of great statesmen always have been and always will be powerless to modify the developments through which the fatal germ of democracy, once planted, must inevitably run.

The omnipotence of the majority has not been contented with a mere victory over constitutional restraints. It is not only supreme in the making and the administering of laws, but it exercises a despotic control over the life and actions of private individuals more minute and more penetrating than it would be physically in the power of an absolute monarch to carry out. Laws are no more necessary to enable it to wield this paternal government than they were to the Caliph Haroun-al-Rashid. The democracy that makes the laws and administers the laws is at liberty to break the laws with impunity if it thinks fit. Relying on this immunity, Judge Lynch needs no legislative sanction to enable him to carry out his decrees. The written penal code of the State in which he is sitting does not trouble the serenity of his judicial mind. With a tar-barrel on one side of him and a revolver on the other, with thousands of citizens ready to act as the ministers of his decrees, he is sure of an obedience more prompt and more complete than is paid to any autocrat in the world. Any one who has studied American books of travels or American newspapers during the last thirty years will have no difficulty in recalling to mind many a harrowing display of his vigorous and ruthless power. Such cases are too painful to be cited, and it can serve no good purpose to resuscitate them now. But we may without offence mention an instance of a lighter kind, which we have heard from a very well-known traveller, touching the rigour with which Judge Lynch enforces sumptuary laws of which the statute-book knows nothing, and which are usually supposed to be a forgotten mediæval folly. A wealthy merchant in Boston, having a taste for magnificence, thought he would gratify it by gilding the lamp over his street-door. Boston does not

* ‘The Constitution of the United States.’ London, 1854, p. 275.

possess any official censor, or doubtless that republican magistrate might justly have found fault with the expenditure. But of unofficial censors there is no lack. After the lamp had been up a short time, some of the citizens waited upon the wealthy merchant and considerately informed him—'We don't think that lamp will do, Sir. We think it looks too aristocratic.' In enslaved England the remonstrants would have been very promptly kicked into the street for their impertinence. But the Boston merchant did not ask by what authority they spoke, or what business they had to interfere. He knew that the 'citizens' were perfectly competent to enforce their own decrees, and that the display of a gilded lamp would prove a dear decoration if it involved an attack upon his house. Accordingly, without more ado, the obnoxious lamp was obediently removed. The same sumptuary censorship pursues a Massachusetts rich man into every detail of expenditure. A livery servant or a park are equally 'aristocratic,' and are prohibited with the same rigour. In New York it is practically forbidden to invest any large amount of money in land: at least the man who does so must farm it for himself. Tenant-farmers are apt to decline the plebeian obligation of paying rent; and, after the fatal riots of 1845, he would be a bold landlord who should attempt to force them. These things are not written in the laws of the land. As their letter runs, liberty seems as ample, and property as secure, as they are in England. But laws are of little use where there is no tribunal to enforce them. The law-courts are everywhere open even to a tarred and feathered victim if he chooses to occupy his leisure time in going there. But it is a profitless publication of his disgrace. The juries* will probably not convict; and, even if they would, the judges, who are elective, and must give an account of their judicial stewardship to the masses that elected them, will not punish. The burning of the quarantine-hospital by the New York mob a year or two ago, was a proceeding so lawless that to leave it unpunished almost implied a state of anarchy; and yet no sentence could be procured against the rioters.

We have mentioned this sumptuary despotism more on account of its absurd and whimsical caprices, than because it is the most grievous sample of the tyranny of the majority. The repression of free thought and free speech is a far more noxious and a more paradoxical consequence of unchecked democracy. The heirs of the American revolution have established a mastery over

* In New England the juries are not even chosen indiscriminately as with us. They are selected according to the discretion of certain elected officers, called 'selectmen.'

thought and the expression of thought, for which a parallel will be sought in vain among the despotisms of the old world. For testimonies to this fact it is not necessary to make many researches. The difficulty is rather to choose the witnesses than to find them. The enormous risk of uttering unpopular opinions, and the difficulty of finding men who even venture to entertain them in the recesses of their own brains, is a feature of American society which has been noticed by almost every traveller. High Tories have laughed at it, fierce republicans have mourned it; but there has been no dispute as to the fact, that, upon any great question of public interest, speech and thought are less free in the United States than they are in Paris or in Rome. Cases have been constantly recorded, both in the newspapers and in books of travels, where the expression of some unwelcome doctrine, even in private, has been visited with fierce retribution under the elastic penal code of Judge Lynch. We will not quote any cases from English authorities, though they are available in abundance, because they have often been impugned as prejudiced. But M. de Tocqueville, whose bias if anything was in favour of democracy, and whose writings have always been signalised for judicial impartiality, speaks as strongly upon this subject as the bitterest caricaturist could have spoken. In truth, it is an evil which has gone so far that neither Mr. Dickens nor Mrs. Trollope could have exaggerated it. We recommend the whole of De Tocqueville's chapter, '*De l'Omnipotence de la Majorité*,' to the reperusal of those who would trace those troubles to their true source. We must content ourselves with citing one striking passage:—

'What repels me most in America is not the extreme liberty which prevails, but rather the scantiness of the precautions that are taken against tyranny. If a man or a party suffer injustice in the United States, to whom are they to appeal? To public opinion? but it is public opinion that makes the majority. To the legislature? but it represents the majority and obeys it blindly. To the executive? it is named by the majority and serves as its passive tool. To the army? the army is only the majority under arms. To the jury? it is only the majority wielding the power of returning verdicts; the judges themselves in certain States [now in nearly all] are elected by the majority. However unjust, therefore, or unreasonable, may be the measures which affect you, you must submit.'

He then tells two stories in confirmation of this language. One is dated as early as the war of 1812. A newspaper at Baltimore maintained peace opinions, which were highly unpopular at the time; the mob assembled, destroyed the printing-press, and attacked the houses of the conductors. The militia

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was called out, but refused to serve. To save the unfortunate journalists, the magistrates shut them up in prison. But even that measure was of no avail. The mob attacked the prison; the militia again refused to serve; and the journalists were slaughtered. The guilty persons were tried for the crime, and of course acquitted by the jury. The other story refers to a display of mob tyranny, milder in character, but not confined to a moment of national excitement:—

‘I said one day to an inhabitant of Pennsylvania, “Explain to me, I beg of you, how, in a State founded by Quakers, and renowned for its tolerance, free negroes are not admitted to exercise the rights of citizens. They pay taxes: is it not fair that they should vote?” “Do not insult us by believing,” answered he, “that our legislators have done anything so outrageously intolerant and unjust.” “Then the blacks with you have the right of voting?” “Undoubtedly.” “Then how is it that at the election this morning I did not see a single one?” “It is not the fault of the law,” answered the American; “the negroes have a right to take part in the elections, but they voluntarily abstain.” “That’s a proof of great moderation on their part.” “Oh! it is not that they refuse to go, but they are afraid of being maltreated. Among us it sometimes happens that the law is impotent when the majority does not support it. Now the majority is imbued with strong prejudices against the negroes, and the magistrates do not feel themselves strong enough to secure to the latter the rights which our legislation has bestowed upon them.”’

The same lawless and despotic intolerance has characterized the American democracy up to the present time. The ‘New York Herald’ was compelled to change its opinions the other day at the shortest possible notice by the same vigorous proselytism as that applied by the citizens of Baltimore in 1812. A mob appeared at the printing-office, and gave it the choice of abandoning its principles or its printing-presses. A man has been shot in the streets of New York for professing Secession opinions. Similar or even worse excesses have been committed in the South on persons professing Union opinions. Mr. Gregory has averred that many persons are writing to him from the North entreating him to try and impress from England upon the people of the Northern States the moderate views which they dare not openly profess. Mr. Russell bears witness that the opinion of the majority has silenced or swallowed up all the Union inclinations which existed in the South. It is fresh in the memory of all by what means the cause of freedom and the cause of slavery were alternately maintained on the soil of Kansas. Nor is this democratic intolerance peculiar to the United States. All over the world democracies have been distinguished, upon the smaller stages on which they have hitherto played their parts, for the fiercer-
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fierceness of their factions and the extravagant lengths to which a victorious party has always pushed its triumph. Ostracism is their most ancient, as tarring and feathering is their newest invention, for the preservation of liberty and the propagation of liberal opinions. Faction has never raged so fiercely in any part of the world, nor has human life been held so cheap in any Christian country, as among the mediæval republics of Italy and the modern republics of South America. If any stronger instance is to be found, it is in the brief delirium of democracy which formed the interval between two tyrannies in France. The United States have only obeyed the impulse of a law from which no democracy can permanently escape. If no law avails, even in the most civilized state, to restrain the passions of the numerical majority, if individual right, or liberty, or life, weighs but as a feather against its will, it is the institutions and not the race that are to blame.

But it is necessary to carry the argument a step further. We have seen that the omnipotence of the majority will bend to no law, and asserts itself in spite of any checks that political ingenuity can devise. But how has it been the cause of the revolution? The question cannot be answered more strikingly than by another reference to the pages of M. de Tocqueville. He did not live to see the end; but his sagacity enabled him to see from afar off what it would be. In order to describe the actual sequence of events we need only turn his future tense into a past:—

‘If ever liberty be destroyed in America, the blame must be laid on the omnipotence of the majority, which will have driven the minorities to despair, and compelled them to appeal to force.’*

It would be impossible to describe more accurately that which has actually occurred. The secession which has taken place is an appeal against the despotism of the majority, partly experienced and partly feared.

In constitutional countries a minority is seldom driven to despair; and in proportion to the moderation on which a minority can rely is the stability of a constitution. Montalembert justly attributes much of the endurance of our own institutions to the tenderness with which minorities are habitually treated. Principles are never pushed to an extremity. There are always a sufficient number of moderate men to prevent impetuous partisans from exacting to the uttermost all the spoils of victory. The result is that minorities never lose all hope. They remain content to rely for the recovery of their rights upon legal struggles. They are not exposed to the temptation of using the superior strength which

* ‘Democracy in America,’ vol. ii. c. vii.

a superior organization almost always confers upon a minority, for the purpose of wresting by force what they cannot gain by vote. They have always a right to trust that the slow working of educated public opinion will restore to them by a sure reaction whatever there was of excess in the triumph of their opponents. In states less constitutional than our own the same sort of moderation on the whole prevails, though it is more liable to perilous interruptions. Triumphs are not won by the direct power of those who are to profit by them. A favourite or a Minister under a despotic sovereign is liable to many misleading influences. He may be bribed, or he may be flattered, or he may be piqued. But his very favour generally lifts him too high to be personally interested in the working of any legislative change. Therefore he has no motive for driving to extremities the minority upon whom that change may press severely. To keep peace and to avoid trouble, it is his interest to remove to the utmost of his power all causes of discontent. Of course there will be plenty of exceptions caused by incapacity or passion; but moderation will be the natural tendency. But with a democracy the case is very different. With them passion is not the exception, but the rule. Whether they are swayed by the passion of greed or the passion of enthusiasm, by the nobler emotions or the baser, patient and far-seeing calculation goes for very little in their councils. In the collective deliberations of any body of men, reason gains the mastery over passion exactly in proportion as they are educated and as they are few. Passion is fostered equally by the two main characteristics of the democratic sovereign—ignorance and numbers. A profound argument must commend itself to each man's individual reason, and derives no aid from the congregation of numbers. But an emotion will shoot electrically through a crowd which might have appealed to each man by himself in vain. Thus it is always difficult to commend a far-sighted, passionless policy to a large assembly; perfectly impossible if it consist of men whose minds are unused to thought and undisciplined by study. They will always act either to favour some doctrine in which they fanatically believe, or to serve the most obvious interests of the moment. A triumph gained by a majority under such feelings will preclude the possibility of moderation. The habitual omnipotence of the majority will silence all preachers of self-restraint. The excitement of victory, intensified by the multitude that takes part in it, will not suffer them to pause in the pursuit of a defeated antagonist. The less numerous and more educated bodies that take part in a constitutional government may be set in motion or halted at will; but such discipline is impossible where the rude masses that form a nation are dashing forward

forward at the bidding, not of their leaders, but of their own excited partisanship. The difference between a democratic and a constitutional triumph is the difference between the charge of a yeomanry and of a regiment of the line. The former go to work more heartily, and their impetus is more terrible; but their onset once commenced, can neither be arrested nor controlled.

Fully aware of all these facts, a minority, of course, shapes its course accordingly. Knowing that it can look for no quarter, it fights as for dear life. It will not wait for reaction or reconsideration among the uneducated, or appeal to the moderation of victors who look on moderation as treachery in disguise. As long as the interests menaced are worth less than peace, it will growlingly submit. When they have passed that limit, it will, in its turn, feel no compunction and recoil from no extreme. It will see nothing to be condemned in an appeal to arms when the majority has once taught it that no other chance of redress remains to it.

It is no affair of ours to discuss the right or wrong of the Southern insurrection. Mr. Motley will probably have convinced most Englishmen that the insurgents were legally in the wrong. But after all that has passed, and that we have recognised, in Belgium, in Greece, in Naples, in South America, nay, in the United States themselves, *we* cannot maintain that an insurrection is morally wrong because it is legally punishable. Whatever a rigid moral code may pronounce upon such a point, the baser alloy which we have accepted for the purposes of practical intercourse with other Powers forbids us to subscribe to the theory of indefeasible right in the government of Washington which Mr. Motley so undoubtingly advances. Be that as it may, there can be little doubt that the Southern revolt was the appeal to arms of a minority against oppression which they either suffered or foresaw. President Davis explains the view taken by his own party so very clearly that there is no room for controversy on the subject:—

‘The people of the Southern States, whose almost exclusive occupation was agriculture, early perceived a tendency in the Northern States to render the common government subservient to their own purposes by imposing burdens on commerce as a protection to their manufacturing and shipping interests. Long and angry controversy grew out of these attempts, often successful, to benefit one section of the country at the expense of the other. And the danger of disruption arising from this cause was enhanced by the fact that the Northern population was increasing by immigration and other causes in a greater ratio than the population of the South. By degrees, as the Northern States gained preponderance in the National Congress, *self-interest taught their people to yield ready assent to any plausible advocacy*

easy of their right as a majority to govern the minority without control; they learned to listen with impatience to the suggestion of any constitutional impediment to the exercise of their will; and so utterly have the principles of the Constitution been corrupted in the Northern mind, that in the inaugural address delivered by President Lincoln in March last, he asserts as an axiom which he plainly deems to be undeniable, that the theory of the Constitution requires that in all cases the majority shall govern; and in another memorable instance the same chief magistrate did not hesitate to liken the relations between a State and the United States to those which exist between a county and the State in which it is situated and by which it was created. This is the lamentable and fundamental error on which rests the policy that has culminated in his declaration of war against these Confederate States.

'In addition to the long-continued and deep-seated resentment felt by the Southern States at the persistent abuse of the powers they had delegated to the Congress, for the purpose of enriching the manufacturing and shipping classes of the North at the expense of the South, there has existed for nearly half a century another subject of discord, involving interests of such transcendent magnitude as at all times to create the apprehension in the minds of many devoted lovers of the Union that its permanence was impossible.'

The grievances which to the South seemed so intolerable that civil war itself was a lighter evil, were two—one was actual, the other was, in the main, hypothetical. They were suffering, and had long suffered, from the effects of the various Northern Tariffs; and they believed from past experience that as soon as the North had the power in its hands they should be exposed to some perilous dealing with their slaves. The first reason seems to have weighed the most heavily with the higher classes of their community; the second with that more numerous class of whites too proud to work and too poor to hire, to whom the abolition of slavery would have been instant ruin. But it is clear that the first reason was the one on which the South mainly acted. The proof is very simple. Secession was an absolute and immediate remedy for the free-trade grievance; but some of the slavery grievances—such, for instance, as the encouragement of fugitive slaves—it tended rather to aggravate than to cure. The free-trade grievance, moreover, was founded on long experience. Thirty years ago the question of the tariff had nearly taken South Carolina out of the Union. It was a grievance that had constantly grown, both in its actual burdens and in the severity with which it galled the feelings of the Southerners. Year after year the protective policy enacted by Massachusetts and Pennsylvania was stifling the industry of the South and draining its prosperity in order to fatten on the pro-
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ceeds what was, in effect, a distant nation, antagonistic in its convictions and its policy, alien in its traditions and habits of life. It had been forced at first by the sheer weight of a majority on the reluctant South. The protective system had been won as a triumph by the North, and had been turned by them to the utmost possible profit, and for many a year it had left a rankling sense of wrong in the Southern mind. The South felt the double sting of humiliation and of loss. They felt that they were wronged, and that they were wronged because they had been beaten. And it did not seem likely that the evil would abate of itself in course of time: the wants of the Treasury were constantly growing, and as those wants grew the tariff was likely to rise. When the Treasury was full, the tariffs had been slightly lowered in 1857. It was obvious that when the Treasury was notoriously empty, still more burdensome tariffs would probably be imposed. Such anticipations have been more than justified by the Morrill tariff. It was not in nature that Charleston should patiently bear that its industry and capital should for all time be consecrated to the function of enriching Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. It required but a spark to explode minds thus charged with discontent: that exciting cause was furnished by the prospect which Mr. Lincoln's election opened to the South. The South have been much blamed for thus breaking off upon a prospective grievance. It is, at all events, no unprecedented course. It is not the first time that a weaker Power, foreseeing the certainty of a conflict, has attempted to redeem the disadvantages of its own weakness by challenging the conflict before the preparations of its assailants were complete. It was a fair question of strategy. To anticipate an adversary, if you are sure that he is an adversary, is an instinct of self-defence. It has been repeatedly sanctioned by the law of nations and the example of great States. The South has only dealt with the North as England dealt with Denmark when she received information of the secret articles of Tilsit. No one has dreamed of blaming the conduct of England since those secret articles became known. The only doubt that can be raised in such cases is, whether the attacking State really believes that it is about to be attacked; or whether, like Napoleon in invading Russia, it makes the pretence of such a belief a cloak for schemes of conquest. Of course such an imputation does not enter into the present question. It is impossible, therefore, to conceive that the South can have been actuated by any other motive than a genuine dread of the projects of the North. They knew that a Northern majority had once overridden the claims of the South

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on the question of Protection, and there was nothing to prevent the process from being repeated.

Advocates of the North adhere to the position that slavery, and nothing else, is the true cause of the secession. From this point of view they have, no doubt, a great right to complain that the South has been unreasonable in its demands. Though a minority in the Union, it has obtained for several years, by help of some of the eastern States, a majority in the two Houses of Congress upon the slavery question, and the nomination to the Presidential chair. The result of this preponderance has been, that recent legislation has favoured the slave-owner, though the slave-owners are largely outnumbered by the inhabitants of the Free States. On its assumed premises the position of the North is unanswerable. If slavery were alone, or principally, in issue, the conduct of the South would not only be unreasonable, but unintelligible. But the Northern advocates forget to state how the pro-slavery majority has been obtained. The votes of Pennsylvania and New York were not given to the South out of pure generosity. It was a bargain, in which principle was given on the one side, and money was sacrificed on the other. The protective tariff was the consideration of the bargain, which gave a pro-slavery majority to the South. Many of those who are now proclaiming to foreign countries that they are the crusaders of freedom against slavery, were very well content to pass fugitive-slave laws, and suffer slavery to be carried upon new territories, upon condition that they might be allowed to tax the South for the support of their own manufactures. The Republic was upon the brink of a civil war when South Carolina refused to yield to a Northern tariff thirty years ago. It had submitted at last with a depth of enduring discontent which was notorious; and some parts of the North thought it profitable to purchase its acquiescence by pliability on a subject in which no pecuniary loss to themselves was involved. But this bargain was necessarily unstable. The growth of Abolitionism made it more and more difficult to uphold in the North. The burden of the protective system, and the apparent likelihood, which has since been realised, of its being pushed still further, made it unpopular in the South. In this condition of feeling, the election of President Lincoln was in effect a notice to terminate the contract. It was an announcement that henceforth in elections the North would take advantage of its majority, and that consequently both in Congress and at the President's council-board a Northern policy would prevail. It was a proclamation to the South that a new spirit had come over its Northern allies. Its burdensome sub-

mission on the subject of protection was to be of no avail. It was to be liable to increased exactions of that kind, and its slave interests were to be left to the tender mercies of a hostile majority. Under these circumstances, knowing how hostile majorities demean themselves in America, the South did not feel inclined to wait till its enemies had had time to set to work.

We, of course, have not alluded to the feelings which, as Englishmen, we entertain upon the slavery question. No political events can modify the abhorrence with which we look upon a system based on so much human suffering, and at war with so many of the holiest human ties. But in judging the conduct of the South, we are bound not to look at that question from an English point of view. The South believed property in slaves to be as sacred as we hold our property in land to be. It is nothing to the purpose that their view was based on a bad system, and would meet with no sympathy on this side of the Atlantic. It is a view which was endorsed by the American Constitution, and has been over and over again ratified without scruple by the North. The South, therefore, were quite justified, according to principles admitted on both sides, in resisting any threat of an attack on their slave property, with as much determination as we should show in resisting a forced benevolence. The really remarkable fact which is to be inferred from the conduct of the Southern States is, the genuine alarm with which they regarded the workings of Democracy. Strictly speaking, they were not Democracies themselves. The peculiar electoral law, by which each slaveowner enjoyed a plurality of votes in proportion to the number of his slaves, imported a strong oligarchic element into their institutions. But they were no mean judges of the working of a Democracy. They had acted in partnership with one for seventy years. They had watched it ripening year by year to the full development of mob supremacy, and they had enjoyed the fullest opportunity of judging of the temper and moderation with which it was likely to improve a triumph, or wield unfettered power over a conquered rival. We have seen what was the judgment that they formed. They deliberately decided that civil war, with all its horrors, and with all its peculiar risks to themselves as slaveowners, was a lighter evil than to be surrendered to the justice or the clemency of a victorious Democracy. It is not for Europe to dispute the accuracy of their judgment. They had facilities for forming it that none can rival, and they have sealed its sincerity by braving risks which nothing but the apprehension of overwhelming calamity could move men to incur. We can only pray that we may ever
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be delivered from a master against whom such terrible securities are required.

But the share which Democracy has had in bringing about the disruption does not end here. In driving the minority to despair, it has shown all the vices of a strong and overbearing Government. In dealing with that despair, it has shown all the vices of a weak one. It has been as strong as Russia to irritate, and as weak as Turkey to repress. Whether, if it had been strong instead of weak, it would have retained under what is practically the Government of the North-eastern States the vast territory that stretches from the Potomac to the Rio del Norte, has been much disputed. It is impossible to say theoretically how much discontent is requisite to make separation such a necessity that no skill of Government can avert it. There is no doubt of the depth of animosity which actuated the South. Marriage is always said to produce hatred, if it does not produce love; and probably the same rule applies to Confederacy. Nothing but a conjunction in bonds of ostensible amity could have produced such an intensity of hatred as that which animates the two former consorts against each other. It may be a matter of doubt whether the Southern States could have been retained, even if the Government at Washington had been as strong and prompt as the Government of London, or even of Paris. But it has shown a weakness that would have suffered even a far weaker insurrection to come to maturity, and which could only develop into civil war; and of this weakness Democracy must bear the heaviest blame.

In using the word weakness we desire not to be misunderstood. We do not mean to impute any undue gentleness to President Lincoln or his advisers. The vigour with which, on the approach of danger, he has swept away every vestige of constitutional liberty deserves grateful recognition at the hands of all the admirers of 'strong Governments.' The seizure of the telegrams, and the suspension of the writ of *Habeas Corpus* by a mere act of executive power, without even the ceremony of a previous proclamation, are acts of vigour worthy of the meridian of Paris. M. de Tocqueville's remark, that democracy is inclined to confide to the hands of the civil magistrate arbitrary powers which would be thought intolerable elsewhere, has been amply verified in Europe. But if it needed confirmation President Lincoln's high-handed proceedings would forcibly attest its truth. We are far from denying to his administration whatever praise the term vigorous may include. But this exceptional vigour, on the part of an individual President in the height of an

exciting crisis, is no sort of proof that the American Government is strong. There is nothing more delusive than the semblance of strength which is presented by these fitful spasms of ferocious energy. It is a kind of strength which the rudest Governments display, because it is a strength springing not from system, but from passion. It was never displayed on a grander scale than by the celebrated Committee of Public Salvation. Instances may be found of it in the present day in the provincial administration of the Turkish Empire. But it is not the kind of strength by which either men or nations achieve enduring results. The weakness of the American Government lies in this—that the revolt found the chief power in the hands of men who had no interest in defending it; and no statesmen have appeared among the rulers of the Republic capable of foreseeing the danger before it arose, or grappling with it when it came. These two causes of failure are no accident—they lie deep in the very nature of the institutions which have had so many admirers in England.

The instability of the Executive—that special peculiarity on which Republicans pride themselves so much—has been the most glaring cause of disaster. When the secession broke out, the President was indifferent, and half his Ministers were friendly to the revolt. Neither the one nor the other took any active measures to restrain it. The cause was not very far to seek. They none of them had any interest in the permanence of the Government of the United States. All of them had interests of a far more enduring character in the goodwill of those who sought its overthrow. A monarch may be capricious, wilful, careless; but he never can regard with absolute indifference the interests of the country over which he rules. The strongest selfish interests bind him to his duty. All that he values of dignity or of enjoyment, all that he hopes to transmit to his children, depend upon the national existence over which it is his function to watch. So far as rational motives can be relied upon to influence so fickle a being as man, a king gives to fortune the strongest pledges of fidelity. With a President, changing every four years, the case is exactly the reverse. Whatever follies or crimes he may commit, his emoluments and dignities are pretty sure to last during his short term of office. Beyond that brief perspective, he can look to no future in which the nation's interest is in any special sense his own. If he devotes himself to labour, and faces difficulty in his country's behalf, he does it as a matter of duty, and not for the sake of his children or himself. If he be a corrupt man, his temptation will be to prostitute all his powers for the purpose of providing for himself a comfortable retirement when the four years

years of office are over. If he be, as most men are, not corrupt, but simply careless, he will let matters arrange themselves, suffer the vessel to drift as chance may guide her, and in difficult times will so act as to shift on to the shoulders of his successor every difficulty with which he himself ought to deal.

As with the President, so will it be with his Ministers. Leaning for their whole support upon the transient strength of a temporary patron, they have no thoughts beyond his term of office. It is no business of theirs to avert the dangers which might disturb a future Administration, or sow political improvements of which others will reap the harvest. In other constitutional countries frequent changes of ministry are a great, though apparently an inevitable, evil. But they are accompanied with at least this set-off—that the Ministers know that their tenure of office, or their future return to it, depend upon the judgment passed by public opinion upon their conduct. The frequent changes destroy all unity of policy; but they do not take away every motive to faithful exertion. In America both these evils follow. The thread of policy is systematically broken every four years; and every selfish motive which could make men zealous or even faithful public servants is destroyed. The framers of the Constitution foresaw that the fidelity of a temporary King and his servants was not to be relied upon. For fear he should use his power for base ends they provided that no great step of foreign policy should be taken without the Senate's consent. But they only foresaw half the danger. They provided against the President selling his acts; it never seemed to have occurred to them that he might possibly sell his inaction. Still less did they provide against the more innocent temptation of shifting responsibility and trouble upon another. It was not likely that President Buchanan would grapple with a revolution when he knew that four months would find him in the camp of the revolutionists, and divested for ever of the responsibilities of power. It was not to be expected that his Ministers would proceed very promptly against an opposition into whose ranks they knew that the lapse of four months would certainly carry them. The attitude assumed by President Buchanan and his advisers was the natural and necessary result of the transitory Executive, which, with the fathers of the constitution, was the darling panacea for preserving liberty. Its effects have been most disastrous to the cause of the Union. Those first three months of unmolested revolt were invaluable to the seceders of South Carolina. It enabled them to perfect their warlike preparations, to compromise doubtful and hesitating allies, and to organise a system of domestic government before the civil war began. During that time a monarchical government

government would have interposed with determination; and the movement, which was at first but doubtfully received by those who afterwards joined it, might have been crushed in germ. But Democracy, to carry out its own theories, paralyzed the Executive power, and now, to its infinite astonishment, it finds the precaution has been turned against itself.

But there was something more than indifference at the bottom of the feebleness of President Buchanan's Government. It would be a libel on human nature to say that every man, however admirable, will perform his functions with negligence because he knows that his interest in them is only transient. There have been plenty of governments, both in ancient and modern times, where the chiefs of the State have not held their office permanently, and yet have been distinguished for zeal and public spirit. Undoubtedly the short tenure of office would have a tendency to produce indifference, but it is a tendency which any considerable amount of probity or patriotism would have sufficed to countervail. There was something of incapacity and something of corruption in the paralysis of the Washington Government. President Buchanan himself was pure in intention, but wholly unequal to the crisis in which he found himself. Many of his Ministers cannot escape the graver accusation of having used their power and their knowledge to further the dismemberment of the republic they had sworn to uphold. We in England are shocked at the want of probity on the part of these officials, but we ought not in fairness to forget the light in which an office has come to be looked at in the United States. A man who has obtained an office does not consider himself as one who has bound himself to an allegiance or contracted a duty towards a higher power, but merely as a victor who has carried off the spoils of war. This tendency is one of the drawbacks of all popular governments; but in America, where all the defects of popular governments are pushed to excess, it amounts to a frightful malady. Regularly every four years the whole administrative expenditure of the country is converted into an electioneering bribe. The places which are at the disposal of the President are the sinews of war to the various competitors. A wallet-full of promises is the weapon with which each canvasser goes armed into the field; and he who distributes the President's patronage with the greatest judgment, in an electioneering point of view, does most towards winning the day. It is needless to say that aptitude for the office bestowed does not go for much in his distribution. When the success has been attained by these means the pledges must be redeemed. At the last two or three elections about one hundred thousand places were available for
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this purpose on each occasion, and the very large majority of them actually changed hands. Such wholesale prostitution of patronage must inevitably have reacted on the tone of morality prevalent among officials. It is impossible but that they should come to look upon their office as a bit of plunder more than as a trust. The very shamelessness of the whole proceeding, the very publicity with which the right to receive the Republic's pay is hawked about as a bribe by the candidates who aspire to represent the Republic to all mankind, must have had an effect in deteriorating the morality of public men far exceeding that which could be exercised by the shy and covert corruption of the Old World.

We will not dwell upon the numerous evidences that this deterioration has actually taken place. There would be much to say concerning the elections of individual States—New York, for instance—and also concerning the strange theories, both of parliamentary duty and of public credit, that have obtained. But these are not pleasant matters to dwell upon, and every reader who takes an interest in the question will readily recall them to his memory, and draw from them the warning they convey.

Posterity will probably charge not only improbity, but incapacity, upon many of those to whose care the Republic was ostensibly committed during the crisis of last winter. But the charge of incapacity must really take a far wider range. The whole difficulty would never have occurred if the Republic had been under the charge of statesmen of the calibre of those who conducted the Revolution. It is always difficult to specify the exact error—the precise point of departure from the line of wisdom—on the part of statesmen out of whose blunders a national calamity has grown. At least, such hypothetical corrections are always liable to be met by a series of hypothetical objections. Whether or no a possible course of policy would or would not have been frustrated by possible difficulties is a bewildering problem which few people solve to their own sincere satisfaction, and which is generally disposed of according to each man's partialities. But the fact remains unaltered that wise statesmen avoid disaster, and foolish statesmen court it. Success is a rough, and sometimes an unjust test, in the case of the individual; but it is a sound test in the long run. If a captain loses your ship, or a general loses your army, you do not employ him again; though you may be perfectly unable to correct either strategy or seamanship. The great Transatlantic Republic has been destroyed, in spite of advantages which all observers have agreed in admitting to be rare. With no foreign enemy or neighbour

neighbour that could attack her with a chance of success, with a boundless territory teeming with undeveloped wealth which deferred indefinitely the terrible problem of poverty by which all other states are tried, with all the vigour incident to national youth, and all the experience of national maturity, the American Republic has been plunged into civil war and is threatened with dissolution, before a century of her existence is passed. Something, surely, of this miscarriage is chargeable on the shortcomings of her rulers. Is it not safe to assert that they have not reached the ability possessed by the statesmen of other nations?

Such an assertion may be hazarded with the less fear, when we find that it has been noticed by observer after observer long before the catastrophe occurred, and has been noticed as a necessary consequence of democratic institutions. That the ability shown in the American government presents a melancholy contrast to the general ability which characterises the American people in every other relation of life is a fact which is hardly contested between friend and foe. The language used by two philosophers—one of them well-inclined to America, and the other a passionate admirer of democracy—will suffice as a specimen of what is almost an unanimous testimony. These are M. de Tocqueville's words:—

‘On my arrival in the United States I was struck with surprise at discovering how general merit was among the governed and how rare it was among the governors. It is an established fact that, in our days, in the United States the most remarkable men are seldom called to public functions, and one is obliged to recognise that this has been the case in proportion as the democracy has exceeded all its ancient boundaries. It is evident that the race of American statesmen has singularly degenerated during the last half century. . . . In the United States the people do not hate the higher orders of society, but they feel no goodwill towards them, and keep them carefully away from power: they do not fear great talents, but they have no taste for them. In general, one may remark that whatever exalts itself without their aid, with difficulty obtains their favour.’*

Mr. Mill is scarcely less decided in his language:—

‘Political life is indeed in America a valuable school, but it is a school from which the ablest teachers are excluded, the first minds in the country being as effectually shut out from the national representation, and from public functions generally, as if they were under a formal disqualification. The Demos, too, being in America the one source of power, all the selfish ambition of the country gravitates towards it, as it does in despotic countries towards the monarch: the people, like the despot, is pursued with adulation and sycophancy,

* De Tocqueville, ii. 8.

and the corrupting effects of power fully keep pace with its improving and ennobling influences.*

The reason why none but mediocrities are to be found in the government of the United States is palpable enough. The same cause is working upon a smaller scale among ourselves, and we are familiar with its humiliating results. First-rate men will not canvass mobs; and if they did, the mobs would not elect the first-rate men. There is a natural antipathy between the two. Mobs demand a flattery more gross, and a servility more pliant, than the flattery and servility which flourish in despotic courts; and men refined by thought and education will not stoop to pay this revolting tribute. This aversion is naturally not diminished by the shameless electioneering traffic to which every bit of executive power and patronage is devoted in the United States. On their side the masses who rule by virtue of universal suffrage require servants of a very different calibre. They are wholly incapable of appreciating men whose understanding, refinement, and morality are so totally at variance with their own. They like a hearty out-spoken man, a thorough going partisan, who does not talk too high for them, who does not pretend to be better or cleverer than his neighbours, who will swallow with the plumpest acquiescence any political formula or cry that may be put before him, and who will supply in any abundance that bombastic and gross adulation which tickles the unfastidious vanity of the uneducated and rude. Against such a candidate, statesman, sage, or scholar have no chance. It is a conflict which must be fought with missiles distasteful and unfamiliar to them, and which therefore they willingly decline. For the greater comfort of both parties it is an invariable rule, that when the mob takes possession of the citadel of power, it is sooner or later evacuated by the educated classes. Those who live under a system of universal suffrage must be content to dispense with the assistance of the nobler and more powerful class of minds in the administration of their affairs.

We have passed in as full a review as our scanty limits will permit, the inherent defects to which the American Republic owes the calamities under which it is now suffering. That spirit of mutual concession through which alone, whether in public or private affairs, co-operation is made possible, was wanting to the untaught and passionate energy of the multitude. The majority pursued its civil victories in the spirit of warlike conquerors, dismissing with a contemptuous *Væ victis!* the remon-

* Mill, 'Representative Government,' c. viii.

stances of the minority. At last the minority despaired. They had been groaning for years under the crushing bondage of the Northern Protectionists, and they looked forward with an exaggerated, though not an unnatural terror, to the mastery of the Northern Abolitionists. They betook themselves to the only appeal which lies against tyranny upon earth. The Democracy proved too weak to defend the despotism it had set up. Of set purpose it had exhausted every contrivance for the sake of enervating its Executive; and, in the hour of need, it called for a strong Government in vain. Crippled by the disloyalty of some of its chief officials, and the indifference of the rest, enfeebled by the systematic withdrawal of every first-class man from public affairs, the Government of Washington has exhibited a pitiable mixture of inopportune apathy and inopportune fury. While timely efforts might possibly have extinguished the evil, it sat with folded hands, and watched the conflagration spreading from State to State. When all had seceded who could secede, and the revolvers had reached their acme of power, its caprices shifted suddenly; it threw away all hope of peaceful separation, and plunged into an aimless civil war. The tree must be judged of by its fruits. Institutions must be valued not according to their theoretic symmetry, but according to their results. The United States have had advantages of which few monarchies could boast—an order-loving race, a secure frontier, a land of boundless wealth. In spite of these advantages they have committed the last folly of nations, a fratricidal war. The new system of political navigation, whose faultless logic was to put all our old anomalies to shame, has ended by wrecking the good ship in a smooth sea.

On the Northern Federation the stern though salutary lesson will not be lost. It is idle to talk of her career being closed, because she is henceforth to be confined to a territory not more than ten times the size of France. But the same malady will renew the same mischiefs, unless it be healed. As long as the peculiar vices of democracy are not expelled, the same scene will be liable to be repeated at any time, in the case of the Pacific States, or of the North-West States, or of Pennsylvania. Rival interests will clash again, majorities will tyrannise, minorities will lose all hope, and the weak executive will again prove impotent to repress the efforts of their despair. The wisest American statesmen have long admitted with perfect frankness that, under the existing institutions of America, society could not permanently hold together. The frequent change of President, with all the ferment that accompanies it, the gigantic prostitution of his patronage, the degradation of the judicial office,

office, and (in a minor degree) the jealous segregation of the executive and legislative authorities by the exclusion of Ministers from Congress, are all consequences of uncurbed democracy which it has been confessed by some, even of the most advanced Liberals on both sides of the Atlantic, that the soundest community could not long survive; and they are well aware that all these consequences are aggravated by admitting to a full and immediate partnership of power the millions of adventurers whom Europe has poured upon the American shores. But they have also felt that, except in some great convulsion, no man is strong enough to put the bit between the teeth of a democracy. The terrible opportunity is now ready to their hand. When the present struggle closes, the central power at Washington will probably have a stronger hold over all that continues to own its sway than it has ever had before or will ever have again. We only trust that the occasion will not be missed by the stronger spirits whom the present distress is likely to bring to the surface of affairs. To have seized that moment for remoulding the American polity into a happier form will be a truer service in the eyes of all wise patriots than a brilliant succession of desolating victories from Richmond to New Orleans.

But the future of England, rather than the future of America, is the point to which our thoughts are naturally turned by the contemplation of these calamities. An Anglo-Saxon race, in the full light of modern civilization, free from all the aristocratic interests which, according to Mr. Bright, are the sole cause of war, has plunged into a deadly civil conflict of which no one can foresee the end. It is a spectacle full of warning to those in whose veins the same blood flows, and whose political constitution has sprung from the same stock. We naturally look about us to see whether any similar danger threatens ourselves. May it not be, that we have been sucked into the same current, and are insensibly gliding towards the same fatal shore? If we have thoughtlessly aped the extravagances of America in the heyday of her folly, it is time we should take warning from her ruin. What is England doing? How has she received the lesson which has been given to her in the history of her headstrong offspring?

On the public opinion of the nation at large, we believe that the lesson has not been lost. The change which has been and is taking place in the temper and policy of the House of Commons shows that it has sunk deeper into men's hearts than can be gathered from any ostensible change of political profession. The course of the House during the present Session has been very cheering. It has not been satisfied with the inert manifestations
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of ill-will with which it stifled the 'little bill' of last year. It has proceeded this year to a positive renunciation of the opinions to which statesmen of all schools, allowing their fears to gag their consciences, so long bowed as to an inevitable necessity. The symptoms of penitence with which the year began have strengthened and deepened in proportion as the breakdown of the American democracy became more evident and more irreparable. The Parliament which commenced its existence in 1859 by condemning Lord Derby, because his Reform Bill was not liberal enough, has successively and by increasing majorities refused any Reform at all. It has declined to extend the franchise in counties or in boroughs, or to admit within its walls fresh representatives of that part of our constituency which bears most resemblance to the constituencies of America. Nor has the reaction been confined to mere politics. The Church, against whose existence the state of things in America has always been paraded as a conclusive argument, has shared the benefit of the change. Men have bethought them that, even to the politician, the gentler spirit which the Church's influence infuses into our social conflicts has its value. The main dogmas of Christianity need no Establishment to maintain them; but the milder manners and more moderate tone of opinion and action which distinguish our branch of the Anglo-Saxon race are due in a great degree to a religious polity which discourages all extremes, and which is never driven for its own support to lash up the fanaticism of its adherents. The division list of the House of Commons has indicated pretty plainly the increased consideration in which the principle of an Establishment is held. Every one of the subtle instruments devised by the Liberation Society for sapping the Church's temporal foundations have failed. Majority after majority has repelled the assaults which the Dissenters have thinly masked behind a plea of suffering conscience. But the strength of the reaction was not fully gauged until it succeeded in reducing, in the same House of Commons, a majority of seventy-one against Church Rates, to a majority of one in their favour. In all these reactionary divisions the House has rather followed than gone before the nation. 'The republican bubble *has burst*,' and with it a thousand theories to which philosophers of the new light formerly paid homage. The mass of the educated classes feel that the argument is no longer where it was. Democratic change now lacks the one recommendation that has power with the English mind—practical success. Whatever our anomalies or our differences may be, it is better to bear the ills we have, than to fly to others whose full bitterness we know in the calamities of a kindred nation.

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But cheering as is the tone of English opinion, when we recollect the follies in which a few years ago large bodies of sane men acquiesced, we must not blind ourselves to the dangers by which we are still encompassed. The authors of the delusions from which the nation has just escaped are still among us, ready to take advantage of any moment of weakness or neglect. It seems almost incredible that, with the warnings before their eyes which each mail from America brings home, there should still be men eager to travel along the same fatal path and court the same fearful destiny. But no failures discourage the genuine fanatic. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, the fervent neophyte vieing with the veteran confessor, are still labouring as indefatigably, though perhaps not so hopefully as ever, to pull down in faithful imitation of their great exemplar all that exalts itself above the dead democratic level. What object Mr. Gladstone may be *consciously* pursuing we do not, of course, venture to decide. No psychologist that ever existed could solve such a problem. But the connexion between the object to which he persuades himself he is looking, and the direction in which he is really tending, has always been of the slenderest kind. Sometimes he confides to the world his intentions, so that we have a basis for calculating the relation which they bear to the course he actually pursues. Last year he told the House that ten thousand men, together with several batteries of Armstrong guns, constituted an expedition 'bearing peaceful remonstrances to the mouth of the Peiho.' This year he informed the House that his proposal for insulting the House of Lords and subsidizing out of the Exchequer the newspapers belonging to his new allies, was meant as a 'proposal of conciliation to the Opposition.' In the same way he constantly replies to the despairing complaints of the rural members, that his policy has always been peculiarly favourable to the landed interest. With such specimens before us of the process by which he interprets his own acts to his own mind, it is impossible for us to pretend to say whether he considers himself a Democrat or a Conservative. In judging, however, of public men, we must not accept their own estimate of themselves; for even Mr. Bright is fond of calling himself 'a true Conservative.' We must judge by acts, not words.

During the last ten years Mr. Gladstone has dealt with taxation, with expenditure, with the constitution of the House of Commons, and with the powers of the House of Lords. Upon all these subjects he has laboured to assimilate Old England to New England, and to follow the path which our most enthusiastic demagogues have marked out. His finance has ever tended to accumulate upon the holders of fixed property every
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public burden—just as is done in Massachusetts and New York. It may suit him now, when he sees that further progress is impracticable, to say that he intends to go no further, and to leave our finance just as it stands. But last year, when the intoxication of a fancied popularity laid bare for a moment his real inclinations to the world, he was not so modest in his anticipations. In both his Budget speeches he strongly laid down the doctrine that a stationary policy in finance was a retrograde policy, and that in the removal of indirect taxation it was our duty to be constantly moving onwards. He has been equally faithful to Mr. Bright in the matter of expenditure. He has even gone so far in his devotion to the Peace party, that he has denounced and decried again and again the very estimates that he himself in his official capacity was moving. These are, however, comparatively minor matters. They were imitations of America in non-essentials, though they indicated sufficiently the general tendency of his policy. He and Mr. Bright have worked together to Americanize our institutions in points of far more moment. Two barriers stand between us and the uncurbed dominion of the multitude. One of them is the restricted number of those who elect the House of Commons, and the other is the independence of the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone has been eager and active in the work of tearing down both these barriers. Last year he delivered one of the few speeches that came from the Treasury bench in favour of the degradation of the suffrage. This year, pressing into his service an unwilling Cabinet, he led the way in attempting to take away all independent power from the House of Lords. On the gravity of this last step we will not enlarge ourselves, or quote from any of those who urged the House of Commons to forbear. The fairest way of describing its real purpose and meaning is by quoting from the *Io Pæan*, which, when the measure had been carried, those who had urged it the most strongly sang over the humbled House of Peers. In the original it is printed in the spaced type of an official communication:—

‘Their lordships must by this time be abundantly conscious that they made a great mistake in grasping at functions from which centuries of constitutional usage have hedged them off. They have sustained not only defeat, but humiliation. *They have tried to become masters in the State, only to prove that they are the servants of servants.* They have forced upon their own experience and the popular observation the disagreeable truth that, as regards finance, they have merely to register the resolutions of the Commons, have no more power of initiation, alteration, or even rejection, than the seal which will presently be affixed upon the act they would have liked to tear in pieces.’—*Morning Star*, June 12th, 1861.

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In this spirit fresh attacks are constantly directed from the same quarter against the scanty remains of power left to the House of Lords. They were threatened with a renewal of the same process as that which has humiliated them upon the Paper Duty, if they should venture to throw out the Church Rate Bill. Even their modification of the Bankruptcy Bill is inveighed against as a 'patrician usurpation.' Mr. Gladstone's success in humbling the Lords has furnished a fulcrum for future operations which will not be slackly used. It may have suited him on the eve of a division, in which the suspicion of partnership with Mr. Bright might have cost him fifty votes, to disavow his odious comrade. But no one who—setting aside indefinite professions—takes a broad view of his acts, observes the results to which they tend, and notes the character of the adherents by whom they have been the most enthusiastically received, will doubt that Mr. Gladstone is at once Mr. Bright's truest and most formidable ally.

It is an accession of strength to the demagogue's band which all friends of the constitution must deplore. We can only trust that he will be as outspoken as his new associate. His great power for evil in recent years has lain in the disguise which a vague and copious verbiage threw around his change of creed. The recollection of his old Conservatism, not formally disavowed, still retained some slight hold upon the sympathies of a few. But the alliance of Mr. Bright has been an advertisement of Radicalism which no indistinctness of language can counteract. We cherish hopes, therefore, that he will be less dangerous as an open foe than as a half-friend. But whatever danger he or his allies may threaten, it is only an additional motive to the friends of the constitution to be watchful and united. We know the stake we are playing for, and the perils which it rests on this generation to avert. No doubt the attempts will be renewed ere long to lower the electoral suffrage in the House of Commons and to extinguish the House of Lords. The fanatic devotees of democracy will not relax their efforts to bring us under its obedience. But at least we now know the character of the master to whose yoke we are to bend. Theories of perfectibility, dreams of popular infallibility, have now been scattered to the winds. The simple ones who will accept the prosperity of mechanics' institutes and the circulation of cheap books as an argument for democracy are reduced to a very scanty flock. Fine phrases about confidence in the English people will no longer conceal from the eyes of the most sentimental the insanity of seating hungry ignorance upon a despotic throne. If now we submit to democratic changes, with our eyes open, we do it in despite of all the warning that the most ample experience can afford.

afford. It is at our own peril if we persist in straying down the slippery slopes over which we have already seen the guide we were following disappear. We know now all that is implied in the apparently innocent proposal 'to admit the people within the pale of the constitution.' We have learnt what is the end of that beginning. We have seen the drama acted through before our eyes: its boastful opening, its fair-seeming progress, and its tragic close. We have watched that small germ of evil develop bit by bit: the suffrage once relaxed lead to greater relaxations; the restraints which the law imposed upon the multitude one by one torn down; until every organ of the State, legislative, executive, and judicial, has successively become the passive mouth-piece of mob-law; and at last the reckless and needy partisans who rule under a government of mob-law have goaded each other into civil war. It is a spectacle which we should study deeply, for so striking a warning is rarely granted to a nation. If, in spite of it, we suffer the intrigues of politicians to lure us into democracy, we shall deserve our downfall, for we shall have perished by that wilful infatuation which no warning can dispel.

NOTE to last Vol., Art. IV., p. 447.—'Spiritual Destitution
in the Metropolis.'

WE are informed by Mr. Bazely that he has never had a decorated altar nor an intoned service; that the late Mr. Green never attended his church, although he did sometimes attend another church at Poplar; and that Mr. Green was all along strongly connected with dissent. We hasten to acknowledge our mistake; and we have heard with regret that Mr. Bazely's zealous pastoral labours have proved too much for his strength and compelled him to go into retirement.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *The Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* Edited by Mrs. Shelley. One Volume. London, 1854.
2. *Life of P. B. Shelley.* By Thomas Jefferson Hogg. London, 1858. Vols. I. and II.
3. *Shelley Memorials from Authentic Sources.* Edited by Lady Shelley. London, 1859.
4. *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron.* By E. J. Trelawney. London, 1858.
5. *Fraser's Magazine*, Nos. 342 and 361, *Memoir of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* By T. L. Peacock.

SHELLEY has been unfortunate in his biographers. His widow interspersed her edition of his works with very interesting biographical notes; but they were only notes; she was not permitted to speak out. Mr. Hogg's two bulky volumes contain some lively descriptions of the poet's life at Oxford; but of their remaining contents it is hardly possible to speak with patience. Mr. Hogg is a clever man, and a lawyer, and, as he is constantly assuring us, a very fastidious person to boot; and yet he has less notion of what the things are which a biographer ought to relate, and of the order in which they should be told, than might have been expected from the clumsiest hack. His materials were valuable. Of the indiscretion with which some of them have been made public, we shall have something to say by-and-by; but those which are innocuous are so awkwardly arranged, that any but the most cautious reader is almost certain to be misled, both as to dates and still more important matters. Mr. Hogg has overlaid his book with autobiographical details which have no connexion whatever with his hero; and when he does condescend to tell us about Shelley, instead of telling us about himself, he is so unhappily destitute of the dramatic faculty which is indispensable to a biographer, that, while he talks of his friend as a Divine Poet, he represents him as a silly, conceited, half-crazy buffoon. We have no doubt that he began his task of describing Shelley with every amiable feeling, but we are just as little surprised that Shelley's nearest relations should have thought his portrait a caricature, and hastened to resume the family papers which they had intrusted to an artist so

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Vol. 110.—No. 220. unlucky.

unlucky. We have no such remark to make upon the little book in which they themselves have paid their proud and tender tribute to the memory which Mr. Hogg, as they say, has injured so grievously. Lady Shelley writes remarkably well; and the good feeling and generous ardour which she shows throughout, though they sometimes carry her too far, are worthy of her, and of her subject. But her book is not, and does not profess to be, a life. Still less can Mr. Peacock's valuable articles be supposed to make such a pretension. But if we have no good life of Shelley, we are already in possession of a *Shelley Literature*, quite extensive enough for a modest English poet. The reminiscences of friends and the estimates of admirers are becoming alarmingly numerous; and from such materials, read along with poems that are full of conscious and unconscious self-delineation, it is quite possible to form a tolerably clear notion of the outward events of Shelley's life, and of the man whom those events befel.

Shelley was born on the 4th of August, 1792, the eldest son of Timothy Shelley, Esq., afterwards Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart. His father, an opulent country gentleman, was not an unkind, but a narrowminded, injudicious, and, if we may trust Mr. Hogg, singularly ridiculous person, and the affection which his son once felt for him was at an early period hopelessly alienated. Shelley declared at nineteen that he had known no tutor or adviser (not excepting his father) 'from whose lessons he had not recoiled with disgust;' and yet he had received the education usual in his rank; but he was one to whom the ordinary training—masculine, but rough and unsympathetic—was not suited. He was sent very early to a school at Brentford, and afterwards to Eton; but his nerves were too sensitive and his imagination already too susceptible to make a great school anything but a place of misery to him. There was only one part of the business of either in which he seems to have been very successful. He wrote Latin verses, we are told, with marvellous facility. Lady Shelley, however, who preserves this circumstance, and who talks with some contempt of the trammels of the Gradus, tells us also that those youthful compositions were not in accordance with rule, and were generally torn up. Latin verses that are not in accordance with rule are bad Latin verses. But if Lady Shelley means, as we conjecture, to reproach the Eton authorities with having disregarded the poetic promise of their pupil, and concentrated their attention on false concords and false quantities, we must take the liberty to say that her censure is preposterous. The object of teaching boys to write Latin verses is not to make them poets, but to make them scholars; and Dr. Keate and his subordinates were bound, before all things, to insist on those excellences

excellences which a Shelley could only attain by submitting to the same irksome drudgery as the most prosaic young cricketer in the school.

Unhappily it is not only in verse writing that a public school offers, and can by possibility offer, no immunities to genius. Robinson Crusoe was never in so dreary a solitude as this sensitive, delicate young poet, while all the noise and frolic and life of a great school 'beat on his satiate ear.' At Brentford he would bask against the south wall, or stroll through the playground listless and dreamy, his excitable imagination wandering and wasting itself among the magicians, and fairies, and talismans, and spirits, of some kingdom in the air. At Eton he was rudely awakened from these incommunicable dreams. Several hundred boys were gathered together, vigorous in mind and body, and overflowing with animal spirits. Their superfluous activity and mischief delighted in tormenting the delicate lad who shrank from their horseplay, and burned with indignation when he saw their selfishness and cruelty. Even had he himself not suffered from them, he had no healthy boyish obtuseness to conceal from him those unamiable characteristics of youth. Coarser natures and stronger natures find a great deal both of profit and enjoyment in the struggles of our noble old schools. Mr. Thackeray even tells us how some of Dr. Keate's pupils can laugh, and rejoice, and become young again, while they recall the castigations of boyhood, and 'mimic to the best of their power the manner and mode of operating of the famous doctor.' This one regarded the doctor's victims as if they had been Marshal Haynau's. He would not have thought it less heartless to make a jolly story of the one flagellation than of the other. And he saw no more good humour in a schoolfellow's clenched fist than in a master's birch-rod. He recoiled from the one and the other with a child's natural anger at what seems to be injustice; and with a 'schoolboy heat' and blind hysterical passion of personal independence, which Dr. Arnold would have regarded with no more favour than Dr. Keate. These feelings in him were far too keen and intense to allow of his seeing anything but the selfishness and strength of his schoolfellows. They were tyrants, and their tyranny was legalized and imitated by masters who allowed fagging, and who flogged; but he, at least, would submit to no such degradation: he would not be a fag. This resolve was little likely to diminish the persecution for which, in any case, his shy disposition and tenderness of nerve must have afforded in schoolboy eyes only too tempting an opportunity. We enter into no ingenious speculation as to what Shelley might have been had his course of training

training been different; but it is certain that his hatred of all laws and ordinances must have been greatly aggravated by his experiences of Eton. If nature had bestowed upon him the capacity of feeling respect for authority at all, it was only at the feet of some wise Gamaliel that such a faculty could have been developed. The sole personage of that description with whom he came in contact has been depicted, for the benefit of posterity, in the Hermit that liberated Laon, and the wise Zonoras who taught Prince Athanase. But neither Zonoras nor the Hermit, among the lessons of 'philosophic wisdom calm and mild' with which they filled the souls of their pupils, ever thought of touching upon such themes as law or obedience, duty or self-control; nor did they hint at so delicate a distinction as that between government and oppression. The teaching of their prototype Dr. Lind did not differ in this respect from theirs. He was a physician and tutor, who treated the forlorn boy with a great deal of kindness, invited him to his house, tended him through a dangerous fever, and saved him also, as Shelley believed—though both the danger and the rescue were probably altogether imaginary—from being consigned in the opening of life to a lunatic asylum. But, amiable as he seems to have been, Mr. Hogg tells a strange story which shows that he was, to say the least, a very injudicious guide, philosopher, and friend for such a youth as Shelley. Dr. Lind, it appears, had been injured, or fancied he had been injured, by George III. Shelley stood in a similar position towards his own father; and therefore, to relieve their o'erburdened hearts, this pair of friends used to unite, after tea, in a solemn and vehement anathema, in which the father of one and the Sovereign of both were heartily devoted to the infernal gods. It was years afterwards at Oxford that Mr. Hogg had an opportunity of hearing the half-playful combinations of this unfilial young Ernulphus, who told him that it was from his friend Dr. Lind, at Eton, that he had learned to curse his father and the King.

He found at Oxford a milder discipline and a far more congenial atmosphere than that of Eton. From lectures he learned little, and had, or fancied that he had, little opportunity of learning. A college tutor, we are told, recommended him to read the 'Prometheus Vincit,' and 'Demosthenes de Corona,' and 'Euclid,' and Aristotle's 'Ethics,' and left him to follow the advice or to neglect it, as he might think fit. Shelley regretted the absence of guidance far less than he was charmed with the absence of restraint. He could not be happy unless he could be *free*; and at Oxford he was perfectly free to devote himself to whatever researches of learning or discoveries in science

science might happen to attract his subtle and refined understanding. He shared not at all in the social enjoyments of the place, which would have contributed more than any lectures to counteract the morbid tendencies of his character; but he found in Mr. Hogg a friend possessing kindred tastes to his own, and an aptitude for the higher branches of intellectual cultivation, with whom to enjoy that fearless, unrestrained discussion in which he took delight. This gentleman gives us—it is far the best part of his book—an interesting account of the days and nights they spent

‘In search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry;’

and of the personal habits, appearance, and demeanour of his college friend. There is something very attractive in his description of the poet. Nowhere else is his writing so vivid as when he tells us of the tall, delicate, fragile figure, the wild eyes, the expressive, beautiful, feminine features, the little head covered with long brown hair, the gracefulness and simplicity of manner, and the screaming and dissonant voice by which those personal advantages were unluckily accompanied, and which, for sensitive ears at least, was apt to overbalance them all. Other writers assure us, however, that this harshness of voice was observable only in the excitement of discussion, and that at other times its notes were not only distinct and clear, but low and sweet, and ‘tunable’ as those of *Hermia* herself. If this be so, its most jarring tones must have been those that were most familiar to Mr. Hogg; for with Shelley at Oxford, study seems to have been almost synonymous with ceaseless disputation.

Chemistry at this time was his favourite pursuit. His rooms were littered with retorts and crucibles, galvanic troughs and electrical machines. And while he burned his furniture with slovenly experiments and nearly poisoned his friend with aqua regia, as he used to declare that he had poisoned himself at Eton with arsenic, he would declaim with glowing eloquence on the dignity and glory of the physical sciences. He disliked mathematics, as it was natural that he should. We do not say that the ‘thirst for knowledge’ which Shelley’s biographers claim for him—as, indeed, he claims it for himself—was nothing but love of discussion; but at least it was intensified in the fervour of controversy, and it was not to be satisfied by mathematics. The mysteries of ‘this unfathomable world’ were found to be much more nutritious. It was like some inspired and desperate alchemist that he pursued his investigations of nature; and when physical science failed him—as it always will fail those who cultivate it

it in his impulsive, fragmentary fashion—he turned with unlucky eagerness to metaphysics.

He had already some acquaintance with Plato: he had read the 'Banquet' with the assistance of Dacier, and mused over the eloquence of Agathon, and the mystic wisdom of Diotima. But the writers who at this time had the strongest hold of his mind were of a different description. Mr. Hogg says that Locke was the favourite; but we doubt whether he had really studied the great 'Essay on the Human Understanding.' He certainly imbibed little of the patient wisdom and manly good sense of its author; and when he proclaims with characteristic emphasis that 'that philosopher has clearly traced all our knowledge to sensation,' we recognise the teaching of Condillac and the Encyclopedists, not that of Locke. Unluckily a more fascinating sophist fell in his way. Hume's 'Essays' attracted him, and he seized upon their doctrines in a manner that would have rather surprised David Hume. No one was less likely than its calm, cool, clear-headed author to adopt as a substantive practical tenet the result of that ingenious process of argumentation, by which Hume proposes to throw human knowledge into confusion and overturn philosophy. For Shelley's eager intellect, to catch a glimpse of such a system was to embrace it. The elaborate *reductio ad absurdum* which led Hume to scepticism, Shelley adopted as an ultimate conviction. The truths which Hume said could not be proved, Shelley held to be disproved; and having established to his own satisfaction the impossibility of the existence of a God, he was far too impulsively benevolent to hesitate about converting all mankind to the same delightful conviction. The catastrophe is well known. He had printed a short abstract of some of Hume's doctrines, entitling it 'The Necessity of Atheism.' This at all events was the thesis it was designed to support, and having established the matter satisfactorily, he wound up with a Q. E. D. The pamphlet was not published, and it bore no author's name; but copies were sent to persons who were thought likely to engage in controversy on such a subject. 'The mode of operation,' says Mr. Hogg, 'was this. He enclosed a copy in a letter and sent it by the post, stating, with modesty and simplicity, that he had met accidentally with that little tract, which appeared unhappily to be quite unanswerable. Unless the fish was too sluggish to take the bait, an answer of refutation was forwarded to an appointed address in London, and then in a vigorous reply he would fall upon the unwary disputant and break his bones.' Unhappily the University of Oxford was dragged into the controversy. Mr. De Quincey says that Shelley himself sent copies of his pamphlet

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to the Heads of Colleges. We do not know whether this statement is correct or not; but a copy certainly found its way to the Master of Shelley's College (University), who sent for him, and asked if he was the author. Shelley refused to answer, and was expelled. (Lady Day, 1811.) Mr. Hogg ventured to expostulate with the authorities on the harshness of this treatment. The same questions were put to him. He declined to answer, as Shelley had done, and was also expelled.

•That this treatment was harsh cannot be denied; but to talk of Shelley's expulsion from Oxford as if it were an outrage on the freedom of discussion, or to complain, as Mr. Hogg does, of the illegality of proceeding by 'interrogation' instead of on the evidence of witnesses, is simply to mistake the relation between a University and her pupils. It is said that Shelley's University, by expelling him, deserted her duty to her pupil just when it became most delicate and most important; and it may be admitted that, if Shelley had gone wrong, he had had little guidance to keep him right. On the other hand, he by his pamphlet and by his refusal to acknowledge the right of his academical superiors to question him as to its authorship, had himself thrown off their authority and repudiated the relationship of teacher and taught. And with what face could the Master of University College have asked any future student to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, while the name of the author of a demonstration of atheism remained on the books?

It is quite clear that Shelley himself had never dreamed of the consequences of his pamphlet, nor so much as imagined that anybody could be shocked by its doctrines. He thought he had been engaged in the harmless discussion of a subtle question of metaphysics. He was stunned by the suddenness and severity of the blow. Mrs. Shelley says, 'Fragile in health and frame, of the purest habits in morals, full of devoted generosity and universal kindness, glowing with ardour to attain wisdom, resolved at every personal sacrifice to do right, burning with a desire for affection and sympathy—he was treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal.' No wonder that he was cruelly shocked and agitated, nor that his family should share his agitation and his distress. Mr. Timothy Shelley was at first sanguine of removing his son's 'diabolical opinions' with the assistance of 'Paley's Natural Theology.' That work certainly must be applicable to the case. If it failed, there was a resource in pecuniary pressure, and exclusion from Field Place, the family home in Sussex. But Shelley was not to be moved by Paley, and the other argument he treated with infinite scorn. He was the sincerest of men; he would rather have been 'torn from this earth

earth by hunger' than have given up any opinion because of its personal consequences to himself. A very moderate income, moreover, was sufficient for his wants, and he was perfectly satisfied with an arrangement that his father should allow him 200*l.* a year, and that he should be permitted to live where he pleased.

Shelley and Mr. Hogg being separated, in consequence of the unfortunate 'occurrence at University College,' it was natural that they should correspond; and Mr. Hogg has thought proper to publish his friend's letters. No injury, we are certain, which this victim of malignant persecution ever sustained in his lifetime, was more cruel than that which his friend and biographer has thus done his best to inflict. It is little to say that these letters were confidential: they were written under an excitement almost amounting to frenzy; they are written to an intimate friend; they are full of allusions intelligible only to him; they are full of incoherent ravings about people still nearer and dearer than he, which he ought not in decency to have divulged. It was wrong to publish them; it was worse to publish them without a word of explanation of their meaning. Our illustrious Laureate's malison on the biographers of poets was meant for such transgressions as this:—

'For now the poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him, ere he scarce be cold,
Begins the scandal and the cry.

Proclaim the faults he would not show:
Break lock and seal: betray the trust:
Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know.'

But if the many-headed beast must know, it ought to be no more than the truth. If such things must be given to the world, it ought to be with every precaution against their being misinterpreted. Mr. Hogg gives us pages of rhapsody, from which it would be easy for a little hostile ingenuity to extract worse meanings than we believe the writer ever dreamed of. He has not condescended to guard against such an injustice by the smallest commentary of his own. For the purposes of biography, the letters are all but valueless. If there were any motive for so using them, they would be fatal weapons in the hands of calumny.

The displeasure with which Shelley's surviving relatives regard this publication has led them to doubt the authenticity of the letters, and to caution their readers against receiving them
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with confidence. We do not know the ground of their distrust. The letters are published by the gentleman to whom they were addressed; it is impossible that he should not know whether they are genuine or not. We remark, besides, that Lady Shelley herself quotes them when they help her case. We have another reason, however, for using them with caution; and that is, as we have hinted, that we do not always understand their allusions. One point, indeed, they very clearly establish—that Shelley's exclusion from his father's house was a prudent and necessary measure. He was not the man to

‘Leave his sister when she prayed,
Her happy views, her early heaven.’

Once he was satisfied that he himself had reached a purer air, it became his bounden duty to bring every one whom he could in any way influence to an equally blessed condition. ‘There are some hopes of this dear little girl; she would be a divine little scion of infidelity, if I could get hold of her.’ Such is the affectionate aspiration with which he alludes to one sister; and his letters are full of lamentations for the hopeless orthodoxy of another. He was dismayed to find that ‘Matrimony, . . . the most horrible of all the means which the world has had recourse to, to bind the noble to itself,’ was the subject of this lady's ‘pointed panegyric.’ For himself, he thought that marriage was hateful and detestable; and his reason will not fail to find favour with those who differ with him most widely. ‘This is the fruit of superstition,’ he maintained, ‘and superstition must perish before this can fall. . . . Anti-matrimonialism is as necessarily connected with scepticism as if religion and marriage began their course together.’ When he had an opportunity for the practical application of these principles, he abandoned them with perfect readiness, from a motive that was characteristic of his generally unselfish disposition. He saw the ‘disproportionate sacrifice’ which the woman in such circumstances was called upon to make, and thought his inconsistency might be pardoned if he did not exact it.

His first marriage happened under the following circumstances. After his expulsion from Oxford, he was living alone in London lodgings; and as it was some months before Mr. Shelley agreed to make him any allowance at all, he was poor as well as solitary. His sisters, who were at school at Brompton, used to save what they could from their pocket-money, and through the medium of a young schoolfellow named Harriet Westbrook to send him their small hoardings. Harriet was very pretty, very amiable, and very romantic; and if she had been the reverse of all this, the poor young

young outlaw must still have been touched by her kindness. By-and-by, it appeared that she too was a victim of that odious family despotism from which Shelley thought he was suffering. Her school was a prison that she hated, but was condemned to without hope of escape or rescue. 'Would you desire better sympathy?' Or is it surprising that Shelley, having written to Mr. Hogg that he was not in love with Harriet Westbrook, should have to announce in his next epistle that Harriet Westbrook had in vain entreated an obdurate parent to allow her to leave school, had thrown herself on his protection, and that—in spite of the antimatrimonial principles which must 'commend themselves to all who were able to adore virtue'—they were on their way to Scotland? They were married at Edinburgh in the autumn of 1811. Shelley was nineteen years old, and the poor, sprightly, blooming young bride only sixteen. They were little suited, as it afterwards turned out, to make one another happy; but no premonitory shadow of the ultimate catastrophe had fallen on their spirits then. Shelley felt for a time that in the affection of his young wife he had found a balm which should soothe the pangs that the scorn and hatred of the world might occasion. Her partial praise should reward his virtue, and by her sympathy he would be animated to 'more virtuous daring.' That was a quality in which he was never deficient, and never less than at this period. But perhaps he hardly knew how much of it was indispensable for the enterprise he was then meditating; for that was nothing less than the regeneration of human society. His first practical effort in this direction had been unsuccessful. He had failed to convert the University of Oxford; but his failure to convert the University of Oxford in no way weakened his resolution to convert the world, and teach all men to be 'wise and mild, and just and free.' In the preface to the 'Prometheus Unbound' he says that he must 'acknowledge that he has what a Scotch philosopher characteristically terms "a passion for reforming the world;"' but he adds that the only mode of doing so which he means to attempt is by 'familiarising the imagination of poetical readers with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence.' It was long, however, before he came to be satisfied with so vague and gradual a means of accomplishing so great an end. When his eyes were first opened to 'the miseries with which the world was bursting,' it was by a complete change in the framework of society that he proposed to remove them. He had a firm faith in the perfectibility of mankind; he saw that their actual condition was very far from perfect; and the contrast between the world as it was and the Paradise of his imagination, only heightened the indignation with which he contemplated the
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one, without suggesting to his mind any difficulty in realising the other. It is no very rare virtue, the fortitude that endures the ills of our fellow-creatures with patience, because they are inevitable. But Shelley did not possess it. He would not believe in the impossibility of sweeping all evil at once from the earth. No unpleasant belief in the 'exigencies of society' was allowed to shake his conviction that some quick and easy change in the relations of the various classes of society would make all men at once happy, and amiable, and free.

With such hopes and feelings occupying his mind, he passed the first two or three years after his marriage in wandering restlessly through every corner of the three kingdoms; writing poetry, acquiring knowledge, and preaching and practising vegetarianism. This last fancy was an unlucky one. A purely vegetable diet seems to have disagreed with him, and Mr. Peacock is likely enough to be correct in thinking that the remarkable restlessness of these years may have been greatly owing to the disordered state of the nervous system which such a diet occasioned. At all events, whether it was that he was forced to seek for physical health and comfort in perpetual locomotion, or that the poet's mind

'Did, like a tempest strong,

Come to him thus and drive the weary wight along,'

it is certain that at no moment during this period was it possible for their dearest friend to say where the Shelleys might happen to be living. One assertion, indeed, but one only, might be made with confidence. Where they were yesterday, it might be said to any anxious inquirer, there assure yourself they are not to be found to-day. From Scotland to Ireland—thence to the Isle of Man—to Nant Gwyllt in Radnorshire—to Lymouth—to London—to Tanyrallt—to Bracknell—he passed like night from land to land, or, as Mr. De Quincey suggests, like Ahasuerus, his own wandering Jew. Among other places he found a temporary refuge in Keswick, and made the acquaintance of Southey. Coleridge unfortunately was absent. We say unfortunately, because, if any teacher of that day was capable of understanding Shelley's spiritual nature, and directing it, it was Coleridge. What might have been, had they met, there is no possibility and little use of conjecturing; but Coleridge himself used to regret that they had not. 'Shelley,' he says, 'would have felt that I understood him. I might have been of use to him, and Southey could not.'

With some part of his aspirations, however, Southey was quite willing to sympathise. He, too, had been haunted at one time with

with visions of a perfect state, and he welcomed this expelled undergraduate, as a young enthusiast who had found for the first time in Robert Southey a man who could understand him and do him justice—a man who saw in him ‘the ghost of his own youth,’ and the promise of a manhood as fair as his. Shelley would outgrow his fatal opinions. They were the effect of ignorance and boyhood, and in the mean time he had come, said the good Southey, with a self-complacency which in him was always too simple to be unpleasing, to ‘the best physician in the world.’ With all his good will, however, the physician had need of a subtler philosophic intellect than Southey’s, who should propose to probe and to cure the spiritual wounds of the author of ‘Queen Mab.’ Meantime that patient chose a different master for himself.

It is not easy for men of to-day to understand the position that William Godwin held fifty years ago. The tide of speculation has rolled on, and its Lethæan waters have passed over the ‘Essay concerning Political Justice.’ But early in this century the author of that celebrated book reigned with an unquestioned sovereignty over a kingdom of his own, and a considerable one in the world of letters. Shelley, above all, was captivated by a philosophy which promised the fulfilment of his fondest Utopian dreams. Mr. Godwin described a state of society from which the oppressions and injustice of the great, and the folly and ignorance and discontent of the poor, were to be banished, by a ‘just and equal distribution of the good things of life.’ This consummation he did not propose to attain by violence or by any sudden enactment of government, but by the simpler expedient of removing gradually the true causes of inequality, and of the mischief that results from it—the evil passions of mankind. But no temper of mind could differ more widely from the dispassionate calmness with which Godwin had promulgated his doctrines, than the impulsive eagerness and ardour with which Shelley embraced them. He was too impatient to rest satisfied, like his master, with improving the world by reasoning. The ‘Political Justice’ had been published twenty years, and he saw the world no nearer the reign of equality. We had not advanced a step in twenty years towards the abolition of fleets and armies, tax-gatherers and excisemen, footmen, courtiers, surnames, and family ties. Such considerations threw him into a frenzy of eagerness to produce, by his own personal efforts, the immediate amelioration of mankind. ‘Something must be done.’ He determined, therefore, to go to Ireland, and diffuse happiness there, in the first place, by emancipating the Roman Catholics. But, before he left Keswick, he had learned that Godwin was then alive and in London,

London, and made himself known by letter to the inestimable author, to whom he owed a stricter sense of justice and a purer theory of happiness than other men possessed. His advances were kindly received, for Godwin could not fail to be both interested and touched by so boundless an admiration as that which Shelley's letters expressed. But we cannot help suspecting that this placid and grave philosopher must have been nearly as much puzzled as pleased by the passionate enthusiasm of his unknown disciple. His letters, accordingly, appear to have been of a very cautious complexion. Might not his young correspondent be too angry with his father? Might not the latter have acted for the best? Was he quite entitled to be a judge of controversies? Was he entitled to obtrude his peculiar opinions on the world? He, who was yet a scholar, ought to have no intolerable itch to become a teacher. Sobriety of spirit ought to be cultivated. Early authorship ought not. Such prudent hints as these seem to have dropped from the wise man's pen. But how was happiness to be diffused, if a Shelley were forbidden to speak? Sobriety of spirit? yes! but first of all the good cause; selfishness and prejudice were being aided by many a dull publication; might not a Shelley counteract the bigots and the block-heads? He might have answered his monitor out of his own mouth; for, according to the author of the 'Enquiry concerning Political Justice,' sincerity 'requires us to give immediate utterance to every useful and valuable idea that occurs,' and Shelley had no doubt whatever of the use and value of his own convictions. He would not give up the regeneration of Ireland. He went to Dublin, and began operations there, after a fashion which called forth from Godwin still more earnest remonstrances than before. He was shocked in Dublin by such depths of human misery as he had never known the existence of elsewhere; the poor were huddled together in their narrow streets, 'a mass of animated filth;' the mob were so degraded and brutalised, that he verily believed the oyster stood higher than they did in the scale of intellectual being. This was the hopeful audience to whom he addressed pamphlets on the state of their nation. He proposed to rouse a Dublin mob from the 'degraded lethargy' into which they were sunk, by the formation of organised societies for the redress of grievances. It was, indeed, the existence of those grievances alone which seems to have given him any hope of the regeneration he proposed to accomplish. He had learned from the writings of Godwin that a high morality must disregard the details of private life, and 'teach men to consider themselves under the relation in which they stand to the whole body of mankind.' It seemed to him, therefore, a happy circumstance, that

that the benevolent passions of this brutalised populace were 'in some degree excited, and individual interests generalised by Catholic disqualifications, and the oppressive influence of the Union Act.' This was a crisis which ought not to pass unimproved; and the mode of improving it, which he suggested, was by the institution of an 'Association for the purpose of restoring Ireland to the prosperity which she possessed before the Union.' But Godwin remembered the Jacobins, and abhorred political societies. His letters, therefore, in answer to the eloquent epistles in which Shelley poured forth his hopes and aspirations, are letters of rebuke and warning. He entreated our impetuous reformer to abstain from publications which might be full of highly commendable sentiments, but which, if they were to produce any effect at all, must have 'no very remote tendency to light again the flames of rebellion and war.' The people of Ireland, he assured him, had been for years in a state of diseased activity; it was not of being awakened that they stood in need. Above all he condemned the organised societies. They could not be dangerous, said Shelley, for he had taken pains, even to tautology, to insist on purely pacific measures. 'You are preparing,' said Mr. Godwin, 'a scene of blood. If your associations take effect to any extensive degree, tremendous consequences will follow, and hundreds by their calamities and premature fate will expiate your error. And then what will it avail you to say, "I warned them against this. When I put the seed into the ground, I laid my solemn injunctions upon it that it should not germinate?"'

To such admonitions as these Shelley yielded reluctantly and half convinced. Mr. Hogg is of opinion that Godwin's arguments had not affected him in the least, however he may have flattered that philosopher by persuading him to think so; but that he himself had been disgusted with some mob-violence, and grown tired of his hopeless scheme. At all events he withdrew his unlucky pamphlets from circulation, and determined to leave Dublin.

It ought to be observed that Shelley's benevolence did not confine itself to vague and general schemes of social reformation; and the absence of human wisdom by which these were characterised does not seem to have affected his private charity in any equal degree. No doubt the latter was quite as impulsive in many cases as the former. Mr. Hogg has some anecdotes which show this; and Shelley would not have been Shelley, if he had not been carried away by his emotions. 'But in general his charity, though liberal,' says Mr. Leigh Hunt, 'was not weak. He inquired personally into the circumstances of his petitioners, visited

visited the sick in their beds (for he had gone the round of the hospitals, on purpose to be able to practise on occasion), and kept a regular list of industrious poor, whom he assisted with small sums to make up their accounts.' This refers to a later period than that of his visit to Ireland, but his hand and his heart were always open as day.

In another event of his life—the most important and the most notorious of all—the Godwin influence seems to us to have been most disastrous. We refer to Shelley's separation from his first wife. Shelley's opinion of marriage our readers know; but unless Mr. Godwin's opinion had resembled it, it is hardly probable that his daughter would have 'linked her fortunes,' in Lady Shelley's phrase, with those of the poet, while the poet's wife was living. Shelley's widow, a woman of rare genius, said long ago, and Lady Shelley repeats the statement now, that if the history of this event were fully known, his character would appear in a fairer and brighter light than that of any contemporary. Lady Shelley seems to have contemplated at one time the future publication of certain papers, written by his own hand, and in the possession of his family, which might have made the story of his life complete. We gather from the preface to her second edition, that this intention has been abandoned. And, for reasons that we shall state immediately, we think it has been most wisely and properly abandoned. Meanwhile there is one point on which Lady Shelley's narrative is at variance with another, which seems to us equally authoritative, even if we assume that her view should be supported by the family papers in question. She says that 'towards the close of 1813, estrangements (which for some time had been slowly growing between Mr. and Mrs. Shelley) came to a crisis. Separation ensued, and Mrs. Shelley returned to her father's house.' Mr. Peacock on the other hand declares, on the authority of his own recollection, that there was no estrangement in 1813, and argues that the possibility of anything of the kind having taken place in the previous year is excluded by the tone of a letter from Shelley to Miss Fanny Godwin (sister of the second Mrs. Shelley), written in December, 1812. This letter is printed in the Shelley 'Memorials,' and expresses a sufficiently warm admiration of poor Harriet's charms. Stronger evidence that so late as March, 1814, no separation had been contemplated by either husband or wife is to be found in the fact, that on the 24th of that month, 'in order to obviate all doubts that might arise touching the validity' of their previous marriage in Scotland, Percy Bysshe Shelley and Harriet Shelley, formerly Harriet Westbrook, were remarried by licence (with the consent of the father of the lady, who was still a minor) in St. George's,
Hanover

Hanover Square. The inference is irresistible. Neither Shelley nor his wife could *then* have been very anxious to dissolve the marriage which they were celebrating for the second time. The declared object of the second celebration was to remedy the possible inefficacy of the first. In case the rites and ceremonies of the Church of Scotland might be insufficient to constitute a marriage, the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England were now called to their aid. Mr. Peacock is wrong in supposing that a divorce could have been obtained in the Scottish courts; but it is certain that persons who desired a divorce would not have taken steps, as the Shelleys did, for riveting their chains more closely. It seems then to be established, that at least till the end of March, 1814, no separation had been contemplated by the Shelleys. It does not follow that no estrangement had taken place between them. Mr. Peacock, indeed, thought they were on perfectly good terms; but the closest intimacy will not prevent people from deceiving themselves about the married life of their neighbours. Mr. Peacock's recollection, therefore, only proves that he observed no disagreement between Shelley and his wife: it does not prove that there was none. And the letter to Miss Godwin, on which he relies, is to our mind not much more conclusive. It praises Harriet's charms, as we have said—it defends her manners and conduct against Miss Godwin's disapprobation; but Shelley might do all this, and more, and yet feel that he had not found in marriage the kind of help and support that his weak and sensitive nature craved. Mr. Peacock's description is very pleasing:—

'Harriet Shelley,' says he, 'had a good figure, light, active, and graceful. Her features were regular and well proportioned. Her hair was light brown, and dressed with taste and simplicity. In her dress she was truly *simplex munditiis*. Her complexion was beautifully transparent: the tint of the blush rose shining through the lily. The tone of her voice was pleasant; her speech the essence of frankness and cordiality; her spirits always cheerful; her laugh spontaneous, hearty, and joyous. She was well educated. She read agreeably and intelligently. She wrote only letters, but she wrote them well. Her manners were good, and her whole aspect and demeanour such manifest emanations of pure and truthful nature, that to be once in her company was to know her thoroughly. She was fond of her husband, and accommodated herself in every way to his tastes. If they mixed in society, she adorned it; if they lived in retirement, she was satisfied; if they travelled, she enjoyed the change of scene.'

Nevertheless, the truth seems to be that Harriet Shelley, with many amiable and attractive qualities, was incapable of understanding or sympathising with her husband's genius. Now
Shelley

Shelley had found out that there must be a perfect community of experience between his heart and that of his beloved :—

‘All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirred his mortal frame,’

must find its counterpart in the soul that loved him, and that he should love ; or the aching void that ought to be filled by this union would still remain unsatisfied. A pretty English girl, without genius and with a well-regulated mind, no more resembled the ideal of his imagination than of the poet’s in ‘Alastor.’ In truth, the veiled maiden whom that adventurous youth saw in a vision is the true prototype of Shelley’s love as well as the image of his hero’s.

Harriet had no such dazzling claims on his affection. She was the mother of a child whom he loved ; but she could not share his subtle speculations and lofty dreams. When the notion that they had rescued one another from domestic tyranny had lost its first freshness, the points of sympathy between them grew fewer and feebler every day. Unfortunately also an elder Miss Westbrook chose to live with her sister, and being apparently rather an unamiable personage, by no means increased the comfort of their home. But without her aid, the distance must soon have grown hopeless between a kindly, cheerful, light-hearted young woman, and the poet ‘rapt above the pole.’ There have been men of as great genius as Shelley, the good husbands of women far inferior to Harriet, who have been satisfied that their wives should share with them the common cares and enjoyments of every-day life, without insisting that they should accompany them also in their loftiest flights of imagination. But Shelley, with the most isolated and self-absorbed of human intellects, had the most sensitive organization. He was not strong enough to be self-sufficient in his isolation ; he soared higher than the eyes of other men could follow him, and was miserable because he found no human being to be his companion on the level he had reached. His wife at least could not follow him there : there was only one woman probably in the world that could—the daughter of Godwin and of Mary Wollstonecraft ; and it was his fortune, to meet with her at the moment when, with ‘a spirit trembling and feeble through its tenderness, he was seeking sympathy everywhere, and finding only repulse and disappointment.’ To quote Mr. Peacock : ‘He might well have said after first seeing Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, “*Ut vidi ! ut perii !*” Nothing that I ever read in tale or history could present a more striking image of a sudden, violent, irresistible, uncontrollable passion than that under which I found him labouring when, at his

request, I went up from the country to call on him in London.' Of course, it was Shelley's duty to control this passion, at whatever cost of streaming eyes and breaking hearts; and we trust he might have done so without compromising his poetical character. There was no other way in which he could be so true to his genius as by remaining true to his sacred obligation. We have no wish to tell the story unfairly; and in order to avoid doing so, we quote his own account of the failure of his old love, and the result of his new passion, in the verses which he addressed to Mary Godwin, in the dedication of the 'Revolt of Islam':—

'Alas that Love should be a blight and snare
To those who seek all sympathies in one!
Such once I sought in vain: then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone.
Yet never found I one not false to me,
Hard hearts and cold, like weights of icy stone
Which crushed and withered mine, that could not be
Aught but a lifeless clog until revived by thee.

Thou friend whose presence on my wintry heart
Fell like bright spring upon some herbless plain,
How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
Of custom thou didst burst and rend in twain,
And walked as free as light the clouds among,
Which many an envious slave then breathed in vain
From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung
To meet thee from the woes which had begirt it long!

No more alone, through the world's wilderness,
Although I trod the paths of high intent,
I journeyed now: no more companionless
Where solitude is like despair, I went.
There is the wisdom of a stern content
When Poverty can blight the just and good,
When Infamy dares mock the innocent,
And cherished friends turn with the multitude
To trample: this was ours, and we unshaken stood!

Now has descended a serener hour,
And with inconstant fortune, friends return;
Though suffering leaves the knowledge and the power
Which says:—Let scorn be not repaid with scorn,
And from thy side two gentle babes are born
To fill our home with smiles, and thus are we
Most fortunate beneath Life's beaming Morn;
And these delights, and thou, have been to me
The parents of the song I consecrate to thee.

And

And what art thou? I know, but dare not speak;
Time may interpret to his silent years;
Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful cheek,
And in the light thine ample forehead wears,
And in thy sweetest smiles, and in thy tears,
And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy
Is whispered, to subdue my fondest fears,
And through thine eyes, even in thy soul I see
A lamp of vestal fire burning internally.'

In plain English, towards the end of July, 1814, four months after Shelley was remarried to Harriet Westbrook, he deserted his wife, and left England with Miss Godwin. Harriet died in December, 1816, and on the 30th of that month he married Miss Godwin.

It must be confessed there are some points in this story not perfectly clear. We cannot pretend, for example, to decide between Lady Shelley and Mr. Peacock. We do not know whether the former is right in ascribing this catastrophe to a long and growing estrangement, or whether the latter may not be justified in denying the existence of any such estrangement before Shelley fell in love with Mary Godwin. We have pointed out difficulties in both of these theories; and we do not think it of the slightest consequence which of them is the true one. One thing is certain, the blind impetuosity of the marriage was atoned for by as impetuous a repudiation. And however late or early he made the unhappy discovery that he could not really give his heart to the woman on whom he had bestowed his name, it can hardly be supposed that the author of the 'Epipsychidion' would allow his true love to be restrained by claims of hers when at last he saw, or thought he saw, in Mary Godwin 'the vision of his youth made perfect.' The wrong of which he was guilty cannot be diminished by showing that he had been tired of his wife for years. It cannot be increased by showing that the period of his dissatisfaction must be measured by months. Neither does it seem to us at all probable that our judgment of Shelley's conduct would be greatly affected by the possession of fuller information about other circumstances which now remain doubtful. We have no desire that the family papers should be made public, which Lady Shelley says "may in after years make the story of his life complete." We already know enough of him to understand his desertion of his wife. We shall never know enough to make it excusable unless graver charges should be proved against her character and conduct than, so far as we know,

have ever been hinted against either. If Lady Shelley's papers have any reference to her, we trust they may never see the light. Mr. Peacock bears witness, and says, 'I feel it due to the memory of Harriet to state my most decided conviction that her conduct as a wife was as pure, as true, as absolutely faultless as that of any who for such conduct are held most in honour.' There is no reason to doubt that this conviction was well founded. It would be wrong, if it were possible, to shake it even in order to vindicate Shelley. It is not much to ask his representatives to refrain always, as they have refrained hitherto, from attempting to do so. The least reparation they owe to this poor girl is to let her memory rest in peace. Shelley, at least, never imagined that his conduct required to be vindicated by imputing faults to his deserted wife. He had loudly asserted from the first that marriage, not licence, was a crime. And if he had allowed himself to be tied in nominal bonds, it was more to protect his wife from reproach than with any intention of abridging his own natural liberty. 'A husband and wife,' he had declared, 'ought to continue united only so long as they love one another.' It would be intolerable tyranny to bind them after the decay of their affection. And had not his great master in morals, the wisest of philosophers, Godwin, who spoke with the very lips of reason, shown that 'no ties should be imposed upon either party preventing them from quitting the attachment whenever their judgment directs them to quit it?' Nay, Godwin had said much more than this, and taught his disciples that, in a perfect state of society, there ought to be no mere family affection, no ties of relationship at all. Man, in the universality of his benevolence, ought to prefer no individuals to the Race. So thoroughly had Shelley imbibed these doctrines that he thought Harriet herself (whom he even at that moment pronounced to be 'a noble animal') could not fail 'to acquiesce in the transfer of his affections to their new shrine.' Harriet, however, was very far from acquiescing. 'She gave me,' says Mr. Peacock, 'her own account of the transaction, which decidedly contradicted the supposition of anything like a separation by mutual consent.'

One unfortunate result of this event has been very generally misunderstood. He was prevented, by a judgment of the Lord Chancellor, from assuming the charge of the children of his first wife. It is time to ask how far Lord Eldon deserved all the indignant reprobation which this decision has called down upon him from eloquent biographers, and all the melodious curses with
which

which Shelley himself received it. That question will be sufficiently answered by a statement of the plain facts of the case. Mr. Leigh Hunt gives this account of it:—"Queen Mab," Shelley's earliest poetical production, written before he was out of his teens, and regretted by him as a crude production, was published without his consent. Yet he was convicted from it of holding the opinion which his teachers at the University had not thought fit to reason him out of. He was also charged with not being of the received opinions with regard to the intercourse of the sexes; and his children, a girl and a boy, were taken from him. They were transferred to the care of a clergyman of the Church of England.' It would not be easy to convey a greater amount of misrepresentation in four short sentences without intentional misstatement. Shelley's children were not taken from him; they were not *transferred* from his care to another person's; the judgment which was actually pronounced was not given because Shelley held certain opinions, or because he had written 'Queen Mab.' On being deserted, as we have described, by her husband, Harriet Shelley returned to her father's house with the eldest of the two children. The other was soon afterwards born. The grandfather received them into his house, and supported them. Shelley, so far as appears, made no attempt to do either. When the children had thus formed part of their grandfather's family and been maintained by him for about two years and a half, their mother committed suicide by drowning herself in the Serpentine (Dec. 1816). We do not say that this lamentable event can fairly be ascribed to her husband. It may have had, as Lady Shelley assures us, 'no immediate connection with any conduct of his.' We know that he was dreadfully afflicted by it. On the other hand, we cannot tell how deeply and gloomily her mind may not have been affected by her husband's desertion; and no one can pretend to be certain that it was not under the overwhelming pressure of the sense of desolation which that desertion might have occasioned that she put an end to her own life. We do not know that it was so; but we do not know the reverse. Still less can we be assured that her family did not think so at the time. And, at all events, it is impossible to blame Mr. Westbrook if he now refused to give up his dead daughter's children to the father, whose conduct to her and to them he at least could only look upon as a great and most cruel crime against that daughter and her family. For it was now that Shelley demanded that the children should be given up to him. It would have been strange indeed if their grandfather had not resisted the demand; and it would have been foolish if he had neglected to do so effectually.

effectually. The Court of Chancery did not interfere of its own mere motion (as Mr. Hunt's account would lead one to imagine) to deprive a poet of the guardianship of his children because Lord Eldon disapproved of his speculative opinions. Mr. Westbrook made a settlement upon the children, and caused a suit to be instituted, by which they were made wards of the Court. The question of their custody was brought before the Lord Chancellor by a petition presented in the name of the children. This petition stated the facts as we already know them—that the father and mother had been married in 1811; that the father had deserted his wife, and had ever since unlawfully cohabited with another woman; that the petitioners, as well as their mother, had since been maintained by their maternal grandfather; and that the mother was now dead. 'It was then stated' (we quote from Mr. Jacob's Report) 'that the father avowed himself an atheist; and that since his marriage he had written and published a work in which he blasphemously derided the truth of the Christian Revelation, and denied the existence of a God as Creator of the Universe; that since the death of his wife he had demanded that the children should be delivered up to him; and that he intended, if he could, to get possession of their persons, and educate them as he thought proper.' These came to be the established facts with which the Lord Chancellor had to deal; for though Shelley put in his answer in the suit, the answer did not affect the representations made in the petition, and in the affidavits and exhibits by which it was supported. The blasphemous work alluded to was probably 'Queen Mab;' but Mr. Leigh Hunt is wrong in talking as if advantage had been taken of an unauthorised publication to found upon it opinions which Shelley regretted. It is true that an edition of 'Queen Mab' was published without Shelley's consent, but not till four years after the Chancellor's judgment had been pronounced. Shelley tried to suppress that edition, and wrote to the 'Examiner' that the book was crude and immature. But this remonstrance was made in 1821, and the case of his children was decided in 1817. 'Queen Mab,' though not then published in the sense of being sold to the public, had been printed and distributed among his friends: there could have been no difficulty in producing a copy to prove the charge of blasphemy. And if Shelley then regarded the opinions he had expressed as crude and immature, it is certain that he did not say so; for it was proved to the satisfaction of the Chancellor that the father of the petitioners had published a work such as that described in the petition, and that he still retained the opinions expressed in

in it. But although that was clearly established, the judgment, as we have already said, was not founded upon it. What the result might have been if nothing had been proved in the case except Shelley's speculative opinions is a different question. Certain it is that Lord Eldon, in his luminous, weighty, and most temperate written exposition of the grounds of judgment, anxiously distinguishes between such a case and the one before him, and he thus explains the difference:—

‘This is a case in which, as the matter appears to me, the father’s principles cannot be misunderstood—in which his conduct, which I cannot but consider as highly immoral, has been established on proof, and established as the effect of those principles: conduct nevertheless which he represents to himself and others not as conduct to be considered as immoral, but to be recommended and observed in practice and as worthy of approbation. I consider this therefore to be a case in which he has demonstrated that he must and does deem it to be matter of duty which his principles impose upon him, to recommend to those whose opinions he may take upon himself to form, that conduct in some of the most important relations in life as moral and virtuous, which the law calls upon me to consider as immoral and vicious: conduct which the law animadverts upon as inconsistent with the duties of persons in such relations of life, and which it considers as injuriously affecting both the interests of such persons and those of the community. I cannot therefore think that I should be justified in delivering over these children for their education exclusively to what is called the care to which Mr. Shelley wishes it to be intrusted.’

We are bold to say that no Judge could have come to a different conclusion. It must always be a delicate matter for a Court of Justice to interfere between parents and children; but, assuming the propriety of doing so at all—and that had been settled long before Lord Eldon’s day—it is impossible to imagine a clearer case for such interference than that of Shelley. In the first place, Shelley’s obnoxious opinions were condemned by the law of England, and not by Lord Chancellor Eldon. Lord Eldon’s private sentiments had no more to do with his decision than if the question had been whether a provision in a settlement should go to Shelley’s son or his daughter. He was to expound, and not to make the law, in both cases alike. In a later case it was pleaded before him that a father had turned Unitarian. We need not say what Lord Eldon’s orthodoxy thought of Unitarianism. But he refused to give any weight to that consideration. ‘With the religious tenets of either party,’ he said, ‘I have nothing to do; except so far as the law of the country

country calls upon me to look on some religious opinions as dangerous to society.'

The decision of Lord Eldon, as he himself intimated, was not final: an appeal lay to the House of Lords, of which Lord Erskine, Lord Redesdale, and Lord Ellenborough were members. But no appeal was brought. The judgment, as we have already said, was given in writing—a method not very usual with Lord Eldon, and which shows his anxiety that the reasons of his decision upon so delicate a subject should not by any possibility be misapprehended. Vain hope! Mr. Peacock says,—

'It is not surprising that so many persons at the time should have supposed that the judgment had been formed, at least partly, on religious grounds. Shelley himself told me that Lord Eldon had expressly stated that such grounds were excluded, and the judgment itself showed it. But few read the judgment. It did not appear in the newspapers, and all report of the proceedings was interdicted. Mr. Leigh Hunt accompanied Shelley to the Court of Chancery. Lord Eldon was extremely courteous, but he said blandly, and at the same time determinedly, that a report of the proceedings would be punished as a contempt of court.

'The only explanation I have ever been able to give myself of his motive for this prohibition was, *that he was willing to leave the large body of fanatics among his political supporters under delusion as to the ground of his judgment; and that it was more for his political interest to be stigmatised by Liberals as an inquisitor than to incur in any degree the imputation of theological liberality from his own persecuting party!*'

Lord Eldon may have wished, for the sake of the family, that the miserable details should not be promulgated. But his prohibition (if any was in fact uttered) could only apply to the publication of the proceedings while the matter was still pending. Such injunctions are not uncommon at present.*

That Shelley himself should understand the purely scientific aspect in which the case appeared to the Chancellor's mind—when even a sensible and intelligent friend like Mr. Peacock thought so very irrationally on the subject—was not to be expected; and accordingly the mode in which he looked at the transaction may be gathered both from the energetic verses in which he curses Lord Eldon and calls him a demon, and also from the curious reflection with which he afterwards chose to console himself, that, if Lord Byron had been in England, he would have 'moved heaven and earth to prevent such a deci-

* The case is included in the professional Reports of Mr. Jacob, published some years later.

sion.' He did not know that nothing could move the Chancellor except the arguments of counsel: he did not know that for a private gentleman to interfere would be a gross outrage on the sanctity of Justice: for the whole matter seemed to him to have been a personal contest between himself and a malignant and powerful enemy, a diabolical personage—who probably had never heard of him till he heard the argument. *

Lady Shelley says that the Lord Chancellor in delivering judgment had threatened to deprive him of his infant son by his second wife. The judgment contains no such threat. But undoubtedly Shelley himself was afraid that this child might be taken from him. For various reasons he left England in the year 1818 for Italy—as it happened, never to return.* The first aspect of that country, Mrs. Shelley tells us, enchanted him. His health and spirits had suffered greatly during the last years of his residence in England, and the change of scene and the new climate seem to have been singularly beneficial to both. Italy, he thought, was the paradise of exiles, and his letters are full of the most rapturous descriptions of all that made it so. But even in Italy he was not altogether absorbed in enjoyment of the beauty either of nature or art. One part of his correspondence shows also how active and generous an interest he could take in the affairs of others. Shelley's income had by this time been increased to 1000*l.* a year; and he appears to have set on foot the project of a steamboat, to ply between Marseilles and Leghorn; for building which he was to advance the money, while the profit was to belong solely to certain friends. 'The prospects and views of our friends,' says Mrs. Shelley, 'drew them to England, and the boat and the engine were abandoned. Shelley was deeply disappointed: yet it will be seen how generously he exculpates our friends to themselves, and relieves them from the remorse they might naturally feel for having thus wasted his money and disappointed his desires.' This occurred, we should observe, in the second year of his residence in Italy. During the first winter he had neither the steamboat scheme to occupy his mind, nor the society of his friends to amuse it. He and his wife were living at Naples, their friends at Leghorn. They had little intercourse with their travelling fellow-countrymen in general; and Mrs. Shelley thinks that the utter solitude in which they lived allowed her husband to brood far too intently over his sorrows. We know accordingly, from some of the most beautiful and musical

* Mr. Peacock thinks that restlessness and embarrassment were the chief causes.

verses in the world, that this period was passed in a dejection that neither the warm sun, nor the clear sky, nor the blue isles and snowy mountains of the Bay of Naples were capable of alleviating. Putting all questions of temperament aside, it is not very surprising that this should have been the case. No one, surely, can doubt that such a life as Shelley's had been hitherto must have afforded matter enough for melancholy brooding. His schemes for the regeneration of his fellow-creatures had failed, even ignominiously: poor Harriet's tragic end might have shaken a more firm and callous nature than his: the Chancery proceedings must have caused him deep mortification; and we can hardly wonder that he should have called and felt himself an exile and a Pariah. Neither did he escape—though we do not mention it to account for his temporary depression at Naples—from afflictions of a commoner kind; for he had lost one child of his second marriage in the autumn of 1818 at Venice, and another died at Rome in the following spring. Rome became so painful to the unfortunate parents after this last loss, that they hurried northwards and took up their abode at Leghorn. From thence, in the early part of October, they removed to Florence; and at Florence we fear that the painful sense of exile to which we have alluded—the miserable consciousness that Englishmen in general must look at him with dislike and suspicion—cannot but have been greatly increased by news that came to him from England.

The 'Revolt of Islam' was written in 1817, and published in the following year; but it was not till the period of which we are speaking that Shelley knew of the reception it had met with from various journals, and chiefly, we need not say, from the 'Quarterly Review.' We cannot look back upon that matter with the humiliation which, if we believed the partisans of Shelley, it would become us to feel. Even as a work of art, we have always thought this poem, though beautiful and harmonious in versification, and even magnificent in passages, quite unworthy of the wonderful genius of its author. But it is not merely as a work of art that the 'Revolt of Islam' must be considered. It had made its first appearance under the title of 'Laon and Cythna,' but 'Laon and Cythna' was still more outspoken as to certain matters than the 'Revolt of Islam,' and was almost immediately withdrawn from circulation to reappear with alterations under its present name. There is something not quite worthy of Shelley in this transaction. On the one hand, merely prudential reasons, mere dread of public indignation, ought not to have induced him to conceal opinions

opinions which he believed that, for the sake of humanity, it was his bounden duty at all risks to promulgate. But those who knew most of Shelley will be least inclined to attribute to him such a motive as this. On the other hand, if good feeling induced him to abstain from printing what he knew must be painful and shocking to the great majority of his countrymen, the second version should have been suppressed as well as the first. For no pain which Shelley suffered from the criticism can well have been greater than that which many excellent people must have experienced in reading his poem, and a natural feeling of indignation may have prompted greater severity of language than is common at the present day. Whether the comments upon his personal history were just or not, the readers of his biography, as given by his friends, may judge for themselves. We do not know that we can give a better idea of the doctrines and tone of the poem, than by reprinting one of the 'calumnious' paragraphs of the review of 1819 :—

'The existence of evil, physical and moral, is the grand problem of all philosophy. . . . Mr. Shelley refers it to the faults of those social institutions and religious creeds which are designed to regulate the conduct of man here, and his hopes in a hereafter. In these he seems to make no distinction, but considers them all as bottomed upon principles pernicious to man and unworthy of God, carried into details the most cruel, and upheld only by the stupidity of the many on the one hand, and the selfish conspiracy of the few on the other. According to him the earth is a boon garden needing little care or cultivation, but pouring forth spontaneously and inexhaustibly all innocent delights and luxuries to her innumerable children: the seasons have no inclemencies, the air no pestilence for man in his proper state of wisdom and liberty; his business here is to enjoy himself, to abstain from no gratification, to repent of no sin, hate no crime, but be wise, happy, and free, with plenty of "lawless love." This is man's natural state, the state to which Mr. Shelley will bring us, if we will but break up the "crust of our outworn opinions" as he calls them, and put them into his magic cauldron. But kings have introduced war, legislators crime, priests sin; the dreadful consequences have been that the earth has lost her fertility, the seasons their mildness, the air its salubrity, man his freedom and happiness. We have become a foul-feeding carnivorous race; are foolish enough to feel uncomfortable after the commission of sin. Some of us even go so far as to consider vice odious; and we all groan under a multitude of crimes merely conventional: among which Mr. Shelley specifies with great sang froid the commission of incest.'

One of the alterations in the second version is the substitution of the name of Joshua for that of Christ in a list of false prophets, but this is only an apparent concession. The Christian religion

religion is still treated throughout the poem with peculiar contempt and abhorrence. It was not unnatural that it should be so. Of all religious principles, those which seemed to him the most pernicious and hateful were repentance and faith; the first he thought 'the dark idolatry of self;' the foulest breast, in his view, might be cleansed by love and joy, but not by loathing its own past crimes: the second was a ghastly obscene worm, only worthy to be named with plague and slaughter, fear and slavery, custom and hell; and he was not wrong in supposing that those two monstrous principles were the characteristic doctrines of Christianity.

Shelley's other poems, with the exception of 'Alastor' and one or two minor pieces, were written in Italy; the 'Prometheus Unbound,' at Rome, in 1819; and the greater part of the 'Cenci' at Leghorn, late in the same year. In that and the two following years were written also the greater number of those lyrical poems—it would be tedious as well as unnecessary to name them—which form, after all, to our mind, his best title to immortality.* We do not forget the power and passion of the 'Cenci,' nor the grand conception of 'Prometheus.' These are great works, but they are not faultless. The latter, indeed, contains many passages (generally very sounding and musical passages) which we are bold enough to say are utterly unmeaning. But the 'Ode to the Skylark,' 'Ariel to Miranda,' the 'Ode to the West Wind,' and many others of the same kind, are absolutely perfect. They are also peculiar to Shelley. Scarcely any other lyrics combine so many of the highest excellences of lyrical poetry—so much depth of melody, so much imaginative passion, so subtle a penetration into the most hidden feelings, and so marvellous a grasp of the most evanescent; so much, above all, of that intensity of feeling, which Charles Lamb, if our memory serves us, attributes to some of Shakspeare's songs, an intensity of feeling 'which seems to resolve itself into the element which it contemplates.'

We must not be led away, however, into criticism of Shelley's writings. Our present concern is with his life, and we have mentioned these poems for the same reason as the 'Revolt of Islam,' because they were the leading events of his life in the years of their composition. Those years were spent in the north of Italy, chiefly in Pisa and its neighbourhood.

* We are glad to see that several of them have been inserted by Mr. F. T. Palgrave in his delightful little volume 'The Golden Treasury' (Macmillan, 1861), which contains many of the best original lyrical pieces and songs in our language, grouped with care and skill, so as to illustrate each other like the pictures in a well-arranged Gallery.

During

During part of this time Lord Byron was his neighbour. Their acquaintance had begun some years before, and they were always on friendly and even intimate terms, though not, perhaps, on a perfectly cordial footing. The elder poet, indeed, was in far too wayward and irritable a state of mind to allow of his forming new or close friendships; but it is satisfactory, for his own sake as well as for Shelley's, to find that he treated the latter throughout with the consideration and respect that became him, but which he was by no means disposed to display just then towards every man of genius, or even towards every gentleman with whom he came in contact. Early in 1821 Shelley formed a more intimate friendship with a less distinguished person, Mr. Williams. Both Williams and Shelley were fond of boating, and the latter had constructed a boat of lath and canvas fit for the shallow waters of the Arno. The Italians seem to have thought this, as it probably was, rather a dangerous amusement; but, excepting an occasional ducking, no great harm came of it. Next year, however, they were more ambitious. The Shelleys and Williams were living together in a lonely house, called the Villa Magni, near Lerici, on the Bay of Spezzia. Nothing could be more solitary than their situation—nothing could be more picturesque; and, as Mrs. Shelley confesses, nothing could be much more uncomfortable. Their amusement was sailing. A small schooner had been built for them at Genoa, on a plan of Mr. Williams's. The sailors who brought her round to Lerici thought she was 'a ticklish boat to manage,' but Shelley was delighted with her, and Williams, in his diary, expresses great admiration of her qualities, and congratulates himself on possessing 'a perfect plaything for the summer.' As long as they used her merely as a plaything in the land-locked Bay of Spezzia, they probably ran little risk. Unhappily, they were rash enough to attempt a longer and more dangerous voyage. Mr. Leigh Hunt had come to Italy on Lord Byron's invitation to edit a new 'Quarterly,' of which we need say no more here than that Byron, Hunt, and Shelley were to contribute to it, and that it was to be called the 'Liberal.' He arrived at Genoa on the 14th of June, 1822, and Shelley, in his anxiety to see his friend, determined to go in his boat to Leghorn, and thence to Pisa. Accordingly, on the 1st of July, he left the Villa Magni, in the little *Don Juan*, the crew of which consisted of a single sailor-boy besides himself and Mr. Williams. They reached Leghorn in safety; two or three days were spent at Pisa, one of which Hunt commemorates as a delightful afternoon; but Mrs. Shelley had been ill and depressed during the whole

whole time of her residence in the Bay of Spezzia, and a desponding letter from her induced her husband to return home earlier than he had intended. On the 8th of July they set sail from Leghorn. Mr. Trelawney had intended to accompany them, in Lord Byron's yacht, the *Bolivar*. He was prevented doing so, but watched their departure till their boat was hidden in a sea-fog. Captain Roberts had also watched their vessel with a glass from the top of the lighthouse at Leghorn. 'They were off Via Reggio, and at some distance from the shore, when a storm was driven over the sea. It enveloped them and several larger vessels in darkness. When the cloud passed onwards, Roberts looked again, and saw every other vessel sailing on the ocean except their little schooner, which had vanished.' Fourteen days afterwards Shelley's body was found washed on shore. A volume of Keats's poems and a volume of Sophocles were in the pockets. The body of Williams was discovered at the same time, a few miles off; that of the sailor, Charles Vivian, not till three weeks later. But though these remains were discovered, the friends of the dead were not permitted to have possession of them. Quarantine laws required that they should be burned. They were consumed, accordingly, on funeral-piles, after the ancient fashion, in presence of Lord Byron, Mr. Leigh Hunt, and Mr. Trelawney.* The last-named gentleman took the most active part on this occasion, as he had done in everything that was necessary since the wreck. Mrs. Shelley's letters are full of expressions of gratitude for his indefatigable zeal and sagacity and his generous kindness; but the greatest service of all was, that his presence enabled her to give her sorrow words, for with him, and him only, she writes that she can speak of her husband. We know nothing more terribly pathetic than the letters and diaries of this remarkable woman; and we may add that, however little the love and devotion of a man's wife may prove for him in general, nothing that has yet been written about him has given us so high an opinion of Shelley's character.

* 'His ashes were deposited,' says Lady Shelley, 'in the Protestant burial-ground at Rome, by the side of his son William, and of his brother-poet Keats. An inscription in Latin, simply setting forth the facts, was written by Leigh Hunt, and Mr. Trelawney added a few lines from Shakspeare's *Tempest* (one of Shelley's favourite plays):—

"Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange,"

The same gentleman also planted eight cypresses round the spot, of which seven were flourishing in 1844, and probably are still.' We are surprised that Lady Shelley should not have obtained more recent information as to the tomb.

On

On one point, however, Mrs. Shelley has not convinced us. We have failed to discover in the history of this life anything like the systematic malignity of persecution which Mrs. Shelley and others have so clamorously denounced. In the rough daily life of the world, most men have something to suffer; sensitive natures inevitably have much to suffer from the unconscious cruelty of mankind. The griefs that may be told are neither more nor greater than the vague, ineffable, immeasurable mass of suffering that our careless disregard of feelings which we do not understand, or which we are determined to be blind to, has occasioned; and Shelley, too surely, had his share of such griefs as these. But he had other injuries to complain of, for he chose to become the assailant of society, and society, no doubt, found champions who could strike both harshly and sternly in her defence. There are persons who see in this collision only the eternal strife between genius and the vulgar world it comes to enoble and to purify. It is natural, perhaps, that such critics should despise the unhappy caitiffs at whose hands their Shelley suffered wrong; it is natural that they should see nothing but divine energy in the blows he dealt, nothing but bad-hearted cruelty in those he received; it is natural that they should be eloquent in vituperation of Oxford, Lord Eldon, and the 'Quarterly Review.' The truth is, it is hardly possible for the coldest moralist to read the moving and exquisite poetry in which Shelley has so often expressed his half-bewildered sense of suffering and wrong, without a sympathy far too intense for a dispassionate judgment of the question between him and his critics. Who takes the trouble now to ask the cause of their severity? It is enough that they condemned 'Prometheus' and the 'Revolt of Islam.' But we do not know how to argue with the man who shall maintain that a journal professedly Christian was not entitled to utter in the plainest and strongest language its condemnation of those two poems—poems in which, sometimes in lines that are equally rugged and obscure, oftener in most pure and simple English and the most flowing and musical versification, but always openly and without disguise, the Christian religion and Christian morality are not so much attacked as execrated. Nor do we think that Shelley was exactly the man in whose mouth it lay to complain of the harsh construction of his opponents. Talk of him as they pleased, they never could match the language in which he himself spoke of his public and private enemies, or those whom he thought such; his father, for example, or Lord Castlereagh, or Lord Eldon, or George IV., or George III. With all his love of toleration, there never was a mind more incapable

incapable of admitting the honesty of an antagonist. He utterly abhorred the Tories and priests, from whom he differed, and seems to be screaming with rage whenever he talks of them.

On the other hand, we are far from saying that the criticisms of forty years ago contain a full and just estimate of Shelley's genius. The vigour and the brightness of that genius they did not sufficiently appreciate. But we venture to say that it is still the opinion of all right-thinking men, that there is no one of our great poets whose writings are disfigured by graver blemishes than Shelley's, or whom it would be more dangerous to place unreservedly in the hands of the young.

The great crime of Shelley's life can neither be excused nor explained away; and yet the remainder of his history is far from exhibiting any traits of that heartless profligacy which such conduct would lead us to expect. We think with Mr. Kingsley that he had 'no sense of the moral law.' We do not say that he had no moral sense, or that he had not moral aspirations of the loftiest kind; but that he had no understanding or conception of a moral law external to himself is strictly and literally true. It is impossible to know anything about him, and yet to doubt that he was gifted with an eye to see and a heart to comprehend all intellectual as well as physical beauty. People who came only casually in contact with him were charmed with his gentleness and thoughtfulness for others; and the effect of his character on those who saw him more closely and oftener was nothing short of fascination. The most striking instance of this, perhaps, is his influence with Lord Byron. We have said that there was not entire cordiality between the two distinguished poets; but, for that very reason, it is all the higher testimony to the sincerity and earnestness of Shelley's character, as well as to his amiability, that Byron in the worst and most wayward period of his life should have felt, as he unquestionably did, in his companionship, the influence of a more elevated mind. 'You were all mistaken about Shelley,' he writes to Mr. Murray; 'you do not know how mild, how tolerant, how good he was;' and in another letter to the same correspondent he says that Shelley was, without exception, the best and least selfish man he ever knew. We might fill pages with instances of his generosity—a generosity which in many cases was only rendered possible by 'unprecedented self-denial.' But one sentence of Mr. Trelawney's sums up the whole matter when he says that Shelley 'loved everything better than himself.' His emotions found fruit in action without let or struggle; they were generally good and noble,

noble, but we have seen that on one very signal occasion they were exactly the reverse of this; when they were vicious, he had neither the nerve nor the will to control them. He acted, in short, professedly from impulse, and not from duty.

It is curious to consider how much of the child Shelley carried with him into manhood. His impulsiveness and eagerness were pre-eminently childish; but he seems to have retained in his maturity not only the temperament, but all the innocent simplicity and freedom of manner which belong to 'that little Goshen,' as Charles Lamb calls childhood, in which—if the spirit that is most congenial to those kindly regions could have entitled him to inhabit them—he ought to have lingered for ever. Children invariably recognised him as their fellow; and when he dived after them into gipsy-tents, or played at 'frightful creatures' with them in literary drawing-rooms, the curious instinct of infancy taught them to welcome their ally, and admit him to the celebration of their mysteries. It is by no means impossible, we must add, that he may have frightened himself quite as much as Mr. Hunt's little boy when he screwed up his hair into a horn and simulated a hideous monster. His sister tells us, that when he was a boy he 'on one occasion gave the most minute details of a visit he had paid to some ladies with whom he was acquainted in our village,' describing their house and gardens, their occupation, and their reception of him, 'although it was almost immediately ascertained that the boy had never been to the house.' Such freaks of the imagination are by no means uncommon with clever children. Many a nurse and many a mother has been perplexed by some such circumstantial narrative of events that never took place; and only too many a young romancer, we are afraid, has sustained unmerited chastisement at the hands of elders who knew no difference between a falsehood and an illusion. Shelley carried with him into later life this easy self-abandonment to the fabrications of fancy. No man was more single-minded, or more detested falsehood, and no man saw persons or things more clearly; and yet we cannot accept without hesitation his account of a single event in his own life. To give an instance of what we mean, he used to tell his friends that he had been expelled from Eton for striking one of his school-boy-tyrants through the hand with a penknife. When he gave Mr. Peacock an account of what took place on the occasion of his expulsion from Oxford, he painted a public assembly of college dignitaries sitting in judgment on a young and solitary student; he described the impassioned oration in which he had pleaded his own cause before that awful con-

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clave, and told how he had 'called on the illustrious spirits who had shed glory on those walls to look down on their degenerate successors.' The stab with the knife, and the punishment that followed it—the solemn tribunal, the public audience, and the eloquent defence, were as entirely imaginary as the blood-boltered figure that drove Macbeth from his chair, or the air-drawn dagger that marshalled him to the bed-chamber of Duncan. The sense of cruel injury which he retained only too keenly, however passionately it may have longed for relief in revenge or in indignant expostulation, had not in reality found it in either. But Shelley seemed to himself to recall with equal vividness states of mind which had undeniably been his, and the actions which might naturally have been the result and outcome of such states of mind. He arranged in his own imagination appropriate scenes and occasions for these exploits; he traced such consequences as must necessarily have followed; and thus he looked at all the past through a mist of fancy which distorted or magnified its actual events.

The miserable relations in which he stood towards his own family gave rise to more fearful delusions. He believed that his father wished to shut him up in a madhouse. Sometimes he seems to have thought that his life was not safe from the same unnatural hatred. He was driven from one happy retreat after another by such terrors as these. It became a fixed idea in his mind that he was the object of an unrelenting persecution; and the terrible apprehensions to which this idea gave rise produced in his disordered imagination strange visions, now of friendly visitors who came to warn him of his danger, now of midnight murderers who came to kill him. His mind dwelt on these its own creations till, thus 'by feverish passion overcome,' he saw them with his bodily eyes, talked with them, and struggled with them. Mr. Peacock was staying with him when one of these mysterious visitations occurred. Shelley gave a minute and circumstantial account of an interview he had had with one Williams of Tremadoc. 'He came to tell me,' said he, 'of a plot laid by my father and uncle to entrap me and lock me up.' We have an equally detailed account of a rather more alarming occurrence which took place some years earlier in Wales. A man broke into the house at night, fired a pistol at Shelley, knocked him down, struggled with him, was wounded by a pistol which Shelley fired in his turn, and fled with a shriek, swearing vengeance against Shelley, his wife, and his sister. Five hours afterwards, when Shelley was still sitting up, the assassin returned, thrust his arm through the glass of a window,

window, and fired at him again. A second struggle took place. More pistols were discharged. Shelley struck at the intruder with a sword. There was a fight for the sword, which the assassin had almost succeeded in seizing when a servant burst into the room, and again he made his escape. The story is told in a letter from the first Mrs. Shelley; and nothing can be more striking than her account of the terror and dismay of the whole family, and of the nervous system of her husband entirely overturned by the horrors of the night. By the irresistible evidence of circumstances both these stories are disproved. Mrs. Shelley no doubt was giving what she believed to be a perfectly true account of what she herself had witnessed. But she did not see the supposed assassin at all. Probably she may have heard a noise as if some such fight, as her husband afterwards described to her, were actually taking place. Pistols were certainly fired; but they were fired by Shelley himself. He had been brooding over the unpaternal plot against his life and liberty till his heated brain conjured into visible existence the tool who was to put it in execution. He fought with his enemy with sword and pistol, as Luther hurled the readiest weapon he could lay his hands on at the fiend whose bodily presence startled him in the Wartburg. But his eyes, like Luther's in this case, were made the fools of his imagination. The murderer who attacked, and his friend Williams who warned him, were both alike the 'very painting of his fear.'

'The man,' says Coleridge, 'who mistakes his thoughts for persons and things is mad.' And Shelley's hallucinations, though not to be confounded with what is usually called insanity, are certainly not compatible with perfect soundness of mind. They were the result of an excessive sensibility, which, only a little more severely strained, would have overturned reason altogether. It has been said that the horror of his wife's death produced some such effect; and that, for a time at least, he was actually insane. Lady Shelley says nothing about this, and we have no explicit statement of the fact by any authoritative biographer. But it is not in itself improbable, and there are not wanting in his own writings indications of such a calamity. We cannot tell how much of the description of the maniac in 'Julian and Mad-dalo' may not be taken from the history of his own mind. There are other poems which suggest the same observation. And it is certain that there were times when the mere intensity of his emotions and physical sensations was inconsistent with either mental or bodily health. On one occasion, for example, the sensitiveness of the organ of sight was so distressing, that he

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complained

complained of the microscopic distinctness with which the very blades of grass and the boughs of distant trees presented themselves to him. He was obliged to pause in writing down his recollections of a dream, 'overcome with thrilling horror.' He had to rush pale and agitated from the room, where Lord Byron was reading aloud 'Christabel,' with so vivid and horrible a reality it had burst upon him, that 'sight to dream of, not to see,' the bosom and the side of the Lady Geraldine. All this was partly owing, no doubt, to mere physical illness; not improbably to vegetarianism. He would live for weeks on tea, and bread and butter, and lemonade. A disordered stomach was of course the consequence of this detestable diet, and his bodily disorder exasperated the morbid sensibility of his imagination. He was generally well and cheerful when he was obliged to live 'on what he could get' at country inns; and Mr. Peacock records with satisfaction the success of his own simple prescription of three mutton chops. This was during a boating excursion on the Thames. 'He lived in my way,' says Mr. Peacock, 'for the rest of our expedition, rowed vigorously, was cheerful, merry, overflowing with animal spirits, and had certainly one week of thorough enjoyment of life.' But though his natural excitability might be aggravated, it was by no means created by bodily illness. All his emotions were equally intense, whether they were those of pleasure or of pain: his joys were 'aching joys and dizzy raptures;' and his suffering was anguish and despair.

The quivering sensibility which Shelley has often described is the most striking characteristic of his nature, as it shows itself in his poetry. And in this respect his poetry and his life are identical. There seems to have been hardly a moment in his existence in which he did not fancy that he was assailed by some exquisite pain from one quarter or another, from within or from without. There is hardly a point at which he comes in contact with the world without being wounded to the quick. But this is owing to the imperfection of his sympathy with human nature. There was nothing to relieve or to interest him in the rough every-day struggles, anxieties, and enjoyments of every-day men and women, because he neither understood nor was capable of perceiving them. The abstract passions which the genius of Spenser loved to represent in allegory—Pain, and Strife, and Hate, and Revenge, 'trembling Fear,' and 'lamenting Sorrow'—these things, the purest abstractions, formed the whole of humanity to him, and the contemplation of the purest abstractions excited in him such emotions as the most pathetic realities of life can hardly excite in other men. He was un-
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happily destitute of the one quality which might have enabled him to understand, as he never did, the spirit of human dealings, and would certainly have proved the best sedative for his over-excited sensibility. He had no humour. His sense of the cruelty which lies in the ridicule of an uncouth figure, an empty stomach, or a threadbare suit of clothes, would have sealed his eyes for ever to the infinite love and sympathy with humanity which alone can imagine a Peter Peebles or a Dominie Sampson. For he never seems to have felt or known that tenderness is more inseparable from humour, than from the finest sensibility with which poet was ever gifted. To sympathise with others is a lesson which the genuine humourist teaches better than any other preceptor. Sir Walter says very finely of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' that we bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature. But far less gentle humourists than Goldsmith merit the same benediction. They reconcile us to human nature, because they teach us to understand it; and whether as a poet or a reformer, Shelley's capital defect was that he understood nothing so little. He sometimes shows us a radiant world of dazzling arms, and glorious eyes, and floating locks; sometimes a gloomy region of pale murderers, and lying ministers, and cruel priests; but in neither of these do we breathe the same atmosphere as that in which the human creatures of our actual earth live, and work, and have their being. His opinions accordingly are never applicable to the real concerns of living men.

Such a mind may be gifted with the highest poetical genius, but it is evident that it differs as widely as possible from the all-comprehensive spirit of the genius essentially dramatic, and accordingly there is no better illustration of the views we have expressed than Shelley's tragedy of the 'Cenci.' Of this play Lady Shelley asserts that it 'comes nearer to Shakspeare than any other writer has approached since Shakspeare's time.' If this were merely a vague way of expressing admiration of the poet's genius, it might well be justified by appealing to the power with which the characters of Beatrice and her father seize upon our imagination, and the deep tragical effect of their appalling story. But when a dramatist is said to come near Shakspeare, it is implied, we presume, that he has presented his characters and handled his story in the same *manner* as Shakspeare would have done; and no criticism of the 'Cenci' could be more inaccurate. There are, indeed, many little touches throughout the poem which show a very careful study of Macbeth and King Lear. The scene where Beatrice and Lucrezia listen for Cenci's murder is an example.

But

But Shelley's poem does not contain the elements in which his own nature was deficient, and these are precisely the elements for which Shakspeare's plays are most remarkable. He could not represent the conflicting passions by which men's souls are agitated who commit great crimes, or who revenge them, for his own undivided mind had never been the scene of a struggle. Shakspeare in his most passionate characters never fails to show the complexity of the human mind. Shelley deals with nothing but the essential passion. Cenci is the personification of wickedness, and the poet has shown us no other aspect and no other attribute of his character. Beatrice is the personification merely of suffering and unutterable wrong. But it did not lie in Shelley's mind to depict any conflict of motives. Scruples and misgivings were all unknown to him, and therefore they are unknown to Beatrice.

If this view of Shelley's character as a purely impulsive one be correct; if he acted throughout without restraint on the impulses of the heart; that heart must have been a noble one, unless the evidence of all his friends who loved him is absolutely worthless. But the good and the evil of his life were limited by his own disposition. If his impulse led him astray, he knew of no external law which demanded obedience in opposition to that. Therefore it was that when his affection for his wife had grown cold, or been displaced by passionate love for another, she was abandoned without mercy. He who has no fixed standard of morality can have no insight into the real nature of moral distinctions. This was conspicuously the case with Shelley. He is always confounding that which is right with that which is merely customary, and anathematising it accordingly. And he gravely permits himself to say of the most infamous of all crimes that it may be right or wrong according to circumstances. 'It may be the defiance of everything for the sake of another, which clothes itself in the glory of the highest heroism.' He did not see that, whatever the defiance of human opinion may be, the defiance of a moral law can never be either glorious or heroic, and that the general condemnation of mankind can hardly make it so. He thought it was noble for a man to brave the opinion of men, without pausing to ask himself whether that opinion was right or wrong. His own remarkable courage in exposing himself to invective was, perhaps, partly owing to this kind of oversight. It did not occur to him that the attacks of his antagonists might, by any possibility, be the honest expression of outraged morality and insulted faith. It was enough that they were a multitude and that he was alone.

alone. The mere circumstance of being abused was in his eyes a testimony to his worth. This was why he called himself an atheist. 'I took up the word,' he said, 'as a knight took up a gauntlet.'

We must not leave the subject, however, without saying that this word is inapplicable to his later opinions. He soon became dissatisfied with the materialism which we have seen him expressing at Oxford, and which he erroneously attributed to Locke. It was this materialism which conducted him to atheism, by very intelligible stages, and it is not to be supposed that he retained the religious doctrine much longer than the philosophy on which it was founded. Even in 'Queen Mab' there are indications of the very different belief of which his later writings are full—a belief that, instead of annihilating Divinity, finds Divinity in everything. The peculiar modification of pantheism which he adopted is difficult to grasp, and we think it by no means necessary that we should try to explain it. It will be better, we think, to quote from 'Adonais,' one of the most intelligible, and certainly one of the most musical expressions of this faith:—

'Peace, Peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.

* * * * *

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone
Threading itself where'er that power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own:
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.
He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear,
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The

* * * *

The one remains, the many change and pass,
 Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly,
 Life, like a dome of many coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of eternity
 Until death tramples it to fragments.—Die
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek,
 Follow where all is fled.—Rome, azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak!

This, as far as we can gather, was his final religious creed (if indeed we are justified in ascribing to him any serious convictions at all), and this plastic spirit is the nearest approach he seems to have attained to the idea of a personal God. Indeed, if we are at all right in what we have said hitherto, one path, at least, which leads from man to God, must necessarily have been closed to Shelley. It seemed a melancholy thing to Shelley that men should hate their crimes, or repent of them; he could not understand the sacredness of law, or the beauty of obedience; and thus, when the idea of a Supreme Ruler presented itself to his mind, he could only think of him as an omnipotent tyrant, hostile to human liberty and human right, and rejoicing over the wickedness and suffering of mankind. It would be easy to prove this, but it would be still more painful; and no reader of Shelley's poetry can have overlooked the audacity with which this view is expressed. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to believe with Moore and De Quincey that he was in reality capable of loving that religion which he insanely hated. And we know that, though he saw no Divinity in its founder, he had come to understand that it was in Him that the spirit of love and self-sacrifice he thought so noble had found its highest development on earth. We may be permitted to believe that had he not been cut off so early, he might have advanced one step further, and have embraced the faith he rejected—the faith which ought to have transmuted his vague yearnings for the knowledge of a Central Power and an all-pervading Spirit, into knowledge and love of the Most High.

ART. II.—1. *Reports of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Coal-Mines.* 1859.

2. *Our Coal and our Coal-Pits: the People in them and the Scenes around them.* By a Traveller Underground. 1853.

3. *The Coal-Fields of Great Britain: their History, Structure, and Duration.* By Edward Hull. 1861.

4. *Transactions of the North of England Institute of Mining Engineers.* 1852-59.

THERE are few of the principal elements of our commercial prosperity so little known, yet few so worthy of being universally known, as our coal-mines. Nearly seventeen millions of money represent the value of the coal raised every year at our pits' mouths. Twenty millions of money represent its mean annual value at the place of consumption, and the capital engaged and invested in our coal-mining trade (we say nothing of the value of the mines themselves) considerably exceeds twenty millions sterling. The amount of coal which we annually extract is about seventy millions of tons; indeed, it is doubtful whether this is not an under-estimate. The pecuniary results just given are based upon the estimate of 66,000,000 tons. Taking the calculation of a working collier (J. Ellwood, Moss Pit, near Whitehaven), we may state that, if 68,000,000 tons of coal were excavated from a mining gallery 6 feet high and 12 feet wide, the gallery would be no less than 5128 miles and 1090 yards in length. Or, should a pyramidal form be selected, this quantity would constitute a pyramid the square base of which would extend over 40 acres, and the height of which would be 3356 feet. There are grounds for estimating that the annual produce of the coal-fields of the world does not at present greatly exceed one hundred millions of tons, and therefore that our own country contributes more than three-fifths of the total of the world's coal-mining labour.

If we divide the coal-yielding counties of Britain into four classes, so as to make nearly equal amounts of produce for each of the four, we find that Durham and Northumberland yield rather more every year than seven other counties, including Yorkshire and Derbyshire; more than another group of eight counties; and nearly as much as the whole collieries of North and South Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, the annual yield of all the latter class being about seventeen million tons, and that of the two first-named northern counties about sixteen million tons. We shall proceed to speak of these counties as comprehending the Great Northern, or, as it is more commonly but less correctly termed, the Newcastle coal-field.

This

This most important deposit, which assumes somewhat of that basin-like form to which most of our coal-fields incline, extends in length for a distance of about forty-eight miles, being bounded on the north by the river Coquet, a favourite fishing stream, and reaching southward nearly as far as Hartlepool, on the river Tees. It has a breadth of about twenty-four miles in the extreme, and its area is about seven hundred and fifty square miles. From this area some of the chief cities in Europe have for a long period been supplied with their best household fuel; and a map of the entire district, showing the situation of the pits by dark spots, would represent it as if it were riddled with small openings, resembling those of an enormous sieve or colander.

Natural circumstances have favoured its development. Its three navigable rivers—the Tyne, the Wear, and the Tees—so intersect its area as to offer great facilities for the speedy and cheap transit of the coals by sea. Engineering science also was early called into exercise in this locality, to add to and economise its natural facilities. Here were born the men who afterwards became the foremost engineers of their day. In the midst of these very collieries laboured George Stephenson as a humble mechanic. At Killingworth he mended steam-engines and clocks, and there up against a blackened wall he early fixed a sun-dial, which, as report assures us, he looked upon in his later years with peculiar affection. On the banks of the Tyne was born that eminent son of his who has spanned the river with the High-Level Bridge. That town, the streets of which he trod as a humble schoolboy, and in which he formed his great locomotive engine manufactory, now claims him as one of the most eminent citizens she has ever nourished, and as her greatest benefactor.

In 1773 there were only thirteen collieries on the Tyne; in the year 1800 there were upwards of thirty. The number of collieries had in 1828 increased to forty-one on the Tyne and eighteen on the Wear, in all fifty-nine, which produced 5,887,552 tons of coal. The coal-produce of Northumberland and Durham was in 1854 no less than 15,420,615 tons; and now there are in Northumberland and Durham 283 collieries.* Colliery-railways, which at first stretched over the district in rare

* This is the number under inspection in Northumberland, Durham, and South Durham. In 1854 Mr. T. Y. Hall stated the number of collieries in the Great Northern coal-field to be about 136, the number of firms working these to be about 80, and the number of pits for sea-sale to be about 200. The two leading owners were the Marchioness of Londonderry and the Earl of Durham, who owned eleven and eight pits respectively.

and remote lines, are now spread over it like an intricate web of iron, running and ramifying in all directions. Here the first locomotive drew trains of coal-waggon, and suggested that vast railway traffic which now distinguishes our entire country. According to local belief (as to the accuracy of which we give no opinion), William Chapman, an engineer of Newcastle, was the first who tried the locomotive engine, about the year 1805, and in 1811 or 1812 his little experimental engine was lying neglected in a corner at Willington Ropery, a patent rope-walk of his own, near the banks of the Tyne. The wheels of this curious type of our locomotives were slightly indented, for Chapman had no conception that weight and friction would of themselves give the wheels sufficient hold upon the rails.

Mining began upon the Tyne, and continued on the Wear, where it was largely developed, and then passed onward and downward towards the Tees. A strong local prejudice had hindered the southward tendency of mining, arising from the professional proverb, 'No coal under the limestone'—that is, the Magnesian limestone of geologists. William Smith, the father of English geology, suspected that this proverb was ill-founded. He therefore traced the coal-strata in their courses, conjectured their rise under the limestone, estimated its thickness, and wisely inferred that the best seam of coal would be found at an attainable depth at Haswell, a few miles from Durham. Many experts declared that, if coal did exist there, it would prove of very inferior quality, as they supposed that the Magnesian limestone impaired the quality of all coal found under it. Trials were made, and Smith's opinion was confirmed. In our boyhood we heard the details from his own lips, accompanied with the lamentation that, while a certain proprietor benefited by Smith's knowledge to the extent of many thousands per annum, yet he, the geologist, was never a pound the richer. Smith died in the receipt of a small Government pension, the coalowner accumulated an immense fortune, and the county became richer by the acquisition of a valuable geological truth—now, indeed, a well-known fact—viz. that the limestone is an 'unconformable cover' to the coal-strata below it, and that these are inclined upwards, and not horizontally disposed. In the latter case they would have been unattainable.

There are in all about fifty-seven different seams of coal in the Great Northern coal-field, and these vary in thickness from an inch to five feet five inches and six feet, and they comprise an aggregate of about seventy-six feet of coal. Assuming the total
area

area of this field to be in round numbers 750 square miles—which we believe to be the most probable estimate of several—we may classify the contents as household-coals, steam-coals or those employed in steam-engine boilers, and coking-coals or those used in making coke. As to the household-coals, or those brought to market for domestic and ordinary consumption, we find that there are only ninety-six square miles out of the total 750 which bear this character, and that all the remainder belong either to the steam-coal or the coking-coal order. Nor do the ninety-six square miles now remain under ground, for the greater portion of them have been worked out on the Tyne; they are rapidly decreasing on the Wear, where the largest bulk of household-coal lies; and the collieries on the Tees possess but six square miles out of the ninety-six, so far as we at present know. Descending, however, to that part of the coals which is regarded as precarious, and consists of first, second, and third rate household-coals, we have for additional future use 300 square miles.

The London market was for many years supplied with coal from pits lying east of Tyne bridge. There stands the famous Wallsend Colliery, which has given its name to the best kinds of coal, but which has now been drowned, and, like the great Roman Wall, at the termination of which it is excavated, and from which it derives its name, is already an antique.

Other collieries of local fame have been closed of late years on the banks of the Tyne, and, in fact, the great bulk of so-called 'Wallsend coals' now come from the chief collieries shipping by the Wear. Strictly speaking, there is now no such thing as Wallsend coal; but the seam which supplied the latter is continued in Durham, and either it or its equivalents afford a million or two of tons every year to the London consumers. The old collieries had established a reputation which the newer ones sustain; but it must always be borne in mind that the supply, as respects this locality at least, is rapidly diminishing. Very careful calculations have been instituted by two independent authorities, and, without here entering into the details, the result may be summarily stated. The workable quantity contained in the ten principal seams of this coal-field, and now remaining, is estimated as 1,876,848,756 Newcastle chaldrons. Deducting losses occasioned by underground and surface waste in preparing for market, the total merchantable 'round' or good-sized coals will not much exceed 1,251,232,507 Newcastle chaldrons (each 53 cwt.). Now, proceeding upon this basis, as fairly established by Mr. Greenwell, in 1846, we may readily arrive

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at the probable duration of the supplies from this source. Taking the future annual average of coal raised from these seams to be ten millions of tons or 3,773,585 Newcastle chaldrons, and this is far under the present rate, the whole will be exhausted in three hundred and thirty-one years. Mr. T. Y. Hall formed another estimate in 1854, and brought out the quantity of coals left in this deposit for future use as 5,121,888,956 tons. Dividing this total by 14,000,000 of tons, as the annual consumption, the result will be 365 years. Of course, when divided by the present annual consumption, 16,000,000, the period will be so much the shorter; and if the annual consumption should in a few years arrive at 20,000,000 of tons (a result not at all improbable), the future supplies of this famous coal-field will be limited to 256 years.

These are manifestly important estimates, and may carry forward our thoughts with some apprehension to the future. Long before the actual period of exhaustion shall have arrived, the increased depth and breadth of mining, the excavation of remote galleries, the employment of more costly machinery, and the adoption of other necessary expedients (attended with no improvement, but, it may be, with an impoverishment of the seams of coal), will gradually and greatly augment the cost of bringing the fuel to market. From these well-founded anticipations we should learn to prevent all waste of the valuable fuel, and carefully to record all past excavations.

Accidents may even accelerate this decline. Who in the height of Wallsend's prosperity would have predicted its present idleness and desolation? To this and half a dozen other leading pits of that local group has happened the fatality that always menaces the mines of the district, namely, an irresistible irruption of water. In the history of northern coal-mining, if all the particulars could be collected, it would be seen that to ward off the waterfloods is the great aim and triumph of engineering.

The first attempt to sink a pit down to the coal at Haswell, in the county of Durham, was abandoned after an outlay of 60,000*l.*, less by the value of the materials removed, in a period extending over two years. The sinkers had to pass through the sand beneath the Magnesian limestones, in which immense amounts of water were stored up. When these were tapped, steam-engine power was erected to pump out the water. It did pump out, as we were informed, 26,700 tons weight of water a day, but still the floods came in and they were the conquerors. This amount seemed to us incredible, and may seem so to others, but such is the report. At another colliery, Friar's
Goose

Goose Colliery, near Gateshead, upwards of 1000 gallons per minute were pumped up, or about 6000 tons of water a day, while the weight of coals drawn up from the mine did not exceed 300 tons a day. Thus the water raised exceeded the coal twenty times. But the most astonishing undertaking in the country, and probably in the whole history of coal-mining throughout the world, was one in progress while we were visiting the neighbourhood, at a place named Dalton-le-Dale, eight or nine miles from Durham. In sinking to the coal there, the borers penetrated that vast bed of sand which appears to be the local reservoir of accumulated waters. The outburst of these waters, named by the miners 'feeders,' was beyond all expectation. On the 1st of June, 1840, they poured forth the enormous quantity of 3285 gallons every minute! This was more than enough to have daunted ordinary adventurers, but this company of adventurers determined not to be baffled by any subterranean inundations, and proceeded at once to erect the requisite steam-power for pumping off 3000 or 4000 gallons a minute. It became necessary in the course of time to exceed even this power, and finally (the chief engineer being our authority) the quantity of water which *could* be raised was 9300 gallons every minute, from a depth of 90 fathoms or 540 feet. Conceive, too, this rate of water-raising as possibly continuous through every minute of the twenty-four hours, for some days or possibly weeks, and then you may imagine the enterprise and outlay at the Murton Winning, in Durham. To retain an adequate impression of it, however, you must have seen for yourself the thirty-nine boilers (supplying the steam-engines), the twenty-seven sets of pumps, the intricate array of engineering gear, the so-called 'crabs,' the capstans, the pulleys, and the posts. Most of all, you should have marked the magnificent array of steam-engines, should have watched them at work, and reckoned the aggregate force employed, and noted that it was equivalent to 1584 horses. Strange that travellers innumerable continually passed under the shadow of the towers of Durham Cathedral, totally ignorant of the fact that one of the most marvellous examples of British mining enterprise was within a few hours' journey,—strange that even now only one here and there is aware of the fact that the sum of 300,000*l.* was expended on this spot to reach the coal!

Mr. Hall, a northern authority, estimates the total capital invested in the coal trade of the counties of Durham and Northumberland—including private railways, waggons, 'drops' (for loading the ships), coke-ovens, and other adjuncts of such mines

—at

—at about *thirteen millions*; which vast capital may be said to have been expended by the coalowners of the district solely for the purpose of obtaining the coal and conveying it from the pit to the place of shipment. The closed collieries on the Tyne may not continue to be unproductive, although the outlay requisite is beyond the purse of any single coalowner. A project for combined operation is already on foot, by which it is proposed to erect and maintain pumping-engines for un-flooding and keeping clear these pits in groups. Convenient stations are to be established with outfalls into the Tyne, and a remunerating rate is to be levied on the mines within the district, and on all the coals raised. If this project be carried out, Wallsend may once more rise from its desolation.

Thus increased capital will be added to the amount already sunk on the Tyne, and in all probability much more will be laid out in the southern parts of this coal-field, especially if the first-class coal on the Tyne cannot be raised without excessive cost. In such a contingency we should expect to see vigorous and careful trials made to settle a vexed local question as to the prolongation or non-existence of the South Durham coal-field, at a *workable depth*, beneath the Lower Lias, in the regions of North Yorkshire. Should it be proved that the favourable opinion is the correct one, a very large amount of capital would be speedily invested in this newly won coal-field, particularly in association with the recently wrought ferruginous deposits in the district of Cleveland.

If there be a prospect of approaching scarcity of coal in the great northern repository of fuel, the question will naturally arise, is there any similar prospect in relation to the whole kingdom? As this is a topic of national interest, we may pass away for a brief while from the north, and consider the present and prospective supplies from our entire coal-fields. Our readers will remember the great diversity of opinions which prevailed respecting these possible supplies during the parliamentary discussions upon the commercial treaty with France.

Mr. Vivian attempted, in the House of Commons, to show that the great coal-field of South Wales might compensate for the approaching exhaustion of other coal-fields, and supply the whole of England with fuel for a future of five thousand years. His reported estimate gave 540,000 millions of tons of coal in the basin of South Wales. Assuming this estimate to be allowable, and that the greatest thickness of the coal-measures containing seams of coal (about 90 feet in aggregate thickness

thickness of workable seams) in this basin is 10,000 feet, it by no means follows that we can avail ourselves of even the larger portion of the coal interstratified with this mass. After making the necessary deductions for what is naturally denuded, and what is practically unattainable, we come nearer to 100,000 than 500,000 millions of tons. The conditions of extraction which apply to other coal-fields equally govern this. The first question is, how deep will our mining be, or what is the vertical limit of our power to procure coals? The extreme of penetrative skill to which we have at present arrived may be stated to be 2000 feet in round figures, since the two deepest coal-pits in our country are respectively 1800 feet and 2050 feet. Our experience and observation in existing deep mines are the only sources of our knowledge of what would be the effect of still deeper mining. To mine at 10,000 feet would be an absolute impossibility, and it is not probable that we could mine at 5000 feet by any methods of working yet known. There are two insuperable impediments to very deep mining by known methods, one the certain and proportionate increase of temperature according to descent, and the other the equally certain increase of pressure of superincumbent masses. Of both these impediments we know something from actual experiment. Thermometrical observations show that at the first fifty feet of descent the standard temperature is 50.5° Fahr. Afterwards it increases in the ratio of one degree for sixty feet in some instances, in others of one degree for eighty-six feet; affording a mean of one degree for about every successive seventy feet. Thus at two thousand feet we should have a higher temperature of about 28° Fahr. arising from depth, and at four thousand feet a temperature of about 57° . To these we should need to add the unvarying standard of 50.5° , and likewise something for the increased density of the air, which is also a constantly augmenting quantity, and may be calculated as one degree of temperature for every three hundred feet; so that at two thousand feet the full heat would be 84.85° ; at three thousand feet 102.47° , and at four thousand feet 120.08° Fahr., according to a tabular arrangement by Mr. Hull. By actual trial on July 17th, 1857, in Dukinfield Colliery, the temperature was 75.5° in blue shale at the depth of two thousand and forty-nine feet. From these observations any reader may conjecture the limit of human endurance in respect of temperature. But it must be remembered that, in addition to natural heat and density arising from depth, there are the corruptions arising from human and equine perspiration, and other indescribable sources of nuisance and vitiation, and these are constantly on the increase during

during working hours in working places. We speak from some brief personal experience of what these things are at a depth of nearly 1800 feet, where the actual temperature varied from 85° to $86\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. Such experience is necessary to qualify any man to judge of the vertical limit of human labour, and we hesitate to fix it at more than 2500 feet, and should fix it at that depth only for the hardiest of hewers and haulers of coal.

A sentence or two on the pressure of superincumbent strata will confirm our view of 2500 feet as the probable vertical limit. The roof of the mine must be upheld by portions of the rock left as pillars, and where these are not left, as in open passages, wooden props must be plentifully employed, otherwise floor and roof would speedily meet. Even at fourteen or fifteen hundred feet, to uphold the roof is a problem of ceaseless anxiety and expense. What the northern pitmen term 'creep' is the approximation of roof and floor in consequence of pressure. We doubt if the roofs could be securely upheld at depths much exceeding two thousand feet, except at such an outlay as would considerably augment the cost of extraction, while the coal itself would be more and more dense, and therefore more and more difficult to dislodge. The question of augmented cost would also have to be considered with reference to nearly all mining materials; and we learnt in the deepest northern pit that, even when all possible care is taken, the timber is very much broken by the excessive weight resting upon it, which occasions an annual outlay of about 1500*l*. Personal peril must likewise count for something, and this also could be brought under the rule of proportion. What would be the falls of stone at three or four or five thousand feet?

Associating, then, the effects of augmented temperature, pressure, and personal peril, and adding the increased primary cost of production, we have little hope of mining for coal at the excessive depths assumed in the largest estimates of future coal supply. Allowable diversity of opinion may prevail as to the precise perpendicular limits of profitable coal extraction, but for ourselves we see no prospect of descending for this purpose far beyond our previous estimate; and if we were to extend that to three thousand feet we should reach our ultimatum. Upon such an ultimatum we should offer a conjecture of future *available* coal resources which for England and Wales would scarcely equal a fifth part of that which Mr. Vivian claims for Wales alone. The area and solid contents of our coal-fields having been determined, with the probable vertical limit of mining, the whole must be equated upon the best maps and deductions made for inferior coal and waste. Our present annual produce, seventy

millions of tons, may be taken as the ratio of annual decrease, and the result will be the probable future supply. We observe that Mr. Hull has offered an estimate of this character. Reckoning the total area of coal in England and Wales to a depth of four thousand feet as 3711 square miles, he calculates the total available quantity of coal within this depth to be fifty-nine thousand one hundred and nine millions of tons, and the future supply, at an annual consumption of sixty millions of tons, as sufficient for about one thousand years. For the reasons above given we should not accept the total quantities within four thousand feet as certainly available.

For those who wish to carry away a definite idea of what the probable future supply of English and Welsh coal will be, we repeat our opinion that a thousand years is the maximum, and our hesitation to concede even this upon the presumption of deep mining greatly below the limit already specified, and without including the Scotch coals. The latter are generally excluded from vague estimates, and are not yet carefully surveyed; still they may be conjectured to amount to 150,000 millions of tons. But to compensate for prospective exhaustion at home, there are the two hundred thousand square miles of coal area in the United States and British America against the five thousand four hundred square miles of coal area in Great Britain.

Coal is not excavated by machinery*—human beings are the extractors and conveyors of the millions upon millions of tons ever on the road, the river, or the sea, towards the metropolis and other great centres of population. There is no class of the labouring community so little known. They are buried in the darkness and distance of the mines. Before the Reports of the Children's Employment Commissioners were made public, about 1842, England knew a great deal more of the blacks abroad than of the blacks at home. Those Reports, however, resulted in legislative action, and, finally, in the present much-needed though not perfectly efficient system of inspection. A little book, entitled 'Our Coal and our Coal-Pits; the People in them, and the Scenes around them; by a Traveller Under-

* We do not say—cannot or will not be so excavated; for we are aware of two coal-cutting machines, one of which was invented by the late manager of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres's mines at Wigan, Lancashire. This is a very compact machine, and is so constructed that it will either travel on the rails of the tub-carriage-way, or on the floor of the pit, by means of castors. The cutters of the coal move forward while the machine remains fixed. It is worked by compressed air, the refuse of which considerably improves the ventilation of the mine. Could such machines be brought to bear generally, there would be indeed a loss of work for the coal-hewers, but of course much less loss of life, and possibly much deeper and more profitable mining.

ground,' was the first, and is still the only one, to give information in a cheap and popular form. The Mining Inspectors' Reports now afford statistical information relating to accidents in collieries; but there is still wanting a description of the coal-miners of our Yorkshire, Lancashire, Midland, Welsh, and Scotch coal-fields. Upwards of two hundred and twenty thousand people remain to be characterized, portrayed, and brought before the eyes of the reading public, deducting only the number already so described in the little book just named, which relates to the north of England. That number was found in 1854 to comprehend 28,000 persons for the county of Durham. Of these, 13,500 persons were hewers of the coal, getting altogether several thousand tons of coal daily by their united labour. Of the remainder, 3500 men were 'safety-staff men,' having besides 1400 boys belonging to their staff; 2000 were 'off-hand men,' for bargain-work and miscellaneous duties; and 7600 were lads and boys, working under the several designations of 'putters' or pushers of the coal-tubs underground, 'drivers' and 'marrows, half-marrows, and foals'—these last terms being local and curiously significant of age and labour. For Northumberland must be added 10,536 persons, and, if we take in Cumberland, 3579 persons, making in all 42,380 persons labouring in and around our most northern collieries. The quantities of fuel raised by each hewer on an average of every working day in these counties may be estimated at from two to three tons in the thin seams, in the steam-coal district at from three to four tons, and in the west of Northumberland at from five to six tons. The largest quantity of coal raised per diem by each hewer, upon an average of the entire collieries of England and Wales, is about six tons, supposing each man to work eight hours every working day.

The men who perform this work in the northern counties are a peculiar race, and probably expend as much, if not more, muscular exertion during every eight hours of labour than any other class of labourers. Any one who for the first time watches them at work in the recesses of an old and deep coal-pit would heartily commiserate them, and, above all, their close quarters and constrained position, so that the song put into their mouths by the Traveller Underground is not inappropriate:—

'Was there ever so slaving and slashing a trade—

Such a trade as this horrible hewing?

I wish I'd been bred to the plough or the spade,

To building, or baking, or brewing!

I'm up in the morning afore it is light,

And down in the pit in the dark;

And, though I get home afore it is night,

I'm asleep from my terrible wark.

'Tis I make the ladies and gentlemen warm,
Though I haven't no Latin nor learning;
Though I get 'em their coals for winter and storm,
They don't think of me while they're burning.'

A day's work in a principal northern coal-pit is well worth seeing. Presuming that we have taken up our abode some fine summer evening in a pit-village, either at the comfortable residence of the chief agent or at some primitive hostelry, not so pleasant as primitive, we retire ready to rise early, even at the summons of the cock's shrill clarion. At about four o'clock in the morning, and perhaps earlier, if so appointed, a 'caller,' a man so named, goes the round of the hewers' houses. He announces in familiar phrase the 'time to go to pit.' Hastily robed, we set forth to join our friends, full of interest in them and their labour. Stepping out into the dim, struggling light of the grey morning, we see one and another of the hewers quitting his humble roof suitably equipped for his dark descent and his day's duty. One may have a pound of pit-candles dangling at the button-hole of his flannel-jacket, another his tin can of cold tea under one arm, a third his bag of provisions, and a fourth some implement of his trade. If versed in their *patois*, which is peculiar, and occasioned us the trouble of framing a glossary for our own convenience, we can join in the conversation as we cross the blackened grass and pass the stunted herbage and hedges. Arrived at the colliery, we exchange our own for a complete pitman's dress ready for use in the counting-house. Standing at the edge of the pit while things are making ready, we may glance round and note the tall engine-chimney, the black coal-sheds, the as yet motionless train of coal-waggons, the early sunlight playing faintly upon the darkest and most forbidding surfaces, the gathering workpeople as one and another converge to that common centre—the pit's mouth, the waking up of the whole scene from its brief silence and rest, the panting of the steam-engine, the revolution of the pulley-wheels over the shaft, the alternate motion of the double ropes, and, lastly, the sudden summons of the man at the edge, 'the banksman,' whose duty it is to see all things living and lifeless up and down the shaft. 'Are ye all ready?' is his inquiry. 'Ready,' is our reply—and now for the descent.

The old method of descending was by a 'corf,' or strong basket, hooked on by a chain to the rope that hung down the shaft. Stepping into this, the men would swing down the dark hollow gaily and readily, but not always safely. An older method still, much adopted and preferred by the old pitmen and often by the young ones, was passing down and up 'in the loop.'

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The pitman inserts one leg into a loop formed by curving the terminal chain and hooking it back upon an upper link, and then twines his arms tightly round the rope above. In this way he descends through any depth, and, as he alleges, with greater safety than in a bucket, out of which he may be ejected, while nothing except the breaking of the rope can harm him in loop.

The safety-cage is simply a vertical railway-carriage running down and up upon 'guides,' and thereby introducing into the shaft the improvements of the iron road. Into one of its square, narrow compartments, we now crouch together with one or two of the men, others get into an upper compartment, and down we move easily and safely, having need only to take care that hands or fingers do not hang beyond the edge. Four or five minutes of such easy motion carry us a thousand or twelve hundred feet down in the world, or in the deeper mines some fifteen hundred feet. In an old iron tub, into which we entered by a step-ladder, we descended in time past down the then deepest perpendicular shaft in the world, which was nearly *eight times as deep as the Monument of London is high*, and which formed, all the way down, an enormous chimney for the outlet of foul air. No lapse of time will obliterate the strong impressions we received and still retain of our oscillating descent and ascent of the extraordinary 'upcast shaft' at Pemberton's Pit, near Sunderland. We have heard it narrated that the late Emperor Nicholas, when visiting this district in his youth, arranged to descend a shaft far less formidable than this; but upon arriving at its mouth in the morning, and being requested to step into the swinging basket, he hesitated, made further inquiries, and finally retreated.

Upon arriving at the bottom of the shaft we tarry until the hewers have secured their tools, their candles, or their Davy lamps. Soon we proceed with them into the interior, having first learned from a 'deputy wasteman,' who had been round most of the working galleries, 'that she'—the pit—'is safe.' Two and two we proceed along the mainway, each of us having a pit-candle stuck in a lump of clay, and the latter placed between two fingers or in the palm of the hand. Still stumbling onward, we get forward without serious mishaps. Soon, however, we advance beyond the open and comparatively lofty mainway, and enter into the more difficult passages of the pit. Here we diverge into side streets or lanes, and here we are compelled to bend down and diminish as much as may be our natural altitude. The Guards would find a long march here particularly painful. The hewers, 'to the manner born,' and generally rather stunted and curvilinear, are quite at home. A form like that of a note of interrogation could not be
better

better adapted to these narrow and low passages than the body of a practised hewer. On one occasion, in the interior windings in the deep Pemberton's Pit above alluded to, we found it expedient to lie lengthways on an iron 'rolley,' or low, long waggon-carriage, and to suffer ourselves to be wheeled in and out face upwards by a short lad, and we found this both the most expeditious and the least injurious mode of progress. It saved the head blows from projecting stones, and the feet falls from unseen stumbling-blocks. On the present occasion we follow hard after our leading friends on foot. At a certain place they pause; candles must now be discarded; the gas of the mine is here more plentiful and has less ready escape. An officer of the pit delivers Davy lamps, lighted and locked, and away we go with more safety but less illumination, prepared to enter the dark corners and encounter the dangers of the penetralia of the pit.

After innumerable and perplexing divergences, which would render our return, if alone, absolutely hopeless, we arrive at the 'face of the working,' or a place where the hewers may hew the coal. The pick and spade are the hewer's only tools, and with these and a few wedges he must tear down the mineral. To hew well is a work of skill as well as of strength, and men must be early practised in it to earn high wages by piece-work. It is the highest as well as the hardest work in the pit. To hew deftly below is equivalent to governing or guiding skilfully above ground. The hewer's pick is therefore to him what his baton is to a military marshal. In tolerably thick seams of coal of five or six feet and upwards, hewing is more a work of strength than skill, but in the narrower seams skill predominates. In these the arm is confined, the blow is shortened, the pick is impeded. To gain space by adaptation of position, you may see one hewer kneeling down on one or both knees, another squatting, another stooping or bending double, and occasionally one or more lying on their sides, or on their backs, picking and pegging away at the seam above them. If the seam be hard as well as thin, and the man's position confined, it is manifest that he cannot get his strength to bear in full, or his full measure of coals. In such cases he is bathed in perspiration, in a state of semi-nudity, and enveloped in floating and clinging coal-dust. Half an hour in such a place as a mere spectator is enough to disqualify you for future pleasures in the pit, and enough to enable you to form an opinion of the hard and 'drouthy wark' which some thirteen thousand men are daily performing for our convenience in these counties. Add to this the very faint light imparted by the Davy lamps, the constantly thickening atmosphere, the exhalations from living beings, and the putrescence of decaying wood and animal substances,

substances, all exaggerated by heat, and not diminished by any free current of air, and you may conceive what we have experienced on several occasions when we have spent three or four hours in such places for the purpose of forming an intimate acquaintance with the work and workpeople of these collieries. How often have the hewers exclaimed, as we proceeded to grope our backward way towards the shaft, 'Now, Maister, thee mind thee tell our Queen and her husband how hard we wark down here. Don't thee be aferred to tell them all thee'st seen!'

The interior of one of the great northern mines is almost an underground city. It has its long main street, like the Strand or Cheapside; its numerous side streets branching off right and left; and its common roadways for the traffic of the pit. There exists a map of the whole, like a map of London; every pathway is known and named, and the localities of all the work and workmen can be studied in plan in the colliery counting-house. The daily work of the mine is conducted upon the best-arranged principles and according to strict discipline. The resident 'viewer' is supreme, and has subordinate viewers, overseers, deputy-overseers, and wastemen, lamp-keepers, and other officers, who have each their departments, and discharge their duties assiduously. In the viewer's office or the counting-house you may see regular drawings showing the extent and progress of the workings, the line of the dislocations of the strata, sections of important parts, large sketches of furnaces, shafts, and engineering apparatus, records of the temperature of the mine, of courses and quantities of ventilation, directions of the air-currents, and memoranda of remarkable eruptions of gas, feeders of water, and other matters of mining interest—not to refer to the regular accounts of the establishment, which are neither few nor small. Then there are the repairing works of the 'Raff Yard,' where old waggons, iron-work, and wood-work are duly hospitalised and re-issued for fresh duty. The analysis of a large Durham colliery gave a total of five hundred and thirty persons variously employed and remunerated.

One of the most essential of all matters connected with the management of the mine is to provide and convey fresh air into its interior. There may be from three to four hundred human beings dispersed over the dark places beneath—some nearer, some farther from the shaft. All of these must breathe freely, are momentarily exhaling deleterious gases, and momentarily inhaling other deleterious gases. What they inhale must be purified, what they exhale removed. Careful calculations of what is requisite have been made, and, though they differ, yet we are warranted to say that, for sanitary purposes, you must provide
not

not less than 250 cubic feet of air per man or boy *per minute* in the mine. Therefore a continual current of not less than from 30,000 to 50,000 cubic feet of air per minute should descend the shafts and circulate through the passages of every large coal-mine, and sweep away with airy wings all the ever-accumulating impurities in corners and recesses, and freshen every 'face of the workings' in the interior. When, however, great effusions of carburetted hydrogen gas—the *fire-damp* of the miner—issue from particularly gaseous beds, the mass of ventilating air must be largely increased. In the great Hetton Colliery on the Wear, from which is raised much of the best household coal, we were informed that the ventilating current in the total equalled no less than 195,000 cubic feet of air per minute circulating through the mine at a velocity of 18·3 feet per second. The body of air here is two miles and a half long.

It would have been simple enough to carry a large body of air down one shaft of a pit—the 'down-cast shaft,' and up another, 'the up-cast shaft,' allowing it to make its way as speedily as possible from the one to the other. But this would have merely ventilated one part of the mine. The difficulty lay in compelling the current to air all parts, even the remotest galleries, and to do its full duty in visiting every corner of the working pit; for the air-current naturally tends to the shortest passage, while art makes it take the longest. In the great Hetton Colliery the compulsory travels of the air would thus equal about seventy miles from entrance to exit. But, obviously, the longer the course the weaker the impulse; the air growing languid and slow, like to an overtravelled man. At the end of its journey it would be weak and useless, at the beginning strong and hasty. Natural ventilation then could not be relied upon, and an artificial system is adopted, in which the motive power is the difference between the temperature of two columns of air in the two shafts of the pit (or the one divided into two compartments), occasioned by the application of heat at the bottom of the up-cast or exit-shaft. At Hetton the temperature of the down-cast shaft is on the average 60°, and that of the up-cast 140°; the difference, which is 80°, is the motive power, and this impels or drags the air current in obedience to it.

Yet herein is but half the difficulty. To cause the current set in motion by this force to accomplish the longest course instead of the shortest, a great number of mechanical contrivances are adopted in the shape of 'stoppings' of brick, or wood, or stone, all so placed as to divert and drive the air current into the several passages of the pit, and to make it perform every kind of complex movement, from turning back upon its own right or left to turning

turning over in a somersault upon itself. The most curious and admirably simple contrivance is that of *splitting the air*, which consists in dividing a single and entire air-current into two (or more) portions by means of a wooden erection which meets and cuts the current in two, and sends one part on the one hand, and another on the other hand. In fact, what is commonly practised in minutely irrigating a meadow is also effected in thoroughly airing a mine. As the water is divided into a hundred streams, so the air is parted into currents, and one *split* may go up the left-hand division of a gallery and return down the right-hand division, half the entire current having executed double work, and the other half double work also. In general the quantity of air circulating in a coal-mine may be increased by dividing it into an increasing number of splits, even while the motive power remains constant; and thereby a great economy of fuel is secured in the ventilating furnace placed at the bottom of the heated shaft. The greatest advantage is derived from the splits when they are equal to each other, and two equal splits are as powerful as three unequal splits, three equal as five unequal, and four equal as seven unequal splits. There is, however, a limit of useful subdivision. At Hetton Colliery, as we learnt, there are sixteen splittings of the air, each 54 feet in area, and in all equalling 864 superficial feet aggregate area, the average length of each split being two and a half miles. It is manifest that by such subdivisions every man and boy in the pit may be visited by pure air, and impurities be entirely cleansed and cleared away. The travels of air underground are rendered wonderfully effective by the aid of a heated up-cast shaft, at the bottom of which an immense fire is consuming day by day tons of small coal. The additional contrivance of a 'dumb drift,' by means of which, while the furnace warms the air, it yet does not kindle the dangerous gases, is as simple as it is efficient.

In what are expressively termed 'fiery mines,' the great foes of men are the explosive gases, whose fatal effects have been so often recorded in the journals of our time. When we first laboured to direct attention to the statistics of this melancholy topic many years ago, it was exceedingly difficult to discover how many men were killed or disabled by fire-damp and 'after-damp' within any specified time. Fortunately the statistics are now matter of official return. We know something therefore of what our losses are, though we do not yet know how much less they might be. No one conjectures the minimum, and some coal-viewers used to talk as if a certain number of lives must of necessity be annually sacrificed to this Moloch of the mines. The late Mr. Mackworth, one of the inspectors of mines, had informed him-
self

self minutely upon these topics, and during many hours of conversation with him we arrived at the conclusion that the deaths by explosions, as well as by miscellaneous accidents, might still be considerably diminished. The deaths now average for the whole country *one thousand per annum*; in 1859 they were nine hundred and five, but the slight reduction arose from an unusually small number of explosions by fire-damp. The deaths by accident are about thirteen to each million of tons of coal raised. To get the four or five millions of tons brought to the London market every year costs about a life every week at the pits. The losses of life may be ascribed to two or three principal causes—one, explosions of fire-damp; another, falls from the roof of the mine; and a third, accidents in the shaft, the latter especially where safety-cages are not employed. Last year there was on the average a death in the shaft every other day; and rather more than a life a day is lost by falls of stone from the roof. We have a strong conviction that the two latter causes of accidents are remediable and preventible. In the bad economy of some inferior mining districts insufficient timber is used to prop up the roof, and inadequate machinery is employed to convey the colliers and the coals. These remarks do not apply so pointedly to the great northern district, where, in truth, the mechanism of mining is very highly elaborated. There is something to be amended even there, but nothing as compared with the smaller concerns of the midland counties and some parts of Wales. Where thirteen millions of money are invested, capital will take care of itself, and of those who work it, to some considerable extent; but where managers are ignorant, uneducated, and unwilling to be instructed, deaths will frequently occur, and accidents follow each other with unnecessary and avoidable rapidity. That increase of mining is not necessarily attended by increase of disaster is made clear by the fact that, while the collieries in Yorkshire have multiplied from the number of two hundred and sixty to three hundred and thirty-three, there has been no proportionate increase of loss of life. Certainly we are not to sit down contentedly with an annual average loss of nearly one thousand lives in one class of our labouring community.

The main cause of the loss of human life in most years is the explosion of the inflammable gas emanating from coal. The fire-damp of the miner, or the light carburetted hydrogen of the chemist, wherever abundant is most dangerous. The condition in which this gas exists, pent up in the mineral, is as yet an unsolved problem. Its evolution may be regarded as the result of the continued decomposition of the vegetable matter of which coal is primarily constituted. Coal is essentially composed

of

of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and its market quality depends upon the relative proportions of these ingredients. When the proportion of carbon to oxygen does not exceed about 75 per cent., the coal is termed 'bituminous,' and is that known as the best household fuel. This best kind of coal is commonly the most gaseous, and therefore the most dangerous to work. 'Fiery-seams' are precisely known in the north, and these emit the fire-damp much the most copiously. From some coals it appears to escape more generally from the mass of the bed than from others. Certain seams are more fiery in their softer than in their harder portions, and particularly where joints and fissures in the coal are common. All other circumstances being equal, much depends upon the kind of roof or covering rock which overlies a coal-seam. If porous, as in many sandstones, the conditions for the escape of fire-damp through the superincumbent strata are more favourable than when the roof is composed of clay or dense shale. Those dislocations of the strata which are termed *faults* commonly operate as channels for the passage of fire-damp, as they conduct it from seams beneath, which may be highly charged with it, into a superior seam which otherwise may be nearly free from it.

Referring to the most fiery seam of coal in the Wallsend Colliery, the late experienced viewer remarked:—'I simply drilled a hole into the solid coal, stuck a tin-pipe in the aperture, surmounted it with clay, and lighted it. I had immediately a gas-light. The quantity evolved was such that in one of those places I had nothing to do but to apply a candle, and then could set a thousand pipes on fire. The whole face of the working was a gas-pipe from every pore of coal.' The manner in which splinters of coal are thrown off during the cutting of some seams has suggested the hypothesis that gas may be present in a liquid state, produced by condensation, so that, when the needful pressure is removed by progressive workings, the sudden expansion of the fire-damp from a liquid to a gaseous form throws off the fragments. The force also with which the gas bursts forth on some occasions from clefts or joints is so considerable as to demonstrate much previous compression. These sudden outbursts are locally termed *blowers*. Their issues and effects are surprising. We have collected notices of blowers from time to time, and believe they would account for many explosions. At Haswell Colliery an eruption of this kind took place, not many years ago, at the 'face of a road drift.' At a certain point where a hewer was at work he heard a sudden noise like that of a waterfall, which was produced by the rushing sound of a blower in action. An officer of the mine was at the time in a neighbouring

neighbouring drift, and, upon examining the return air-channel, found it to be fouled with gas as far as 310 yards from the place mentioned. It was estimated that at least 3000 cubic feet of gas issued from this blower, and that this quantity rendered 35,000 cubic feet of air explosive, supposing the least proportions constituting an inflammable mixture to be one of gas to twelve of air. Thus, in round numbers, 30,000 cubic feet of air passing along a passage of the pit were, in not more than one minute, brought into a perilous condition. Fortunately these drifts were being wrought only with Davy lamps, and were abundantly ventilated, the officer also employing a sudden expedient, otherwise a tremendous explosion must have inevitably followed.

In January, 1841, at St. Hilda Pit, South Shields, when a division in the shaft had been burnt and the ventilation thereby deranged and destroyed, it was found, after five days, that the galleries of the mine, which, when added together in linear extension, were no less than seventy miles long, were choked up with partially diluted gas ascending to the surface in immense volumes, so that the fires made around the pit's mouth were necessarily extinguished, and all operations below had to be carried on with safety lamps. From the situation and state of the pit, unquestionably the introduction of a naked light into these befouled passages would have blown up the whole mine, and probably have shaken the town of South Shields like an earthquake!

Some of the gaseous eruptions in Pelton Pit, Durham, have been described as terrific in appearance and sound. The noise they made in passing through a flow of water was like that of artillery. Safety-lamps were said to be valueless except as monitors, and frequently every man working near the gas was compelled to retreat, his sensations teaching him that he was in an irrespirable atmosphere, and that suffocation was his imminent fate. On one occasion a young collier hastening out of a recently-inspected place was for some moments speechless, and his first words were to the effect that he would defy any white man to live in that place, and that he would go back no more. Scarcely had he thus spoken before four men rushed out after him, and declared that it was 'as much as ever they could do to get out and save themselves,' and that their lights were out. Another man escaped by slowly rolling a tub before him, on which he partly leaned on account of his weakness from the bad air.

The tension under which the carburetted hydrogen exists in its natural repositories may be partly estimated by the force with which it exudes, as well as the rapidity with which it extends. Falls of the roof are probably hastened by the action of the imprisoned gases. At Walker Colliery, on the Tyne, in the year

year 1846, when the excavators were approaching a 'slip dyke,' a huge mass of coal, about eight feet long on one side and four feet on the other, with a height of nearly six feet, and a total weight of about eleven tons, was forced from its bed, and a great discharge of gas succeeded. Two men, who were furnished with Davy-lamps, were working where this discharge took place; one of them had his lamp covered with the falling coal, and the other had his extinguished. They groped their way to warn the other miners; and then, all extinguishing their lamps as they went, safely escaped to the bottom of the shaft, and were drawn up. In consequence of this fall of coal and the emission of gas, about 41,681 cubic feet of the air-ways were found to be foul, and in an explosive state. By the introduction of a powerful ventilating current for twenty minutes, all excess of fire-damp was removed. This was an instance of prudent conduct, and therefore all escaped; but the least imprudence with lights would have caused a dreadful explosion. A second discharge from another point of the same slip-dyke took place in December of the same year. The miners approached the spot cautiously by bore-holes continued ahead of the face of the drifts, the last bore-hole not only reaching but passing through the dyke into the coal beyond. This prudent practice is called *tapping the blower*, and should be frequently adopted by way of trial. When the coal lying above the spot where the bore-hole had passed was displaced, a violent noise, like the blowing off of steam, was heard; and a heavy discharge of gas filled the air-courses for a distance of 641 yards, and over an area of 86,306 cubic feet. At 400 yards from the point of efflux a mining officer met the foul air, felt it blowing against him, saw the safety-lamp in his hand enlarge its flame, and drew down the wick. Still the gas continued to burn in his lamp for ten minutes, making the wires red-hot, and then the light *went out*—a hint not lost on the holder, who quickly followed its example. At a distance of 641 yards from the efflux of the gas the retreating 'deputy' met four men and boys, whose lamps were rapidly reddening. At once they had the self-possession to immerse them in water.—Such are some incidents of warning and escape, of prudence and consequent immunity from death. But few records exist of the numerous cases of imprudence, rashness, and disregard of warnings. Unquestionably thousands are now in their graves, or blasted and buried in the ruins of mines, who, by the exercise of common care and the employment of the safety-lamp, might have lived out their natural terms of life.

The terrible explosion which occurred in the Risca pit, in South Wales, on December 1st, 1860, destroyed 142 men and boys;

boys; and the inquiry arising out of the inquest held on one of the bodies was marked by an aspect of more searching fulness and fairness than has distinguished many previous cases. Disentangling the evidence as far as practicable, we see it was alleged on the part of the management of the mine, that a great *blower* of fire-damp had occasioned this explosion. From the instances we have above noted it will be understood that such eruptions are not easy to provide against, although they should certainly be counted upon as possible in any fiery mine, and therefore in all such mines the ventilation should be abundant, and safety-lamps should be exclusively employed. The manager affirmed that it was impossible with any amount of air to provide against the sudden escape of blowers; and he thought that there had been more than one explosion at the time of the accident: the first had shaken out the supporting timbers, and brought down shale from the roof, and had thus disengaged fresh gas, which exploded. There was, however, no unquestionable evidence of the bursting out of an extraordinary blower. By careful inquiry it was elicited that the old workings in this pit were totally unventilated. Now, this is an important fact; for such old workings, called by the colliers *goaves*, are the very places of all others in pits where the fire-damp accumulates. A *goaf* is, in fact, a waste and abandoned portion of the pit, whence all the attainable coal has been extracted, and the roof has fallen in. This falling in of loose masses disengages large quantities of inflammable and noxious gases, which lodge, and seethe, and brew deadly mischief in the ruinous cavities. This foul hold might be left untrodden and unthought of, if the internal equilibrium which the gases gradually and naturally acquire were undisturbed, but variations of atmospheric pressure render it dangerous. When that pressure is weak, the pent-up gases proportionally expand, while a sudden increase of atmospheric pressure imprisons them more securely. Here, then, we have a natural gasometer. The best management is to insulate it from the other parts of the mine; yet, do what you will, you cannot cut off the escape of small but increasing quantities of gas by an underflow from the edges, unless you can build up the goaf with stone and mortar. Goaves are as perilous as powder-magazines.

In Haswell mine there is a goaf of thirteen acres in extent. In Wallsend old pit there is another of about five acres, situated 840 feet below the surface, and about 6000 feet away inward from the shaft. Now from the gas evolved in this latter goaf we may conjecture the hidden perils of all such accumulations. A four-inch metallic pipe was conducted from the bottom of the pit to the surface of the ground and a few feet above it, where,
a light

a light being applied, a hissing streamer of flame flashed forth and burned night and day. It may be instructive to know that the amount of gas thus drawn off from the mine was at first computed at more than 7000 hogsheads a day, or about 15,000 hogsheads in twenty-four hours. Long did the little pipe continue to pour forth in streaming flame thousands upon thousands of hogsheads of escaping fire-damp. The total issue might have illuminated a little town. A later rate of discharge exceeded five hogsheads per minute day and night. Had these issues of gas been allowed to pass through the passages of the pit, instead of being isolated and discharged at the flaming mouth of the pipe, they would have required for their dilution below the exploding point from 150 to 160 hogsheads of pure atmospheric air every minute.

After a dreadful explosion several years ago at Haswell Colliery, Durham, where, as already observed, there is a very extensive goaf, Dr. Faraday and Sir C. Lyell were deputed by the Government to visit the pit and investigate the causes of the accident. Among other things they suggested and urged drawing off the fire-damp by the insertion of cast-iron pipes into the goaf, and their prolongation into the upcast shaft, designing by such means to facilitate the direct escape of the fiery gases. The advice of these gentlemen led to no practical benefit, nor was it favourably received by the northern viewers, one of whom (now an inspector) published a depreciating reply to it. From all that we could learn, the possibility of systematically ventilating extensive goaves is doubted by several viewers, and denied by some, while its necessity seems not to be generally recognised. One of the most eminent of the northern viewers has remarked that a goaf when filled with pure inflammable air, without any admixture of atmospheric air, is safer than one imperfectly ventilated. Of this there is no doubt, when the imperfect ventilation merely serves to bring up the whole composition to the most explosive proportions—namely, one part of fire-damp to seven or eight times its volume of common air. But the same argument applies equally to all coal-pit ventilation, which, if imperfect, may become very dangerous in a fiery mine. The question is, what should hinder it from being perfect? There is, however, an acknowledged remedy, and that is the entire insulation of the goaf and the careful exclusion of all contact with the passing air-currents.

To proceed with the Risca case, it was proved that the ventilation of this pit, though arranged upon proper principles, was far from effective, and that the air-ways of the mine were

too

too narrow to admit an adequate amount of air without inducing an inconvenient rate of velocity in the current. Double the existing quantity was requisite, and several improvements were essential in the mechanical arrangements for ventilation. Evidence, too, was offered to show that the *doors* were in some parts extremely defective. Such doors are erected for the purpose of admitting the passage of men and coals, and of being instantly afterwards closed, so as to prevent any derangement of the current of air, the diversion of which is barred by the doors. If a door of this kind be left long open, or be very defective in excluding the air which impinges against it on one side, the almost certain consequence in a very fiery pit would be an explosion at any naked light. In the present case complaints had been made before of the absence of boys from attendance upon and care of these doors. It is usual in coal-pits to hire several boys for this purpose, who should never quit their post in working-hours. It is unfortunate that the youngest persons should have posts of such responsibility.

Further, it was testified that there had not been sufficient vigilance in inspecting the condition of all the working places of the pit, and one man declared that there had been a serious accumulation of gas in certain parts. Another man deposed that on one occasion, while he was at work, the current of air altogether stopped, and the place filled with gas so rapidly, that he imagined the ventilating machine had broken down. In great alarm he snatched up his lamp and ran off, but had not gone far before he found that two doors at the bottom of the passage had been left open.

In order to test the accuracy of the conflicting evidence of two working-men, a party, accompanied by the inspector for the district, visited the pit. On their return the inspector stated that they had penetrated with considerable difficulty to the quarters in question—that he had inspected the working-places of the two men, and believed that both had been speaking the truth, and that it was perfectly possible for the ‘stall’ of one to be full of gas without the other being aware of it. It was subsequently admitted that some of the places were left unvisited by any of the safety-staff men for six hours together, while, as the inspector thereupon observed, no place in a fiery mine ought to be left unvisited for more than three hours. We notice, in the last of the late Mr. Mackworth’s Reports on the South Wales district, that he adverts to the insufficient number of men employed in precautionary inspections of the pits.

Quite enough is manifest upon the face of the testimony of several witnesses to account for one or more explosions in so fiery a mine; and quite enough to show that the conduct of the subterranean business

business was culpably defective. How far such neglect may be amenable to law, we do not here inquire; but we can affirm that, if such a state of things be permitted to continue in fiery pits, repeated explosions may be expected. Fire-damp is not diminishing, coal-mining is increasing, and pits are deepening; but precautionary measures, though it is well known that they might be adopted easily and with much advantage, are not generally increasing.

It is not commonly known that this same Black Vein Pit at Risca has been the scene of at least six previous and fatal explosions, involving altogether, as nearly as we can determine, the loss of sixty or seventy lives in about seven years up to 1853. One explosion in January, 1846, destroyed 35 lives. At Aberdare, also in South Wales, three contiguous collieries have been the scene of five explosions, involving the loss of about two hundred lives within seven years, and another has just occurred there, while we are writing, destroying fourteen lives. On the other side of the country, near Barnsley, during about the same period, six explosions have taken place, occasioning the loss of at least three hundred lives in five neighbouring collieries. By a detailed list of the known fatal explosions which happened during seven years ending in 1852, we find the number of deaths to have been 1099, and that, with few exceptions, the ascertained cause of destruction was the use of naked lights. It is well to remind the public of catastrophes soon forgotten, and to show that the field of battle is not the only scene of death and disaster.

It should also be explained that the most destructive agent is not always the fire-damp—that is, light carburetted hydrogen gas. In truth, the loss of life caused by an explosion is usually due far less to the burning and concussion of the actual blast of fire-damp than to the *after-damp*, which fills the mine when the explosion has passed. This consists principally of nitrogen and partly of carbonic-acid gas, well known to be fatal to animal life. Under the vulgar names of *after-damp*, *choke-damp*, and *black-damp*, the colliers dread it as much as fire-damp, though not inflammable. Being of much greater specific gravity than fire-damp, it is found floating about the floors of mines, in old workings, and in large wastes, whence it sometimes issues in immense quantities. In the recent explosion at Risca it was declared by the surgeon to the pit that of those who were killed no less than seventy persons died from the effects of after-damp who had not been near the fire. Sixty-four showed indications of being burnt, but only fifteen of these would have died from burning alone. Three men had their skulls fractured,

and one man was blown to pieces. It has sometimes, perhaps often, happened that after an explosion a sufficient quantity of oxygen has remained to support the respiration of those who may survive the effects of such an explosion, were it not for the generation of carbonic acid, which if present only to the extent of two or three per cent. may produce injurious effects, and it is supposed to be present in varying proportions in the combination of gases named after-damp. After an explosion, the oxygen and hydrogen unite and form water, leaving the nitrogen and carbonic acid to be removed, if at all, mechanically by a current of pure atmospheric air sent down from the surface. It therefore becomes of great consequence to limit the fatal effects of this combination as much as possible; for when abundantly generated after an explosion, and allowed free course, it will soon poison the whole vicinity; so that the poor colliers who are caught in an exploded pit have two chances of death against them—one from burning, and the other from suffocation. As the latter is frequently the more difficult of evasion on account of its larger extension, so it is a source of danger which ought to receive very careful consideration.

Now it is possible to limit, though not always to prevent, its fatal effects simply by arranging the excavation of the pit in such a manner as to divide the workings into districts, technically termed panels; each panel being isolated from the rest of the mine, and connected with the main ingoing and outgoing currents of ventilating air only at two points. A perfect plan of paneling would confine the effects of any explosion to the particular panel where it originated, and would produce the same result under ground as the separations between blocks of buildings in civic conflagrations above ground. In completely isolating the panels, and adapting the ventilation accordingly, the whole system of currents is not destroyed by the mere shock of an explosion, as is otherwise the case, and as occurred in the Risca pit. In such instances, the fragile and faulty separations (whether doors or stoppings of any kind) having been broken down, there is an end to a hope of safe retreat even for men totally unharmed by the flames, for at once the air takes the shortest course between the entrance and exit, and leaves the shattered parts unventilated. Whatever after-damp is then and there generated exerts its pernicious effects in full; there is no degree of relief, and the human beings who cannot rush out to the shaft are suffocated. At the explosion in the Middle Dyffryn pit, in 1852, *seven-eighths of the deaths were caused by after-damp*, and persons of great experience attribute at least 70 per cent. of the deaths in fiery mines to after-damp, while some advance even to 90 per cent. In the great Haswell explosion,

sion, several years since, out of 95 deaths 71 were occasioned by choke-damp, 12 by fire, and 12 by concussion.

The jury at the inquest held after the Risca explosion recommended 'that the ventilation of underground workings shall be so arranged, that in case of any future explosion unfortunately occurring, the disastrous results would be confined to the district in which it took place.' This is, of course, a recommendation of paneling—a plan which has been matured and successfully adopted in the best Newcastle pits for several years. We imagine that very similar effects were produced at Risca to those occasioned at Middle Dyffryn. In the pit at the latter place there were twenty-three doors fixed in the main east and west levels, and in the lateral openings leading into these levels, and the destruction of any one door was calculated entirely to derange or to arrest the ventilation. Consequently the whole were swept away by the blast of the explosion, and an atmosphere of choke-damp was left to hang stagnantly and stiflingly throughout the pit. In such conditions of a mine a few miners have occasionally escaped by thrusting loose garments into their mouths, and groping with indomitable perseverance along the passages. We have conversed with one or two such fortunate fugitives, and they described, in plain but effective terms, the almost irresistible power of the carbonic acid, to which indeed they saw some of their fellow-workmen succumbing, as they themselves almost insensibly groped along, and staggered out like inebriated men. Community of peril induces strong and peculiar sympathy amongst this sturdy race. It is usual to refer to the recklessness of colliers; and there is too much ground for such reference; but there is another side, and that is their courage in the hour of danger, and their hardihood in mutual helpfulness when death is plainly in prospect.

The Safety-lamp is, perhaps, of all instruments, the most beneficial to the coal-miner. No one who has not seen the old 'steel-mill' can conceive the 'darkness visible' in which men must have worked in fiery seams before the Davy-lamp was handed to them. A few old miners have described to us the 'thick darkness' which prevailed when only a scanty shower of blood-red drops came out of the antiquated steel-mill. The lamp of Davy consists essentially of a common oil-lamp, surrounded with a covered cylinder of fine wire-gauze, composed of wires from one-fortieth to one-sixtieth of an inch in diameter. In Davy's models, and in all lamps entitled to his name, there are 784 apertures in the square inch, and the wire is about 1-40th of an inch in diameter. The principle upon which these lamps are found safe is that the wire-gauze is a cooling surface, and

that a metallic tissue, however thin and fine, of which the apertures fill more space than the cooling surface, so as to be permeable to air and light, offers a perfect barrier to explosion, from the force being divided between, and the heat communicated to an immense number of surfaces. When such a lamp is introduced into a foul atmosphere gradually mixed with fire-damp, the first effect of the gas is seen in the increasing size and length of the oil-fed flame. If the fire-damp amounts to one-twelfth of the volume of air, the wire-gauze cylinder becomes filled with a feeble blue flame, within which the original flame of the wick burns brightly. This latter augments until the fire-damp amounts to one-sixth or one-fifth of the whole, when it is lost in the flame of the fire-damp, which then fills the cylinder with a strong light. Fire-damp is most explosive when mixed with seven or eight times its volume of air. When the gas constitutes as much as one-third of the volume of the atmosphere, the light is extinguished, and the compound is no longer fit for animal respiration, though life will for a time continue in it. This lamp, therefore, is both a friend and a monitor. It teaches when to pause and when to retreat. Its behaviour in extreme cases is highly interesting. When coal largely discharges its gaseous contents, their effects upon the Davy-lamp are such as already briefly noticed, and in addition the upper part of the lamp becomes quite red, and a continuous rushing noise and crackling of the gauze is heard; the smoke of the lamp, and the oppressive smell, showing the combustion fiercely raging within its narrow wire boundary. In such conditions none but the foolhardy would linger in those parts of the pit where they prevail.

The theory is, that the flame will never in the course of fair usage pass through the apertures of the wire-gauze. Much discussion has arisen upon the absolute truth of this theory. The northern viewers generally hold to the sufficiency of the improved Davy-lamp; some others entertain a contrary opinion. After all that has been said, and written, and testified upon this important subject, we are inclined to believe that an improved Davy-lamp is essentially a safe and reliable lamp. That it is capable of unfair usage, and even of having the flame passed through its gauze by strong and very rapid currents, such as may very exceptionally occur in mines, and more particularly by such mechanical currents as are employed in laboratory experiments, we by no means question; that it is to be regarded as a monitor rather than as an absolute and never-failing preventive of explosions is what we would impress upon those who employ it. To compare the excellent and more complex lamps of the present day with the pair of original models despatched by

Davy

Davy to the north (now suspended in the Mining Museum in Jermyn Street, London), is but to learn the progress of science. To be thankless to Davy, and George Stephenson, and Clanny, all of whom did much at the origin of safety-lamps, is undoubtedly reprehensible. Of the most modern lamps, those of Mueseler, Glover, Hall, Mackworth, and Struve are particularly deserving of attention. These more or less ensure increased illumination, twice or thrice that of the Davy, prevention of bad usage by locking, and more perfect combustion. In all of them the ingenious applications of scientific knowledge to the conservation of human life are admirable; and they leave no excuse, except the paltry one of slight expense (the Davy costs a penny per ton of coal excavated), for not employing safety-lamps in all the dangerous coal-mines of the kingdom. Base parsimony at the risk of human life should not only be stigmatised publicly and widely, but punished immediately and severely. In such investigations there should be no fear and no favour. We know too much to allow us to say that such principles have universally prevailed, or do now prevail in all collieries. An inspector has affirmed that 99 per cent. of the explosions of fire-damp arise from using naked lights.

We now proceed to speak of the pitmen at home, both as we ourselves have seen them, and as others who have seen them before our time have depicted them to us. The northern pitman, in his modern state, by no means adequately exhibits the oddities and the humours which characterised his ancestors, and constituted them a race who not only dwelt locally separate from other men, but mentally had no affinities with them. As they laboured apart from their contemporaries under ground, so they lived and thought apart from them above ground. They looked upon themselves as entitled, by reason of the hardships they endured, to immunities which other men should freely accord to them. If not accorded, nevertheless they were enjoyed; and not very many years ago it was no light or pleasant thing to pass through a primitive pit-village while the colliers were upon the high road. When the eminent Viewer to whom we have before alluded was one day driving us in his vehicle through a colliery village of some antiquity, he remarked that he well remembered the period when we might have expected huge stone bowls to be pitched at or after the horse's heels by some sportive pitmen, or ourselves to be pelted with no agreeable or innocuous missiles. If the horse were lamed or the passengers maimed, an uproarious shout of laughter testified to the pitmen's delight. The privileges claimed by and conceded to such men were undisturbed quarters, respectful distance,

distance, and freedom from arrest. A constable, or similar legal functionary, seldom showed his face twice amongst them. Once he might essay his unwelcome duty, but if he escaped with sound limbs he continued a stranger ever afterwards. The pitmen's 'Book of Sports' contained rude and unmerciful games. 'Cuddy-races,' that is donkey-races, and cock-fights, were favourite pastimes, and drunkenness and rioting the customs of the village.

Something more amusing might have been beheld in the olden costume of these men, especially on Sundays, holidays, and feasts, and at christenings, courtings, and funerals. In his gayest seasons the happy pitman would sport a showy waistcoat, called his 'posy vest,' because upon it were depicted gaudy flowers and figures. His nether man was clothed in breeches either of velveteen or plush, which were fastened at the knees with different-coloured ribbons fluttering about in the breeze. Stockings with 'clocks' adorned his shapely or unshapely legs, and stout shoes or laced boots his feet. A round hat, which on high days and holidays had also its flowing ribbons, covered his head, and a switch was swayed by his hand. Thus arrayed he would flaunt about in public places, vaunt himself of his physical powers, and, when half-drunk, go about seeking whom he might beat or batter with hardened fist and muscular arm. He would sing songs in the pit dialect, swear vengeance upon his enemies, and bid defiance to his masters. He would challenge his fellows, reel along dangerous paths, and finally reach his cottage a befooled and battered merry-andrew.

Not a vestige of this state of things now remains. Compassionated by an increasing number of humble religious teachers, chiefly of the several sects of Methodism, the refractory pitmen slowly improved, and gradually became more civilized. Some of them are themselves at this time 'local preachers,' Sunday-school teachers, or decent gentlemen in black. Even Temperance Societies have found a lodgment in their villages, and Benefit Clubs and Odd-fellow Societies gather up much of their stray money, and occupy much of their leisure time. There are meritorious men who have done much towards the amelioration of pitmen, whose names will never be publicly known. No one, probably, besides ourselves has thought it worth while to do honour to the name of John Reay, of Wallsend, who for many years taught the children of the pit-folk the best he knew of good things, and did not teach them in vain.

There are several peculiarities which still distinguish pitmen, though they are rapidly wearing out. These are principally physical. Generally in the north, where the race has so long continued isolated, the pitman born and bred differs in his configuration

figuration from any other operative. His stature is rather diminutive, his figure disproportionate, his legs are more or less bowed, his chest protrudes, and his arms are oddly suspended. His countenance is not less peculiar than his figure; his cheeks being frequently hollow, his cheek-bones high, his forehead low, and his brow overhanging. In all these particulars we note the hereditary features of a class working in darkness and in constrained positions. Other men could not perform the work, and therefore the descendants of genuine pitmen do not look like other men. Their pay for hewing and the superior kinds of pit-work is good, so they live better than most working men. Knowing their alleged grievances, from frequent attention to them as detailed by themselves, we are disposed to say that, apart from risks of explosion and accident, they are not on the whole an unfortunate race in the northern collieries.

It is by no means uninteresting to sojourn for a short time in a thorough pit-village on the Wear or the Tyne. Nowhere else in these days can be seen in our country long-isolated communities of working men who have associated chiefly with one another, intermarried in pit families, and thus acquired the transmitted defects and the uninterrupted habits of a distinct order of work-people. Their cottages are built by contract, in long rows back to back. The best, inhabited by the superior officials, are termed *Quality Row*. All of them are well furnished for their order. A mahogany four-post bedstead of elaborate carving, and a tall eight-day clock, are coveted and common articles of furniture. Animal food is plentifully provided and consumed. A pitman's luxury is a 'singing hinnie,' or rich, fat-abounding cake, which, when it simmers upon the gridiron, bears the name we have given. One morsel of one cake was all we ourselves could manage.

Let us close our sketch with the close of a working day in such a village. The pit has 'loosed,' that is, the day's work is finished. The voice of the banksman has sounded that welcome word 'loose' through half the hollow galleries of the mine. One after another the tired groups have mounted the shaft, landed on the brink, and wended their way to 'Shiny' and 'Quality Row.' Busy wives and matrons have welcomed their husbands and boys, closed the cottage-doors, filled the large washing-tubs, and prepared the 'singing hinnie' and the dish of meat. Ablutions are the first necessity, and until doors open they are going on within. A minute or two afterwards every runnel in the village has swollen into a rueful stream, a very Styx or Cocytus. Doors being re-opened, clean faces are visible, and rapidly clearing tables of edibles. Hot tea accompanies hot meat, and the scanty 'bait'

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of the pit is now succeeded by a full, if not a very dainty meal. This demolished, the inmates betake themselves to their several amusements. The elder lads and boys lounge about in the lanes, and perpetrate sundry mischievous tricks either on one another or on unlucky dogs or donkeys; the younger boys enjoy their humbler sports, and their parents and seniors find entertainment more befitting their years. Some repair to the Methodist Meeting, some to the club, some practise in the village band, some play upon melancholy instruments at home, and some study mathematical books picked up at stalls in the towns. The mathematicians are most to our liking, and we find not a few here and there of very respectable attainments.

So the evening hours wear on. Twilight succeeds; lads and boys lounge homeward. Violins and flutes begin to sound very inharmoniously; bright fires become more visible through the small windows; men have become more quiet, and boys less pugnacious. Club-meetings, tea-meetings, and harangues moral and political, have terminated, and signs of settlement for the night are everywhere apparent. Folks who have to rise to work at four or five o'clock need retire early. The last lingering notes of flute and clarionet die away, the hum of conversation ceases, fires burn low, lights are extinguished, and soon as you perambulate the village you hear no sounds, save those which indicate a sleepy forgetfulness of care and danger. Nothing short of a pit explosion will wake these men before their time; and well do they deserve the sound deep slumber they now enjoy.

One thing alone remains for the occasional visitor. Before he himself retires to his chamber, let him seek and ascend some neighbouring eminence. If well-chosen, he may then behold a sight seldom to be seen elsewhere. A vast circle of fires bursts upon his view, flaming and smoking all around, and marking everywhere the sites of collieries. These arise from the heaps of small coal kindled years ago, added to with every week's refuse, burning on year after year, reddening the darkness and blackening the daylight, consuming what would be a whole winter's blessing to the distant poor.

If called upon to offer an opinion on the physical condition and material comfort of the whole mass of working colliers, we should be disposed to pronounce somewhat favourably were a comparison to be instituted between them and many other classes of the labouring community. If they endure great stress of exertion, and that in darkness and in danger, they have, at least in the north of England, fair wages, and can in some instances earn more than a workman's average: and one remarkable difference

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in their favour is that they are never 'frozen out.' The usual season of adversity is the pitman's season of prosperity; and we doubt not that, if we were present in winter at some of the tea-tables in 'Shiny Row,' near Newcastle or Durham, we should see a fair supply of butcher's meat, such as vast numbers of other labourers would envy and wish for in vain; and this too under a cottage-roof, which, if it bear marks of blackness, is by no means comfortless. The sober, industrious, and able pitman is, in general, neither an ill-used nor an ill-fed man.

There are differences so marked in the relative conditions of the last-named character, and its contrary, that no opinion can be pronounced which shall be equally applicable to the entire body of colliers. In districts notoriously rude and barbaric these men are, of course, the outsiders of civilized society. Educated and refined people would be shocked every minute in their company; but it should be borne in mind that this is but the natural and necessary consequence of the utter neglect which has for long years befallen them. While merely regarded as the possessors of so much physical strength, they have displayed nothing more, and the possessor of the greatest bodily vigour, being entitled to the greatest honour and the largest emolument, will frequently display it in modes allowed by neither law nor order. Measure man by his physical ability alone, and he will value you simply according to your payments, and will plot by all means to exact as much or more money from you than you contrive to extract coals by him.

Here, then, has been found a too favourable soil for the reception of those anti-social and destructive principles which unprincipled men have endeavoured to sow in the minds of colliers as well as others of the working classes. In years past they have borne their natural fruit in strikes more or less prolonged. These seem to have gradually declined in frequency and in duration, and it is to be hoped that the men are now better informed upon the nature of the laws which regulate supply and demand. Even of late, however, the pitmen have retained at their command an individual better referred to as the 'Pitmen's Attorney' than by his real name. The sinister influence which has stirred up the builders' strike may again succeed in igniting the explosive moral atmosphere in which ill-informed colliers live. But we trust that the ill-success of rebellious workmen in their own and other trades will prove salutary warnings to the colliers.

We have listened with interest to the circumstantial descriptions of eye-witnesses of a general and prolonged strike in the northern mining-field, now several years ago. The pitmen pushed disputes to extremities, and the masters were equally determined. On refusing

ing to work, the men were compelled to quit the cottages which were the property of their employers. They had to encamp in roughest fashion in the lanes and fields. Those much-prized articles of their usual furniture—mahogany four-post bedsteads and chests of drawers—stood in most melancholy misappropriateness amongst hedges and ditches, packed up for transport, and useless for comfort and repose. We were told of public-houses full of pit families, whose mattresses were spread out on sanded floors, and whose varied furniture filled every nook and chimney-corner—whose fathers, husbands, and sons sauntered about in enforced idleness, and in odd combinations of working and Sunday costume. Any master, or manager, or relative of the same, passing along such neighbourhoods, was sure of a very uncomplimentary reception, though almost equally sure of immunity from open violence. The men were loud and pertinacious in their complaints of oppression and injustice in the measurement and payment of their labour; but instead of carrying their point, they found to their sorrow that the employers were bringing in substitutes from all quarters; and though pit-work is unsuitable to those who have not been educated in it, nevertheless it was expected that in the course of time even quondam sailors and tailors, and samples of all sorts and conditions of labourers, would prove to be tolerable pitmen. This did, in fact, take place, for high wages will make men adventurous and nimble even in the strangest places and positions. The old pitmen found their occupation going, and before it was quite gone most of them returned to their cottages and their coal-pits sadder and wiser men.

In those districts a detailed annual bond, signed by the pitmen, became the mode of hiring and the measure of remuneration. We have had such bonds before us, and on perusing them considered them equitable. The rate of wages was specified and the minutæ of work detailed; but complaints were frequently addressed to us respecting the masters' mode of measuring or weighing the coal extracted. Several years ago we pointed out the necessity of referring this to a third party, as umpire. No other way of settling disputes seemed possible to us, and we observe that the very same matter of difference now prevails in the Glasgow district. We have received a report of a meeting of miners belonging to Glasgow and its vicinity, in which we observe a reiteration of the murmurs that reached our own ears nearly twenty years ago. The principal grievance referred to is 'the system of off-takes in practice at a number of pits.' Under that system the miner is not paid for the whole quantity put out unless the hutch (*basket* or *load*) be of the exact weight of 5 cwts.; if the hutch be below a specified weight, certain deductions are made. Another grievance

is, 'that men are called upon in some places to sign rules which they had never been called upon to sign before.' The 29th section of the Inspection Act empowers the men to 'put a justice-man on every pit-head to see that the material sent up is duly weighed,' and the Act provides that all wages be paid in money, without any deduction. Another crowded meeting of miners has been held in Glasgow on the same points of dispute, and a resolution to the same effect was agreed to, viz. that the colliers should appoint one of the men to see that the coal sent up is duly weighed, and the true weight placed to each miner's credit in a pass-book to be kept for each worker, and that according to these weighings they should demand their wages in money, without deduction. On the other side, at the annual general meeting of the Coalmasters' and Ironmasters' Defence Association in the same city, at nearly the same time, the sentiment of the meeting was that 'the 28th clause of the Colliery Inspection Act had no effect upon the regulation of the Truck Act as to payment of wages, deductions, or off-takes, allowed by the Truck Act.'*

No clauses in Acts of Parliament and no inspection of the management of mines can do away with the necessity, or diminish the obligation, of morally and religiously instructing the whole mining population. Twenty or thirty years since the elements of the commonest education were generally lacking, adults could seldom read and write with any degree of facility, and young people and children were mostly in pagan darkness of mind. Naturally acute enough in all that concerned the lowest wants, they were in most pit districts (least so in the north) so astonishingly ignorant, that the public were half disinclined to believe the replies to questions addressed to them by the visiting Commissioners of the Children's Employment Commission, and recorded in their Reports. Yet we have reason to know that these were mostly unexaggerated notes of actual answers.

Those reports, however, drew general attention to the moral evils of the pitmen's condition, and occasioned an exercise of zeal by some residents, which have borne their appropriate fruit. Among those who have evinced most interest in this subject, as well as derived the most from colliery possessions, the Marchioness of Londonderry stands conspicuous. As the local journals have at times recorded the interesting particulars of the great meetings of pitmen and their families over which this excellent lady presided, and to whom she herself addressed friendly and

* The Act of 1860, for the Regulation and Inspection of Mines, includes also the ironstone mines of the coal-measures. It provides for the observation of fifteen General Rules in all such mines, and for the establishment of Special Rules in every case; the latter to be conspicuously exhibited.

feeling words, we shall add nothing more than the commendation of her example to other large coalowners. But we may be permitted strongly to impress upon them that there is no substitute for personal visitation of the pitmen's families, and personal acquaintance with their domestic economy and their simple annals. Those who will devote their evenings to going from cottage to cottage, conversing with the inhabitants, and learning the pit patois, will easily place themselves on the friendliest possible relations with them all. A few months, or even a few weeks, of this kind of evening occupation, conjoined with visitation of the Sunday-schools which the children frequent, will secure a store of information not otherwise obtainable, and at the same time very much dispose the minds of the people to receive any information one may wish to convey to them. We believe that the seeds of discontent and the sources of dissatisfaction are only to be reached and eradicated by such personal labour. Schools must not only be established, but constantly countenanced and fostered by every kind of favour and notice. What may be effected in this way is reported by Mr. Tremenheere, who has induced nearly all the large employers of labour to form themselves into local associations for the purpose of encouraging sound elementary education by the offer of prizes to be competed for by candidates from the schools already established. From 1851 to 1857 sixteen such district associations have been founded, and the area covered by these embraces nearly the whole of the mining districts, some large districts chiefly agricultural, and the town of Birmingham.

Not only to the lower but also to the superior grades of this population must educational efforts be directed. The individuals composing the safety and superintending staff of a coalpit ought not to be left to a chance education. The persons locally termed 'overmen' and 'underviewers' have a very weighty responsibility resting upon them; and although nominally the hourly safety of the pit depends upon the viewer, or chief engineer, it lies practically with his subordinates. To afford special information to this particular and important class, a course of scientific lectures is necessary. It is true they might listen to valuable lectures in the London School of Mines, but they will not and generally cannot repair to and reside in the metropolis for such a purpose. The mining engineers of the north of England have for years met and discussed the necessity and practicability of a northern Mining College; and yet, rich as these northern coalowners are, well-salaried as the chief engineers are, at present we have seen nothing more conclusive than a proposed union with the University of Durham. We hope that the present project will not fail
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of a full realization. If a knowledge of geology and pneumatics, and a special acquaintance with aëro-statics and aëro-dynamics, the chemistry of gases, the scientific principles and possibilities of safety illumination, the indications of the barometer, and the use of such instruments as the eudiometer and the anemometer, are of value to any class of the community, they are obviously of especial value to those on whose skill and precautions some thousands of lives are constantly dependent. The apathy and indifference of many colliery officials or proprietors may be judged of by one sentence of the eminent President of the Northern Institute of Mining Engineers, spoken officially in December, 1858 :—‘I must repeat that we have not received that support from the coal-trade which I think we are justly entitled to ; out of nearly 200 collieries in the trade we have only about sixty subscribing to the Institute. We have laboured hard to make it useful,’ &c. But even if a Local Engineering College were organized, the attendance at it would be most difficult for men whose services are wanted for the whole of every working-day ; and the best way of really diffusing the knowledge which is chiefly wanted would be to provide that the professors of the college, or other duly qualified persons, shall deliver popular lectures on scientific subjects connected with mining, and deliver them at different places in succession, so that all may have an opportunity of learning.

We should add that there is or was a Mining School at Bristol, and that some attempts of a like kind on a small scale have been made elsewhere, but nowhere is there a superior and well-sustained Mining College in any of the coal-fields of Great Britain.

The Act of Parliament (18 and 19 Vict. cap. 108) by which Inspectors of Collieries were first appointed, and the new Act (23 and 24 Vict. cap. 151), are the slowly matured fruits of numerous parliamentary inquiries, and particularly of the Reports made by the visiting Commissioners on the Children’s Employment Commission in 1842. Only those who have taken a special interest in this matter are cognizant of the numerous and formidable obstacles which stood in the way of the passing of this Act, and especially of the addition of improvements in its renewed form. One party aimed at limiting regulation and inspection to a narrow routine, and another desired to extend it further, while the inspectors themselves felt that, without authority larger than was acceptable to opponents, they could effect little, and must fail to satisfy public expectation. Those first appointed were soon brought into contact with the serious difficulties of their duties, but these have been somewhat alleviated by the addition of others

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to their number, and the extension of pay and power. There are 2463 collieries in England and Wales, 413 in Scotland, and 73 in Ireland, making in all 2949 collieries under inspection.

So far as experience of the working of the Inspection Act has extended, it has proved to be a decided benefit, although it might not be possible to point out in precise terms the full amount of advantage secured. There is, as might be supposed, a marked difference in the efficiency of the twelve inspectors, some of whom are comparatively new to their office. Nor must it be expected that they can do much more than diffuse information, check carelessness, rebuke ignorance, and report gross negligence. It is doubtful whether they can be empowered to proceed beyond examining and recording the condition of the mines entrusted to their vigilance. They might, perhaps, classify all the mines under the two terms of dangerous and not dangerous, or fiery and ordinary; and it is the opinion of several unbiassed persons that the exclusive use of some safety-lamp might be enforced in all fiery or dangerous pits. Whether also blasting by gunpowder should be permitted in such pits is questionable. Beyond this, inspection could hardly pass without trenching upon private and personal rights; still less should inspectors be held responsible for the efficient ventilation and safe condition of collieries, a responsibility which is co-extensive with the hourly superintendence of the whole mine.

Their division of labour, moreover, is unequal. The gentlemen who have the inspection of the 383 collieries in Yorkshire, and the 422 in South Staffordshire, are manifestly overworked in comparison with the inspectors of some other districts—(the number of *pits* in each should have been returned)—and if the former are responsible for a regular and thorough visitation of all their collieries within each year, that duty is too great, and cannot be satisfactorily discharged. How can one man, however able, faithfully and fully inspect 422 collieries, producing annually nearly five millions of tons of coals? If the system is to be really successful, a more vigilant supervision and a still greater subdivision of labour must be secured; and if additional inspectors cannot be afforded, sub-inspectors might be appointed from a class of persons who would thus be training for the superior office. There are men who, though not brought up from youth in the practice of mining, nevertheless have generally shrewd opinions about, and sufficient practical acquaintance with, the necessities and perils of pit life. It has been the Secretary of State's general practice hitherto to select the inspectors from the grade of managers and from gentlemen connected with collieries.

collieries. The coalowners and viewers themselves favour such a course. Only this objection can be taken to it, that inspectors thus appointed may be too apt to hold to technical maxims and old usages. Some have urged the appointment of men of science, and have dwelt upon their probable value as advisers. On the other hand, coalowners and managers of influence—and they can exert vast influence—are understood to have privately urged an apprenticeship of seven years to mining practice as a preliminary to office, and of course none but those of their own circle can have had seven years of subterranean experience. It is to be hoped, however, that when opportunity offers, one or two appointments may be made independently of that restriction. A really efficient and unbiassed inspector we certainly met with in the late Mr. Herbert Mackworth, recently cut off in the very prime of his days, and whose life was probably terminated by his continual contact with the worst air of some Welsh mines. Having enjoyed several days' conversation with him on the subjects of his duty, we came to understand how great a blessing such a man would be both to miners and managers, how effectively he might further the cause of mining and moral education, and how, under the title of a Colliery Inspector, might be obtained an unwearied instructor and an invaluable monitor of masters and men. He was a true Christian gentleman, and, though he had not served his seven years' apprenticeship in pits, he was both a scientific and skilful officer of mines.

In the preceding pages we have endeavoured to enable our readers to form an opinion on the important topic of colliery calamities. The whole inquiry may now be reduced to these simple elements:—There are certain recognized conditions of safety in fiery pits. These are discoverable and applicable by intelligent managers; but their application involves additional outlay at first and perpetual vigilance throughout—both of which amount to an increased charge on coals, and therefore to a diminution of profits. Can the State enforce the observance of the essential conditions of safety? If not, palliatives must take the place of remedies, and we must depend on better education, mining improvements, strong public opinion, and a sense of moral responsibility.

ART. III.—1. *The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences.* By William Whewell, D.D. J. W. Parker, 1858.

2. *History of the Inductive Sciences.* By William Whewell, D.D. J. W. Parker, 1858.

WE are about to venture a few suggestions, not on the admirable volumes which are placed at the head of this article, nor on any particular work connected with the important question of Modern Scepticism, but on one short phrase, which is insensibly stealing into general circulation, and which seems to require considerable watchfulness and caution. They are offered for the consideration of Physical Science and Inductive Logic—not in any spirit of antagonism to them, and still less dogmatically. But the phrase itself appears not only to involve a violation of the first laws of accurate inductive reasoning, but to be charged with most perilous conclusions to Christian faith, unless it be carefully modified. This phrase is ‘the Immutability of the Laws of Nature.’

In the short space to which these suggestions must be confined, it is needless to empty a common-place book to illustrate the bold and unqualified manner in which the expression too often drops, even from the lips of writers whose life and conduct emphatically protest against the charge of unbelief. They neither deduce themselves, nor wish others to deduce, the consequences which flow from it. They would shudder at the thought, that mere incaution in their language should strike a death-blow at the Christian belief of the age. But incautious language is the dry rot of the world. The historians and philosophers of physical science remind us in every page of the power of words, mere words—warn us how they necessarily contain the sporules of mighty principles, how they give to those principles wings to fly, and filaments to root them in the earth, and a power of propagation able to cover the whole field of truth with the most noxious weeds, so that when once their hold is taken, it is almost hopeless to eradicate them. The language of Physical as of Moral Science is its vehicle, the body without which its mind cannot act. And our present object is to implore caution, only caution; the caution prescribed and commanded by its own Logic of Induction, rigidly confining statements of facts to actual experience, and refraining from any admixture with these of assumption, or hypothesis, in the employment of one phrase, ‘the Immutability of the Laws of Nature.’

Newton himself has set us the example. That great and glorious intellect has given the same warning, has supplied all the qualifications required to neutralise the fatal mischief involved

in

in those incautious words 'Immutability of Nature.' And we plead for nothing else—

'Deum esse ens summe perfectum concedunt omnes. Entis autem summe perfecti Idea est, ut sit substantia una, simplex, indivisibilis, viva et vivifica, ubique semper necessario existens, summe intelligens omnia, libere volens bona, voluntate efficiens possibilia, effectibus nobilioribus similitudinem propriam, quantum fieri potest, communicans, omnia in se continens, tamquam eorum principium et locus, omnia per presentiam substantialem cernens et regens, et cum rebus omnibus, secundum leges accuratas, ut nature totius fundamentum et causa, constanter cooperans, nisi ubi aliter agere bonum est.'*

These are the words of Newton, in the seeming outline of his celebrated Scholium—'Secundum leges accuratas constanter cooperans, nisi ubi aliter agere bonum est'—God acting in what is called Nature according to accurate and uniform laws, except *when it be good for him to act otherwise*. This last clause secures all. Nothing else is wanted. The words involve no compromise, sacrifice no truth, pledge science to nothing beyond the range of its own province, offer no difficulty. But they effectually cut off the train of mischief, which in the popular mind is ready laid from the Immutability of Nature to practical Atheism. And, therefore, we will endeavour at present to take that simple but most perilous phrase 'the Immutability of the Laws of Nature,' and to place it in the crucible, and under the microscope of strict Inductive Logic—that Logic whose nobleness and potency is centred in a rigid discrimination of experience from imagination, of external facts from internal theories; and in a scrupulous integrity and accuracy when registering its own observations. Not to exceed, and not to fall short of facts; not to add, and not to take away; to state the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, are the grand, the vital maxims of Inductive Science, of English Law, and let us add of Christian Faith. If there is insensibly stealing into circulation and acceptance an inaccurate phrase, which tends to violate in every word this fundamental law of inductive logic, it surely should be called in and recoined. This is all we ask.

And we ask it of those great men, in whose hands the empire of science is now vested, and who possess the control over its language. They are not, like German Rationalists, little likely to carry weight and influence with an English mind. Their authority and therefore their responsibility is enormous. In every period of society there spring up classes of minds, besides that class which Divine Providence has especially appointed to

* Sir D. Brewster's Life of Newton, p. 154, vol. ii.

teach and guide mankind—prophets as well as priests. And at this day in this country the men who are insensibly rising up to this elevation and power are the men of science. They have given to England wealth and power. They have wrought their miracles before our eyes. Those miracles have been, and are at this day associated, in so many of the noblest characters, with deep and true religion. The practical, honest, truthful character of the inductive intellect offers such an affinity with the best elements of the English mind. We can trust them, have faith in them. Their witness, when it has been given to our religious belief, is therefore so cherished, so precious. We owe to them not merely reverence for their intellectual power, but gratitude for so much enjoyment, so much of something better than mere enjoyment. If such a man as Walter Scott won for himself a marvellous affection and influence merely by ministering to the pleasures of our fancy, how much more are thoughtful minds ready to concentrate their gratitude and confidence round the sources of still more healthy, manly, and ennobling occupations of the mind? We say nothing of the strides by which physical science has advanced to a recognised elevation in social rank, in worldly advantages, in education, in wealth; nothing of the organization of its forces, of its established incorporation, and bodily appearance as it were each year in the most influential centres of our population; or of its association with foreign alliances. It is the part of a wise statesman to watch at every moment each growing influence in the body politic; to aid, to smooth, to guide to good, developments which cannot, and which ought not, to be smothered, and to ally them from their very earliest stages with all the salutary powers in the State. And so it is in the world of thought. Fear, suspicion, jealousy of science—would not this become in Christianity like fear, suspicion, jealousy of the growing wealth, and spreading power, and quickening intellect of any portion of his subjects in the minds of a political ruler? Where must it end, but where all such jealousies have ended, in futile attempts at repression, in indignant struggles for liberty and right, in bitterness of alienation and hatred, in open hostility and rebellion, in final ruin to the hand which enchained when it ought to have set free, and suspected where it ought to have loved?

God forbid we should live to see the day which proclaimed war between Christianity and Science—a civil war, a war between brothers! *Nature is one book of God, the Bible is another*: its claims as such resting on grounds independent of Science, and unassailable by the evidence of Science. *They cannot be at variance.* Every seeming discrepancy in them must be capable of

of reconciliation. In every page the Bible sends us back to Nature to read there its mysteries and laws, written only in other symbols; and Nature, when rightly read, must lead us also to the Bible. Both employ the same instruments of the intellect—faith and reason; faith by which we accumulate our facts from testimony, reason by which we deduce from those facts legitimate conclusions. Both demand the same rigid scrutiny of testimony, the same careful application of reasoning. Both have their creeds—and creeds how wondrously analogous! Both rest those creeds upon things which have been heard and seen. Both link those things with one great First Cause, the Creator of heaven and of earth; both minister to each other's wants. The closest, the most affectionate communion, mutual confidence and sympathy, joy in its spread, pride in its triumphs, ought to be the feeling of Christianity to Physical Science. And little more is needed to cement this union, to heal all wounds, to soothe all heart-burnings, than a strict and accurate enforcement of the laws of Inductive Logic, the great charter of science itself. Draw a rigid line of demarcation between fact and fancy, experience and theory. Never allow a theory of science to trespass upon a fact of Scripture, nor a theory of the interpretation of Scripture to interfere with a proved fact of Nature. Wherever a difference arises, scrutinise its terms; see if it does not emerge exclusively in the region of theory, not of fact; in some hypothesis, or assumption, or inference of man, not either in the real Word, or the real Work of the Creator; and we may preserve both peace and freedom. Here lies our hope and comfort even in the present uneasiness and seeming estrangement of Christianity and Science. And this is the spirit in which we would approach, and ask others to approach the question—What modification is required by the strict laws of Inductive Logic in the assertion of the 'immutability of the laws of nature,' so that with this modification will vanish all the difficulties of Science in regard to the miracles of Christianity?

First, then, we implore Science to weigh well, to scrutinize carefully that word, which it so boldly uses—*law*. It is a metaphor, a figure of speech, a very dangerous quicksand to discover under the foundations of any system of induction; and it involves a false analogy, patent on the surface, and acknowledged by science itself. And on that false analogy there rests the whole objection to a miracle. With our idea of law are naturally associated the relations of a moral governor to a moral agent. The law is supposed to be capable of being deposited in the mind of that agent, yet leaving him also capable of either obeying or disobeying; while the essential condition of this operation is,

that the moral governor himself should withdraw as it were from the field of action, and only look on, or return to award the penalty or the reward, according to the conduct. The enunciation of the law once for all, its possible retention in the mind of the subject, its prophetic character, pledging futurity, the withdrawal of the lawgiver, the rigid and undeviating enforcement of the penalty, the incompetency or peril of any subsequent interference to suspend or overrule the law, all these are necessary conditions of the moral government and education of man, from which we infer our idea of law. Where is anything like this to be found, when we substitute for the subjects of the lawgiver dead matter in place of moral agents? It is not possible to conceive in such a relation even the enunciation of a law, the proclamation of any prospective will, to creatures without ears to hear, or memories to retain. We do indeed observe certain sequences or conjunctions in the phenomena of nature, which do recur with a certain regularity. We are compelled by one of the primary and essential conditions of our intellect to trace up such conjunctions to a cause, and ultimately to an unseen cause; and all our observations incline us irresistibly to attribute to that unseen cause unity, and will, and intellect, not to speak of other attributes, just as we assign certain human operations to similar principles in the human mind. But here we are stopped. This is all. These sequences, and conjunctions, and concomitances are effected by the will of the Creator. In the words of Augustine, '*Dei Voluntas rerum natura est.*' We know no more. All beyond—all those parasitical associations of a prospective rule laid down from the beginning, of a futurity pledged for its continuance, of the withdrawal of the Creator from his creation, leaving it to be governed by his laws and not by his immediate will—all that metamorphosis of an actual regularity into a pledged and promised immutability, and therefore all those objections to miraculous interposition drawn from the inconsistency of variability in moral laws with invariability in the moral governor, all vanish. '*Dei Voluntas rerum natura.*' The will of God is the cause of nature. This is all we know; all beyond is fiction, imagination, motes which have swept across the field of our telescope, as we watched the stars, and which we magnified into meteors and planets; and founded on them a theory of the universe, and a theory which would banish man from his God, and God from His own world. Abandon the word law, and the motes will vanish too: substitute for it only such a word as expresses a very general recurrence of facts attributable to the will of the Creator, and the work is nearly accomplished of reconciling Christianity with Science.

But,

But, after this, Science must also re-examine its word Nature. Miracles, it is said (and that word also requires to be recast, for this also in theology has been connected with unauthorised associations), are a violation of nature: they are 'præter,' or 'super,' or 'contra naturam'—preternatural, or supernatural, or contrary to nature; and the greatest minds of other ages have been employed in distinguishing the different phrases, and contending that miracles are one and not the other.

And it is this feature which makes them a stumbling-block to science. With the fear of this before them, Philosophy, and Science, and Religion all seem to have slid into a protocol of peace, the terms of which involve not an harmonious occupation and culture of the same territory, but a forcible and not very feasible partition of it between them. And the same dangerous and mistaken process is even at this day in operation, whenever we meet with an attempt to discriminate rigidly the dominions of physical science and of Christianity, leaving the world of matter to one power and the world of Scripture to the other, assigning reason for the discovery of the former, and faith for the knowledge of the latter, as if faith and reason were not two organs of the intellect both equally necessary whether in science or religion. But certainly till we know what Nature is, how its precise meaning is circumscribed, how fixed, it is impossible to determine what is natural, or preternatural, or supernatural, or a violation of and contradiction of the natural.

Now the domain of nature, as it is commonly understood, contains two classes of objects, one the material facts and phenomena, of which the senses are cognizant, such as the movements of the planets, the recurrence of the seasons, the regular stratification of the earth, the polarization of light, the properties of the magnet; and the other, all that mysterious host of invisible forces, powers, principles, or causes which science from time to time, by the fundamental conditions of human thought, has been compelled to imagine (only imagine—it cannot do more) and to give them names—Electricity, Gravitation, Magnetism, Voltaic Electricity, Caloric, Vitality, precisely as Greece peopled every grove, and forest, and sea with Nymphs and Deities. Both Pantheons alike are creations of the human fancy, necessary for the purposes of thought, but of whose existence or nature we know nothing beyond certain effects, which we must assign to some unseen cause, and for which cause we must invent a name. But the longer and more carefully we subject them to the test of intellect and experience, the more their multiplicity is reduced, the more the many-tangled and ramifying threads of forces are assimilated and simplified, the more they tend to resolve themselves directly into

into that one cause into which they must ultimately fall—the Will of God. Newton himself could assign no other cause for the fact of gravitation but the Will of God. A Faraday from day to day is melting down into one the various forms and operations of what is called the electric fluid; and it may be of gravitation, and of caloric, and of chemical affinity; and it may be of light and of sound, all traceable perhaps to some one primal fundamental agency, radiating into myriads of phenomena. But when at last that one agency is ascertained, to what cause can we ultimately assign it but the Will of God? ‘*Dei Voluntas rerum natura est.*’

And now, then, if a Christian is asked whether the wondrous facts which Christianity records, are præternatural, or supernatural, or contrary to nature, his answer is, that they are in nature, included in nature, are a part of nature; unless nature mean something else than the world of material phenomena which has been subjected to the experience of man. They form part of the record and register of material phenomena from which the observer of nature deduces his conclusions as to its operations. These wondrous facts are facts cognizable by the senses, and transmitted to us by testimony. Supposing that testimony to be accepted as the testimony of scientific experiment and observation is accepted, the facts themselves—the external phenomena—are as much a part of nature, occurrences observed in nature, as the earthquake of Lisbon, or the elevation of a volcanic island, or the bipartition of Beilah’s comet, or the dip of the magnetic needle, or a perturbation of Uranus. They would form with every careful philosophical observer a necessary, essential portion of his observations and experience. He would scrutinise and register them with the profoundest interest. He would be unable to assign them to any known invisible power or force, to any one of the existing Pantheon of scientific causes or principles, and he would therefore suppose a new one, and give it a name. Call it, if you will, the miraculous fluid, or miraculism, or the Thaumaturgic Power. Let us use this term—it will guard us from some false analogies: And he would then proceed to trace it; if possible to resolve it into some known power already recognised and operating in nature, and, as soon as he had done this, his intellect would be satisfied. He would deal with this Thaumaturgic Power, precisely as he deals with other new, and strange, and mysterious agencies; which from time to time are imagined to exist, because new, and strange, and mysterious phenomena are exhibited; as old astronomers framed epicycles to account for aberration in the planets, and modern astronomers, and even Newton himself, prepare to imagine some new law of celestial

celestial mechanism, if Newton's fail to explain a newly observed anomaly of the moon. But he would assuredly remember to include in his examination the whole history of the agency. He would not treat it as one solitary fact; argue on it as he would on a supposed miracle of Vespasian, or on one group of phenomena at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, instead of acknowledging that it presents a vast stratum of similar and connected facts, stretching from the first creation of man at least to the first days of Christianity. He would not compare or confound these facts with the rare capricious marvels of Heathenism, or even with the legendary tales of Romanism, or the alleged miracles of any spurious form of Christianity, seeing that the essential features of the Christian miracles are their connection with prophecy, with doctrine, with the creation, and government, and development of one particular class and body in mankind professing at least to be intimately connected with one great name, the name of the Creator of the universe, and with one true faith. He would not venture to exclude from his consideration that question, which, whatever be its difficulty, or the cogency of arguments built on it, yet forms so vast a portion of physical science,—the 'cui bono,' the final cause. Still less would he describe them as strange occurrences, sown broadcast, as it were, over a certain zone of history, without order, or principle, or system, till he had studied most carefully their internal correspondence within themselves, and their external relations to the system in which they are imbedded. And least of all would he forget that these material phenomena, and asserted personal interpositions of the Divine Creator in former days are linked indissolubly to a whole system of spiritual operations at the present day, which, though they cannot be made known to the eye, are yet attested by unimpeachable testimony, asserted by every church that is built, by every Christian, who fulfils the conditions to which the manifestation of that agency has been promised—which the man of science himself can test by his own experience if he choose; and if he refuse, he has no more right to deny their existence than an astronomer to impugn the calculations of a Kepler without taking the obvious, the simplest means to ascertain if they be true. And surely when all these facts were examined and recorded (for he must examine them—they have occurred in his own domain of the material world; he cannot honestly close his eyes to them, cannot put them by as belonging to another science, without at least deciding whether they existed or no, for it must exercise no little influence on his own material theories whether nature admits of such variations or no), then it will be the business of the inductive philosopher to frame some hypothesis,

hypothesis, by which they may be referred if possible to some known power already recognised in nature. And such a power already recognised as the ultimate cause of every fact is the Will of the Creator—'Dei Voluntas rerum natura est.' With this hypothesis all is easy, all simple. Even if Christianity did not offer it, Inductive Science would be compelled to imagine it, because no other hypothesis could throw into intelligible order the chaos, into which the whole history of Scripture and of man must fall, if the grand keystone of the dome be taken out, namely, the personal and constant interposition of the Creator of the universe on this earth for the creation and government of that mysterious body which He calls his Church. Without this all is darkness; with it light breaks in, and floods every part of the system, by that which Dr. Whewell ingeniously terms the 'consilience of induction,' when explanation radiates from one hypothesis to every problem in the circle of observation.*

Let us pause a moment. We are asking Science to weigh well its use of the word Nature, when it speaks of Nature as immutable, and at least leaves it to be inferred that miracles are no part of Nature. And yet the material phenomena are facts within the range of Nature, whatever be their cause; and their cause is within the range of Nature, for the human agent or minister is a part of Nature; and the Will of the Creator, which gives to him the thaumaturgic power, is the same will to which must ultimately be traced every effect in Nature, whether directly or indirectly. And it is only an arbitrary unproved hypothesis, that in the ordinary operations of Nature the Divine Will acts only indirectly, and not directly, precisely as in the case of miracles. How can you draw a distinction between the ordinary operations of the Divine Will in the daily course of things, and its extraordinary in the miracles of Christianity, so that the latter shall be unnatural, the former natural, the latter incredible while the former are certainties? Not by the character of the phenomena, for they are singularly natural. They are for the most part repetitions on a vaster scale, or under concurrent circumstances, or with prophetic anticipations, or with moral coincidences, which often constitute the miracle, and connect the phenomena with the Divine and Omnipotent agent—repetitions of phenomena which are strictly and confessedly natural. It is not as if some capricious and alien hand should be dashed down suddenly upon the keys of some wondrous instrument of music, and break it into horrid discords; but as if some well-known master-touch, in reverence as it were and love for its own great work, were

* 'Novum Organum Renov.,' p. 88.

sweeping over the keys, now waking one and now another, but calling forth at every touch from every familiar chord deeper tones and more thrilling harmonies than ever we had heard before, and such as none but the one master and maker's hand could ever evoke. The miracles of Christianity are related to the ordinary facts of Nature not as monstrous anomalies, but as grander developments. They stand to them as during the progress of Creation each higher developed organism stood to the lower, the mollusk to the infusoria, the radiated species to the mollusk, the vertebrate to the radiated, man to the vertebrate, and as the glorified body of man hereafter will stand to his present frame. They are so natural, that they are represented by the schools of Paulus and Strauss as common occurrences exaggerated into miracles by ignorance or romance. Perhaps there is not one which cannot find its germ, as it were, and embryo in some acknowledged fact of so-called Nature, as Augustine often warns us. Stars have appeared and vanished, as well as the one which rested over the cradle of Bethlehem. Life, by one continuous marvel, is multiplying itself each day in herb, and tree, and animated being, till not the power is exhausted, but the occasion ceases. The magazines of Nature are to this day charged in Egypt with curses, which Moses brought forth only in more awful forms. The voice of man is ruling the world, and the hand and touch of man are healing its infirmities, now as when our Saviour was upon earth, by His will now as then, and only by His will. What then is the difference? How can one be natural, the other a violation of Nature? Except that in the miracle the secret Will of the Omnipotent Creator breaks forth to view and startles our dullness with its power, like the flash which reveals the electricity. Are the silent and latent courses of that mysterious fluid (if fluid indeed it be) natural, while its revelation in the lightning is unnatural? If a Sovereign, directing the movements of a mighty host by secret telegrams every minute, or concealed under a disguise, should on occasions, for some wise consistent object, appear at the head of his troops and give the word of command himself, would this startle the soldier? Would he call it an anomaly? Would he, because it was unusual, hesitate to believe? Still more, would he dare to disobey? Would it be safe?

Surely, surely, we may ask of Science to draw for us the line distinctly between the natural and the non-natural, if the distinction is to stamp miracles as incredible. Is it rarity? But the blossoming of an aloe is rare, and the reappearance of a comet. Is it the want of repetition? For repetition, almost a single repetition, admits the most strange, the most marvellous powers

powers amongst the agencies of Nature to a seat in its Pantheon. Let one star disappear from the skies, and the portent thrills the mind with terror; but let another and another vanish, as astronomers now avouch, and familiarity breeds indifference even to the extinction of a world! 'Consuetudine vilescunt.' It is only ignorant instinct which thus invests novelty with wonder. The real miracles of the universe, to the true philosopher, are not the solitary phenomena, but the continued and sustained repetition of them. And yet even repetition—repetition seemingly incompatible with the very nature and object of miracles—has been in the Christian scheme so vouchsafed to them, as to make them in this sense natural. For Scepticism has to account not merely for one or two occasional seeming interpositions with the ordinary course of life, but for a systematic, connected, periodic reappearance of such interpositions in a certain zone of man's history. It must annihilate the whole series, explode the whole as falsehood, or it has gained nothing. It must be prepared to extinguish the whole history of the Jewish people as a fiction—a romance—because that history cannot be disentangled from miracles. The miraculous is the vital spirit, which holds together that whole organic frame. Disengage from it the miraculous, by the process of a Paulus or a Strauss, or by any other paradox of the fanatical credulity of rationalizing unbelief, and the fabric falls into dust. The history is left a dead and hollow shell of moral monstrosities, more incredible than the most capricious interferences with the world of matter—monstrosities which would go far to disprove the very being of a God!

More than this, Science must deny and eliminate from the world now lying around it a Thaumaturgic Agency, a Spiritual presence and constant interposition of the same Divine hand in the mental and spiritual world at least, which is solemnly attested by the Christian Church; and with the elimination of which the same effect must follow, as with the extraction of the miraculous from the history of the Jews, that the whole history of the Christian Church tumbles at once into a chaos of unintelligible monstrosities.

But natural occurrences, it is said, we can prophesy: it is by the power of prophecy that we reduce the nutations, and eccentricities, and deflections of the heavenly bodies to natural laws, when the movements and places of those bodies correspond with our calculations. Are the Christian miracles unconnected with prophecy? Are they not so intimately bound up with prophecy (as Dean Lyall has most wisely insisted), that any attempt to dis sever the connection is almost fatal? Study the moral laws which have regulated their appearance hitherto, and would

would they not lead us to anticipate—might it not be prophesied—that only at certain epochs and under certain conditions, when the Christian Church was entering on certain points in its orbit, would it be likely to see showering around it those meteoric revelations of the unseen operations of the Most High?

But natural effects, you say, are reproducible by human agency. Was that new star which appeared to Hipparchus—was the one seen by Tycho Brahe—was the one observed by Kepler—a natural or a miraculous phenomenon? Yet human agency cannot reproduce it.

But those, at least, are reproducible which lie within the field of human action. Are arithmetical prodigies, early musical development, extraordinary height of stature, natural or unnatural? Can we reproduce these?

But in natural phenomena means, you argue, are employed; in miracles none. How do we know? What are means? Sift the real meaning of the word—all the meaning which inductive science authorizes. They are interposing conditions, without which ordinarily the will of the Divine Creator, for some wise purpose (it may be to make His operations more intelligible to man, and probably not less to angels) does not operate. They possess no power in themselves. They have no inherent essential operation apart from the will of the Creator. The Creator (if so we may dare to speak) has loaded, and encumbered, and fettered with them His operations for some wise purpose. But they must be (except for that wise purpose) superfluous.

What parent, what instructor has not often so prescribed restrictions to his own will, in order to develop the intellect, and industry, and energy of his child, in accomplishing through pre-ordained means what his own word could at once have brought to pass? This world may be the nursery of man, and the machinery of the *means* of Nature only the toys, by which an Almighty Parent is exercising the creative faculties of his child.

And the interposition of the means in Nature only multiplies the ultimate miracle—the omnipotence and interposition of the Divine Will. Which involves the greatest amount of power and wisdom, to move this stone a few feet with your own hand, or to contrive that a hundred men should be brought together from the four quarters of the globe to move it there, inch by inch, by complicated machinery through a series of centuries? To any truly philosophic mind, to any one who realizes the idea of an Omnipotent Deity, the natural and the so-called preternatural must change places. The miracle, the instantaneous fulfilment of the will of God, is natural; the subjection of that will to the employment of means is most preternatural, most incredible, unless

unless we take into our account the moral education of moral agents. With that, both the ordinary employment of means, and the occasional abandonment of means, both fall alike harmoniously into one grand scheme of Nature. We might have asked, Were miracles wrought without means? Does there not repeatedly recur in the Scripture miracles an elaborate employment of means,—arbitrary means indeed, not reducible under the common means of Nature, as the rod of Moses, and the staff of Elisha, and the fish which brought the tribute-money, and the raven which fed the prophet, and the wind which dried up the Red Sea, and the salt which healed the waters, and even the voice and the touch which cleansed the leper, and raised the dead? All these are seeming means; and, perhaps to human comprehension, it might be impossible for any cause to produce an effect without the seeming intervention of a medium. Even Cuvier could not resist the imagination of a 'vortex' to explain the phenomena of life. Even Newton at one time dreamed of 'a subtle æther.' But when the attempt is made, as by Schleiermacher and those who belong to that school of thought, to imagine the secret employment of other unknown means, stored up as it were in the magazines of Nature, and known only to superior agents, the answer is that Scripture says nothing of the kind. And he who would maintain the cause of Scripture, must not presume to invent for the purpose an arbitrary hypothesis, which Scripture does not warrant. It is a very dangerous thing for man to think of helping Scripture, of making it more probable than God has made it. But more than this, when once it is seen that the moral and spiritual creation of man is, as declared in Scripture, the end of creation, it will be found that, as the fact of miracles is necessarily involved in such a creation, so the non-employment of the ordinary means of Nature—the arbitrary exercise of the Divine Will—as if in independence of means, is a most important condition of the miracle. But of this we are not treating now.

No, the one grand and essential distinction between the miracles of the Scriptures, and the operations of so called Nature, is the personal and sensible interposition of the Supreme Creator, evidencing to man his supremacy over Nature, and his providential care of man by such manifestations of direct power as none but the Supreme Creator could possess. This is the fact which Science must be prepared to refute, and Christianity to maintain. All the other questions of the natural, or the unnatural, or præternatural, or supernatural, may be set aside as superfluous speculations. Nature is that course of operations in the world before us, in which the Divine Will is working continuously and perpetually,

perpetually, but to us secretly, and as Science will assert uniformly, immutably. Besides that is another course very deeply entwined with it, in which the hand and the presence of God are made known to us by a distinct series of rare and extraordinary operations. Yet they both make up one whole, are both as much parts of one consistent and harmonious system as the grand ellipses of the moon and its occasional nutations and deflections are portions of one predetermined orbit.

And still there is a third word in that phrase, the Immutability of the Laws of Nature, which the accuracy of Inductive Science will compel it to proscribe. Unchanged is one thing—unchangeable another. Unchangeable implies impossibility; and impossibilities are of various kinds. First, it is impossible that the square of the hypotenuse should not equal the square of the two sides. This is a mathematical impossibility, depending, when thoroughly analysed, upon a law of our reason, that we cannot believe the same thing to be and not to be. Secondly, it is impossible that to kill a man without cause should be a virtuous act. This is a moral impossibility. It is a law of our moral nature that we cannot dis sever from such an act the idea of evil. Thirdly, it is impossible that an infant should move its finger when a giant grasps it firm. This is a physical impossibility. We find powers and forces in the world subordinated in degrees and classes, and the inferior never prevails over the superior. But the concomitances, or sequences, or causes and effects of nature, are not connected together by our experience in any such way as to involve in an alteration of them any one of these three impossibilities. Prior to experience no anticipation could prophesy that matter would attract matter inversely according to the square of the distance—in other words, the fact of gravitation; or that molecules of matter would possess double polarity; or that arsenic would produce death, or that wood would float upon water. The predicate in these propositions of what are called natural laws, is not included originally in the subject, as in the case of mathematical truths, nor is it connected universally with it by the instinctive intuition of our own hearts, as in moral truths. And, therefore, the only impossibility which remains is physical. It is impossible for a mere man by his word to remove a mountain. Why? Because a power superior to his own has fixed that mountain to its base, has limited the muscular force of man, has conditioned its exercise, has arrayed forces in antagonism to his will, which he cannot by his own nature overpower. But these limits, these conditions, these antagonising forces were fixed by one Supreme Will, to which nothing can be superior. There can be nothing impossible to God within the range of His own creation. Remember

member that the Thaumaturgic Power, to which Christianity bears witness, is asserted to be wielded by the hand of the Supreme God Himself, the Maker of the world, whether directly by His own voice, or indirectly by His ministers acting in His name. If indeed, as various forms of Gnosticism imagined, this Creation was the work of a subordinate being, then miracles might be impossible, because the Sovereign Will, which fixed the operation of nature, might refuse permission for a change. But Christianity has nothing to do with such hypotheses. The Thaumaturgic Agent (if so we may dare to speak, that the argument may be kept within the domain of science), that great and awful agent in the scheme of Christianity is no less than the Supreme God, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible. The first chapter of the book of Genesis is essentially and necessarily connected with the last of Revelations: the first clause of the Creed with the last.

Thus, then, it appears the axiom that the laws of nature are immutable must be reduced at least to the statement, that the course of this world within human experience has not been changed. Experience might prove that it is unchanged. But between this and the impossibility of change there is a wide gulf, and you cannot bridge it over. The strict laws of inductive philosophy will not permit it. You must confine yourself to 'unchanged:' and all human experience, you assert, witnesses to this fact. Look, you say, to the eye of that trilobite, and recognise that, in the æons upon æons which preceded the creation of man, light acted as it acts now. Examine the syphon in the shell of that buried nautilus, and deny, if you can, that specific gravity was at that day what it is now. Observe those satellites of Jupiter: do they not move according to the same proportions by which this stone drops from my hand to the earth? Exhume the astronomical records of China and of Egypt, of Arabia and India: do not even the Pyramids seem to attest that Sirius, when the Pyramids were founded, 'was watching,' as he watches now, 'in his watch-tower in the skies:' that stars rose and set, and comets came and went with a fixity and certainty, which gives to the eye that sweeps the heavens a prophet-power?

Now what is the basis of these boasts? Experience. And what is the basis of experience? Testimony—human testimony. Deny the validity of testimony; impugn its veracity; count up with Hume* all its weaknesses; all the perturbations, and aberrations, and nutations, and parallaxes, and refractions, and inaccuracies of observation, and defects in the instrument which it employs.

* *Essays*, sect. 10.

Show that, when it is employed upon the grand and mysterious phenomena of science, it is tempted to inaccuracy by 'the pleasing emotions of surprise and wonder.' Describe how ignorant men on those subjects 'have not judgment to canvass the evidence;' how there are opposing theories, and discrepant witnesses, and not seldom violent or quarrelsome disputants; how the wise 'lend a very academic ear to any report which gratifies the pride or passion of the reporter;' how the 'avidum genus auricularum receive greedily what promotes admiration;' how observation after observation in astronomy has required corrections; how false reports are daily circulated of discoveries in science, not to speak of absurd hypotheses, and unauthorized assumptions, which have been mixed up with them and have disguised them; and that experiments are most difficult to verify; that the past it is impossible to retrace. For religion in Hume's Essay substitute science; and then with Hume conclude that testimony is not admissible in science. What becomes of your experience? Where are all its treasured stores of knowledge? Turned at once, like the sorcerer's gold, to useless dross!

What, if an ingenious mockery should offer you 'Scientific Doubts' on the reappearance of Encke's comet, or the existence of the mammoth in the ice of Siberia, as it has offered Historic Doubts on the existence of Napoleon Buonaparte? Would you not rejoice in the sarcasm? Would you not adopt and parade the triumph over the folly, which repudiates testimony, because testimony often errs? Would you not urge that belief in testimony is the prehensile power by which science collects its food? Paralyse it, and science perishes, life perishes, man perishes, all perishes. The belief even in moral principles, even in mathematical truths, must perish; because, whatever incapacity there may be in the mind of an individual to disbelieve those truths, he cannot assume the universality of the truths without assuming the universality of that incapacity in other minds; and this he can only learn by testimony.

Even in that wondrous Science, which most nearly approaches to the necessity of mathematical truth, because it deals so peculiarly with the most simple phenomena of space and time, number and motion,—even in Astronomy, which, more than any other science, has stamped upon the mind of man the universality of the laws of matter, what is its chief fundamental occupation, but a guess-work elimination of known, avowed, inevitable 'errors'? Errors in instruments, errors in observation, errors in calculation, errors in reports? You possess methods for their correction; the method of curves, the method of means, the
method

method of least squares, the method of residues.* 'You employ large masses of observation, and the accuracy of the result increases with the multitude of observations.'† You believe that 'the effect of law operating incessantly and steadily, makes itself more and more felt, as we give it a longer range; while the effect of accident followed out in the same manner is to annihilate itself, and to disappear altogether from the result.'‡ But this is not certainty, not science. It is only probability. It is the very art of the practical astronomer to deal with the necessary errors of the instruments which he employs as witnesses to inform him of the phenomena of the heavens; 'so to combine his observations, so to choose his opportunities, and so to familiarise himself with all the causes which may produce instrumental derangement, and with all the peculiarities of structure and material of each instrument he possesses, as not to allow himself to be misled by their errors, but to extract from their indications, as far as possible, all that is true, and reject all that is erroneous.'§ And thus from a mass of certainly erroneous observations he attains to an almost miraculous power of prophecy. But, after all, his calculations can be only an approximation to correctness. Apply the same kind of logic, the same doctrine of chances, to correct the testimony on which we rest the miracles of Christianity. Correct it, check it, balance it, suspect it, if you will, of errors, for they come to us through human observation and human transmitters; but do not reject its substance in a mass, because testimony is liable to error.

But then remember the admission of this testimony precludes you any longer from asserting that these thaumaturgic operations are contrary to experience. What if a geologist asserted that remains of *entrochi* and *ammonites* were never found in a particular quarry, that their existence was impossible, because he himself could not perceive them? What if all the villagers in the neighbourhood insisted that they had been found in a particular stratum now worked out; showed their remains, pointed to casts of them in the foundations of their houses, showed by a multitude of records that the belief in their existence had always prevailed in the neighbourhood, produced old legends of St. Cuthbert's beads and St. Hilda's snakes to confirm their story: would that geologist persist in asserting that their existence was contrary to experience? To whose experience? His own. But is his own experience the measure of truth? Will any scientific mind trust one single voice in such a

* Whewell, '*Nov. Org. Renov.*,' chap. vii., p. 203.

† *Nov. Org.*, p. 213.

‡ *Nov. Org.*, p. 214.

§ Herschel's *Outlines of Astronomy*, p. 77.

statement? 'I, an individual, never have seen it, therefore it never has existed; therefore those who assert its existence are dupes or liars; therefore it never can exist.' Will this language be tolerated? Yet this must be the language of Science if it proclaims miracles to be contrary to experience.

Once more, pause upon the fallacy of that phrase, 'Contrary to experience.' That contrariety, according to a strict Inductive Logic, could only be produced by a mass of testimony denying as eye-witnesses, what the witnesses of the Scripture miracles affirm. Produce it if you can. We were on the spot, and we saw nothing of the kind. The cure was said to have been effected, but we witness that it was not. The mountain was said to have burnt with fire, but we stood beneath and saw nothing. A story got abroad that the army marched through the middle of the sea, but we ourselves saw it take a circuit upon dry ground. Produce testimony like this against a miracle—against all the miracles of Scripture which are capable of human attestation; and you may say that those miracles are contrary to experience. And you will weigh the contending testimony as such contradictions are weighed in a Court of Justice. But have you anything of the kind—anything approximating to it—anything which even pretends to it? How can you dare to affirm that these miracles were contrary to experience? We are told by competent witnesses that a man-of-war lay at anchor yesterday at the mouth of yonder harbour. We look there to-day and see nothing; and shall we charge the reporters of the fact with being dupes or impostors? We stand amidst the ruins of an earthquake, but the earth has ceased to quake; shall we declare the earthquake a lie? Is this the logic of science? Is this the inductive method by which such triumphs are to be wrought in this the nineteenth century? When first the *ornithorynchus* was heard of, was this the mode in which physiologists received the news? When the dodo, or the *dinornis*, was first announced, was the idea at once exploded upon the ground that none had been seen in our own farmyards, or moors, or preserves? When those 'unexpected and unexampled peculiarities in the orbits of the satellites of Uranus' were reported,* those appearances 'contrary to the unbroken analogy of the whole planetary system,' those 'planes perpendicular to the ecliptic,' that 'retrograde motion,' those 'circular orbits,' would the great intellect of a Herschel or a Newton refuse to examine the evidence, and declare that the fact could not be true, because it was contrary to experience? What was that admirable characteristic of the immortal Kepler,

* Herschel's *Outlines of Astronomy*, chap. x., p. 338.

but 'that he never allowed the labour he had spent upon any conjecture to produce any reluctance in abandoning the hypothesis, as soon as he had evidence of its inaccuracy?''* What was that most touching proof of Newton's intellectual grandeur, but that he surrendered his magnificent hypotheses of universal gravitation to a reported difference of three feet in the movement of the moon? 'And so,' in the simple, touching language of his biography, 'he laid aside at that time any further thought of this matter.'†

Already, then, under the test of a strict logic, the axiom of the Immutability of Nature has shrunk and shrivelled up to a very different statement,—That no thaumaturgic power of the Supreme Creator is operating at *present* within our own experience. But even this must be qualified. Christianity absolutely denies it. Christianity most positively and peremptorily asserts as its very essence, that at this day, this hour, all around us, there is moving upon the *souls* of Christians the same Spiritual Power which moved upon the face of the waters—calling a new spiritual creation into being, watching over its infant movements, nursing it, providing for it, guiding it, listening to it, holding converse with it. Every page of the New Testament utters this promise. Enter into any village church, follow carefully the whole range of its ordinances; ask the Prayer-Book the meaning of the font, the meaning of the communion-table, listen to the prayers, listen to the preacher, if he delivers this message faithfully as he received it. Is not the whole full of a most solemn and awful annunciation of a constant, personal, minute, providential interposition of the Lord of Heaven and Earth in the daily and hourly works and acts of the men of the present generation, no less than in the days before the flood—say rather, infinitely more? The hand of God is, indeed, concealed; His eye is seen only by the human heart on which it looks; the motions within the mind cannot be laid bare to an eye of sense, like the movements of the planets. But there are multitudes of voices—the voices which have tried faithfully and earnestly to fulfil the duties which are the condition of the exercise of this power, ready to attest the fact. Go to that bed of sickness, watch by that patient suffering, that peaceful blessedness, that softened agony, that joyful death; inquire of that altered character who sinned once, but now sins no more. These are the subjects of the Divine Thaumaturgy of this day. They are the blind, the lame, the lepers, the dead, whom it is healing and raising into life in a mode, whatever it

* Whewell's *Philosophy of Inductive Science*, part 2, p. 81.

† Whewell's *History of Inductive Science*, bk. 7, chap. ii., p. 7.

be, which defies all human imitation; working miracles at this day, certainly in the world of spirits; it may be in the world of matter, for in that deep mystery of the union between soul and body who can dare to say what may be material and what spiritual? And if you will not listen to their witness, at least make the experiment within yourself. Fulfil those duties yourself, and you can prove the miracle yourself, as you may prove a law of Chemistry, which Faraday has announced, by an experiment in your own laboratory. It may take time. But it is a very important experiment to the man of science himself, as well as to the cause of science. If you refuse, if you neglect, deal at least with the testimony to the fact as you deal with any report of a scientific observer. Qualify your universal negation of a Thaumaturgic Power, speak of the Thaumaturgic operation of the Supreme Creator at this day, by allowing that there is a vast body of testimony to the fact—testimony of the most solemn kind confirming itself as by most solemn oath—against which you have nothing to allege, but that you do not choose to believe it; and that the opportunity is offered you of verifying the fact by your own experiment, but still you do not choose to take the trouble.

And thus the Immutability of Nature dwindles down one step farther—that our human experience of this day exhibits the fact of the material world as acting uniformly without any interposition of the Creator in its arrangements, but that still there is an overwhelming body of testimony to the fact of such an interposition at this day in the spiritual world, against which we have nothing to produce.

But if God be interposing in the operation of the human soul now at this day subsequent to the establishment of an order of Nature, is it impossible to suppose that He may have interposed also in the material world—interposed at other times for a spiritual object in connection with the growth and guidance of this new spiritual creation, which He is now engaged in developing? Are not the spiritual and material worlds essentially united, interlaced?

And yet touch the statement once more, and see how it shrinks up. Your experience? What is your experience? There stands an enormous city, with myriads of palaces, labyrinths of vaults, millions of halls crowded with multitudes of objects beyond the possibility even of conception. You declare to us that since the day of its founder no hand has ever interposed to shift one object from its place; that all, down to the atom of dust which lies upon the ground, remains unmoved; no foot, no hand, has interposed. Of this you have had experience. You have penetrated

two or three streets, entered half-a-dozen closets, peeped here and there into a vault which branched forth into thousands of secret passages. At one point you were stopped by a chasm disclosing unfathomable depths; at another portals, and colonnades, and cloisters, and galleries stretched before the eye into darkness, but every access was barred; at another, vast hanging stairs above you climbed up to tower upon tower, but the stairs you could not reach. The only lights you bore in your hand were dim and wavering. At every step, as you compared the position of a few objects with the plan in your hand, there appeared undeniable traces of alteration, something new, something unaccounted for. But in some few instances you detected that the anomaly was a mistake of your own eyes, or your own imagination. After a few hours' search you were quite satisfied; and you come out to us with the unhesitating declaration that in no street, or chamber, or passage, or vault of that boundless city has a single object changed its place from the day when it was abandoned by the founder. Is not this the real amount of the experience of science to the facts and operations of nature?

Is it necessary to empty a common-place book of humble, yet ennobling, confessions of human ignorance on all those profounder questions involved in the theory of causation, and therefore in the consideration of miracles?

'We are incapable of comprehending anything of the manner in which the nerves are affected, certainly we know nothing of the manner in which sensation is propagated or the mind ultimately influenced.* Even in a common act of perception, the determined relations established between the sensation and the idea in the mind have no actual resemblance. How this consent which is so precise and constant is established can neither be explained by anatomy, nor by physiology, nor by any mode of physical inquiry whatever.† What the first impulse to motion is, we do not know, nor how the mind is related to the body.‡ Is heat really matter, a subtle matter capable of diffusing itself in bodies, or anything more than a motion, vibration, or rotation excited among their particles? All the experiments that have been made up to the present time have not availed to set the question at rest.§ And probably the more secret operations of nature may for ever remain so shrouded from human penetration, as to render it impossible to say in any one instance that we have reached the goal, ascertained the very first in the series of second causes, and drawn the exact line between the subordinate operations of matter and the immediate agency of the Infinite Spirit.|| We are still ignorant, strictly speaking, of the causes of the various operations of Nature,

* Bell's 'Bridgewater Treatise,' p. 212.

† Ibid., p. 208.

‡ Ibid., p. 255.

§ 'Account of Bacon's Nov. Org.,' p. 14.

|| Ibid., p. 7.

after ages of laborious and scientific investigation. Nor will the philosopher profess to have ascertained with regard to any one series of these causes, or successive events and changes, that he has, beyond all possibility of doubt, at length arrived at the beginning of the series, that he has laid his finger on the ultimate link in the whole chain which is held by the hand of Omnipotence, and that he has traced the identical point at which these second causes merge and are lost in the secret agency of the great first cause of all—if indeed it be not more proper to consider all second causes as nothing more than so many constant actions of the Deity, regulated by His own laws.* . . . All organic structures, even the most minute, present exceedingly complicated arrangements, and prolonged succession of phenomena so varied, and so anomalous, as to be utterly irreducible to the known laws which govern inanimate matter.† . . . Of the planetary system which includes the earth, our knowledge is almost entirely confined to the mathematical laws that compose it. . . . Beyond the fraction of an inch or of a second, everything belonging to space and time is inappreciable by our senses; yet beyond these limits we know that myriads of portions of space and of time must exist, too vast or too minute to be referred to our imperfect standards.‡ . . . In the phenomena of tasting and smelling, the whole is involved in mystery from beginning to end.§ . . . How water is composed of gaseous elements we are unable to explain, or even to comprehend the nature of the union or its result.|| . . . What becomes of the two electric and two magnetic energies in the original molecules of matter, when in a state of equilibrium?¶ What is the relation between the force of gravitation and the polarizing forces? ** . . . The chemical properties of light, the phenomena of heat, are by no means well understood.†† . . . The phenomena of chemistry are so extraordinary, and often so unexpected, that little in general can be predicated of them beyond what is actually known.‡‡ . . . And in the unavoidable imperfection of all chemical processes we can scarcely hope to approach within the necessary limits of precision.' §§

Is it necessary to multiply such avowals from the greatest intellects which ennoble science, even at this day, when science has discovered so much?

But why speak of the deeper mysteries of science? Look upon that ocean dashing upon yon bank of shingle. The position of every pebble in that bank, the motion of every drop of water in that ocean, the impulse on it of every breath, the formation of every air-bubble in that spray and foam, is as much a fact, involving a cause and an effect, as an eclipse of the sun, or the upheaving of a continent by an earthquake. Tell us the

* 'Account of Bacon's Nov. Org.,' p. 3. † Roget, 'Bridgewater Treatise,' p. 8.

‡ Prout, 'Bridgewater Treatise,' 1st ed. p. 5.

§ Ibid., p. 8.

|| Ibid., p. 9.

¶ Ibid., p. 40.

** Ibid., p. 47.

†† Ibid., p. 49.

‡‡ Ibid., p. 154.

§§ Ibid., p. 137.

cause of each. Attest by your experience that none but natural causes—causes with which we are familiar—have wrought any one of these effects. Prove to us that no hand, but what you call the hand of Nature—as if the hand of Nature were anything but the will of God—has interposed, or is interposing at this moment, in those millions upon millions of phenomena which, within the space of a few feet, you see evolving every moment before your eyes. Will you dare to do so? And will you then dare to assert that experimental Induction is your ground for asserting the universal immutability of nature?

Once more. What is the age of this Inductive Science, the length of your experience? Is not every branch of Physical Science, by its own confession, in its infancy; only just emerging from the legendary, fabulous, mythological fogs of human dreams as opposed to the clear daylight of experience? Can you even venture to carry back your register of facts as far as Francis Bacon? Are you not beginning to doubt even the Inductive Soundness of the *Novum Organum*? Is Sir Charles Lyell satisfied with the state of our past Geological Records? Is not the terminology of science a new coinage of this day; showing how new are the discoveries? Can you even safely include as a portion of human experience the astronomical observations of the ancients? Have not some on which you reckoned as facts, and calculated from them the antiquity of man, been proved to be retrospective guesses—not witnessed phenomena? The experience of a few short years—is this to be put forward as the universal experience of the world—is this the experience on which you rest?

No, you will reply; not experience of this kind; not that which only asserts of a whole number what has already been proved of each unit separately; nor that by which from a vast multitude of occurrences roughly examined and generally stated we rather guess than argue that others like them will occur; the experience on which we rest is the strict and careful experience of inductive logic, in which one single experiment accurately tested and repeated enables us to spring at once to an universal conclusion by means of the simple axiom that 'similar causes produce similar effects.'

Undoubtedly Inductive Science does not require any great multiplication of instances to give validity to such conclusions. No multiplication it can make, however vast, could really justify them. If it multiply experiments, this is done, not to strengthen the inference to universality, but to test the one experiment, to satisfy ourselves that we have accurately and precisely ascertained the real cause, the real circumstances under which the phenomenon called the

the effect will follow. And the wonderful skill of a Faraday is shown in so constructing his experiments, by excluding heterogeneous and superfluous ingredients, as to insulate and enucleate the circumstances with the utmost precision. Upon what, then, does the whole validity of Inductive Science rest? Upon two things: first, the exact enumeration of the circumstances of the cause and effect; and secondly, the authority of that axiom, drawn not from the outward world by human experience, but from the inner world of our own mind, that 'similar causes will always produce similar effects.' If either of these fail, the cogency of scientific induction, though left still perfectly adequate for all practical purposes, is reduced after all from strict certainty to moral probability. It cannot present any impassable barrier to the acknowledgment of miracles.

And now let us ask of Science, if it can prove in any one case, even where it has penetrated most deeply into the mysteries of nature, that it has succeeded in a precise and demonstrable ascertainment of a cause, or of an effect? Is it possible for it by any analysis, by any minuteness of microscopic research, by any ingenuity in the construction of experiments, by any simplification of their conditions, so to insulate and abstract the conditions which constitute the cause, so to strip off the accidents and circumstances of the process, so to clear the supposed effect from any communication with other extraneous influences, as to prove to demonstration that a precisely similar cause has ever produced a precisely similar effect? We are as satisfied, as Science can be, with the general correctness of the inductive principle. No one will hesitate to employ it; it is adequate for all practical purposes; it is our only guide, our only hope in extending our range of sight, and deepening and strengthening the foundations of our knowledge. Induction is the key of nature. No one of common sense will disparage it; no sensible man would think of disputing its practical sufficiency, or of setting limits to its accuracy, if he were not compelled to bring its pretensions to strict examination, and to fix the rightful limits of those pretensions by the frightful consequences which ensue, if they are pushed beyond them. And yet we assert that it is utterly beyond the power of Science to prove that, in any single case, even in astronomical observations, the most insulated, the most clear from all extraneous and unknown conditions, a precisely similar cause has ever produced a precisely similar effect. A stone we observe falls to the ground with a certain calculated velocity. Even this calculation is not, and cannot be, so precise as to fix it to mathematical demonstration. No observation of matter through our imperfect senses can be such. And the greatest astronomers

astronomers themselves have been prepared to admit the possibility of some slight error in the present statement of the law of gravitation, in order to account for certain newly observed phenomena in the movements of the heavens. As all movements and changes in nature must be traced by us to some external cause (this is a real law of our intellect which cannot be given up), we assume such a cause to exist, as an unknown quantity, and with it the force of gravitation. But what it is, we do not profess to know. Whether it be the immediate will of the Divine Creator, at every moment acting upon every particle of His creation, or some mysterious result of His will declared once for all at the commencement of the world, and acting, we know not how, upon unconscious and insentient matter; or some intermediate power, like that of electricity or magnetism, giving polarity and attraction to the original molecules of matter, Science does not even profess to decide.

But supposing such a power to exist, and to act throughout the whole range of the material universe, the heavenly bodies will be found to move in certain elliptical orbits, to be subject to certain perturbations, to appear and re-appear at certain places at predicted times. And as far as we can determine with our imperfect instruments, with our interrupted observations, with our calculations worked up on the very assumption that they are in themselves subject to constant error, and can only present an approximation to strict truth, we find that our predictions are verified. The stars do to a wonderful extent move, and appear as if influenced by the same power which draws a stone to the ground. Even then we are compelled to *assume*, for we cannot prove, two other conditions of their motions:—First, that bodies originally propelled through space at a certain velocity will preserve that velocity, and move in a straight line for ever, unless deflected by some external influence. And secondly, that there is, or is not, an atmospheric medium, through which they move, and which may or may not, according to our theories, affect their motions. Surely our ignorance on this fact alone—the existence of an atmospheric medium—must show us that we cannot yet possess all the conditions and circumstances of astronomical phenomena, so as to say precisely that they are assignable beyond a doubt to this cause or to that. Newton himself was prepared at any moment to abandon his theory. It was the noblest of his noble qualities that he rigidly and sternly bowed down his hypotheses to facts.* And if, then, even in the simplest phenomena which present

* When Bradley and others had observed a certain nutation of the earth which they could not account for, and were thinking it destroyed entirely the Newtonian system,

present to us causes and effects under the most abstract conditions of magnitude and number, time and space, it is so impossible for us to do more than suspect and imagine that a similar cause produces a similar effect; rather to divine, and augur, to guess, and hope in faith, and not by reason; and assume, with a strong moral probability, rather than prove logically, that it is so; how much more must this be the case when we have to deal with more complicated constructions and untraceable combinations of elements, influences, and conditions in other sciences!

Science must forgive the seeming over-refinement, the unreasonable scrupulosity of such scrutinies into its grandest assertions. There is no thought of disputing the Newtonian system, of slighting astronomical discoveries, of impugning their accuracy as sufficient for all practical purposes, and as exhibiting the noblest examples and proudest triumphs of the human intellect. Only let the immutability and universality of the agencies of nature be reduced to the real limits fixed by actual experience (when all difficulty in the admission of miracles will cease), and maintain them as you like. It is only when an exaggerated statement of science would drive the presence of the Divine Creator from His own creation, that another science besides that of matter must defend its own. It would be but a miserable bargain to purchase the discovery of a universe of Neptunes by the banishment of man from his God.

But then Science will turn to that axiom upon which, after all, the cogency of induction must rest. From the human mind, not from outward experience, as Dr. Whewell so wisely reiterates, we must derive the idea that 'similar causes will produce similar effects.' Our belief in the universality and immutability of the operations of nature must rest ultimately upon this internal instinct. Trace that belief, with Hume, to custom; or with others to association; or with others to a separate principle in the human mind; call it the generalizing principle, or the inductive principle: whatever account we give of it, this only, and not experience, can be our authority for assuming the continuity and stability of nature. And if it be a law of mind, a law like our moral principles, so stamped upon our being as to bear the marks of a revelation from God, then upon our faith in the veracity of God, upon our conviction that He would never engrave ineffaceably and unalterably upon the tables of our hearts and souls anything but truths (in one word, after all, upon faith, and

system, they were under the greatest difficulty how to break it to Sir Isaac, and so proceeded to do so 'by degrees in the softest manner.' What was his only answer?—'It may be so: there is no arguing against facts and experiments.'—See Rigaud's '*Life of Bradley*,' p. 62.

not

not on proof), we may found our science of induction. But is it so stamped by God? Is it more than an instinct, a tendency, an impulse, requiring, like so many other tendencies of our nature, to be narrowly watched, balanced, and corrected by opposite tendencies? All our sins and vices may be traced up to tendencies and principles, all implanted in our being by nature, but not, therefore, to be blindly followed without control or qualification. Are we yet sufficiently acquainted with the nature of this principle to decide this question? Are there not obvious marks, which class it rather with our instincts than with our reason—with imperfect impulses of our compound nature, rather than with absolute revelations from God? We can break its links. We cannot believe gratitude to be a sin, or falsehood meritorious; but we can imagine and believe in the existence of a world, where all the combinations of nature may be totally different from our present experience. The connexion between death and the swallowing of arsenic is of a totally different kind from that between injustice and the punishable character of injustice. No one would affirm of moral truths, as Science affirms of material causes and effects, that our knowledge of them rests wholly upon experience.

That the principle has been so little studied, is so little understood, would suffice to warn us against asserting at once its Divine authority and sanction for the universal immutability of Nature. It would seem partly to be a result of the mechanical association of ideas, by which the mind spontaneously and unconsciously recalls and suggests combinations once observed, forming thus our memory, our habits, our character, our pleasures, our imagination, and a very large proportion of our practical reasoning. But every step we take in life compels us to keep this associating tendency under the strictest control, to regard it as a hundred other tendencies in our nature necessary to existence—valuable as a prompter—but never to be trusted without the check of a rigid experience. Or it may be also, and probably is, only an operation of that so-called unific principle, which is the first and most essential law of our intellect, by which we are impelled to reduce all that we see and hear to unity—to reduce disorder to a plan, anomalies to regularity, chance coincidences to system, phenomena to generalisation, varieties to classification, everything to unity. And this also is an universal principle in human nature more or less vigorously developed, and implanted by the hand of man's Creator. But indulge this also blindly and without self-control, and what is the result? What has been the history of science, not to speak of the world of morals, and the world of art, or the oscillations of political society, or the perversions

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sions of religious truth—what has been the history of Science herself but one series of warnings and protests against the aberration of the human intellect, when surrendered to the uncontrolled extravagance of this its fundamental law? Theory rising upon theory to crumble one upon the other into dust, partial inductions, hasty, narrow-minded views, fanciful speculations substituted for facts, half-truths, crude hypotheses, all the varied monstrous forms of intellectual idolatry which Bacon has denounced. Has not the history of science been an inheritance and propagation of these miseries flowing from a rash, unqualified surrender of the human reason to its so-called unific principle uncontrolled by experience—that is by belief in testimony, that is by faith? Is it not the perfection of the scientific reason, while it possesses this unific principle in the highest vigour, unwearied in its analysis of phenomena, stubborn in its demand for satisfaction, fertile in conceptions of new hypotheses to satisfy its craving for analogy and unity in all which it perceives, yet still to listen docilely and submissively to every new anomaly and marvel which due testimony brings before it, even though in Brewster's words of wisdom 'it may put our own views to the torture;'* and to hold both theory and facts suspended together in the mind, until either is certainly disproved, or the anomaly is resolved into the law?

Is there a single principle or movement in the human mind, which is not provided, as it were, with its fly-wheel to regulate it? And is not faith or belief in testimony the fly-wheel to the unific tendency, which, without it, must at every moment sacrifice experience to theory, reality to fancy, truth to falsehood, science to speculation?

There is, then, no internal authority for the Divine infallibility of the great principle of induction that similar causes produce similar effects, such as to erect it into a necessary axiom. It requires at every step to be kept in check by experience, by faith in testimony.

And Science also must remember the necessary conditions of its employment. And these conditions alone preclude the possibility of applying any argument whatever of Inductive Science to the case of miracles. They strike Science dumb. *The cases must be precisely similar*; with any new ingredient or altered feature the reasoning is lost.

First, then, in a progressive scheme such as Creation is allowed to be, it is impossible to argue absolutely from any one portion of it to another, because the different places, which the two portions occupy in the scale or chain, present an essential difference. The

* Life of Newton, vol. i. p. 91.

absence of miracles at one period cannot be applied to infer their absence in another, any more than the absence of white hairs in the child, the boy, the youth, and the adult, would render the fact incredible in a man of eighty. The two cases are not the same, they never can be the same.

Secondly, as Bishop Butler has warned us already, if we are to argue by analogy for the exclusion of miracles from the whole of a created system, we must have before us a previous instance of another whole creation with which to compare it. Where is the other creation precisely similar to this in which we live, from which we know by experience that miracles have been excluded?

And, thirdly, even if we did possess such a previous instance, may it not be true that no argument of analogy could be legitimately drawn from a mere negation—that we can no more build up an inductive reasoning upon a non-experience than a syllogism upon negative premises?

It is something to have advanced thus far—to have seen that legitimate inductive science has absolutely no experience—no induction with which to encounter miracles. But, before we close, let us advance one step farther. Has it not a vast amount of experience to confirm them? Would not the true inductive philosopher, thoroughly conversant with the whole range of nature, alive to the snares of his own imagination, and honestly observant of facts, even expect them—even prophesy them? What is his stumbling-block? It is his assumption—his arbitrary assumption—of the idea of unity as the formula of creation. It is the supposed strict, absolute unity of the creation, of its Creator, and of His laws, which is the principle, from which flows the dread of miracles, of anything which disturbs the seeming uniformity and permanence of the creation. But does creation, does experience present to us this principle alone as the type on which it has been moulded? With unity is combined essentially and inseparably at every step the very opposite principle of multitude. Those thousands upon thousands of years which geology claims for its æons, those unimaginable depths of æther, before which we can only count by millions, till calculation fails—what are these, what are duration and extension in themselves, but ideas, not of unity alone, but of unity held in combination with infinite multitude?

More than this, there is an absolute, discrete multitude meeting us at every turn, forced upon us—intruded on us—as if to warn us at every step against the seduction of mere unity. That biune polarity in elementary atoms—that numerical combination of their groups—those organized infusoria—that streak of light in the heavens resolving itself into myriads of orbs—those millions upon millions of organic life, which the sea, the grass, the very
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rocks compel us to acknowledge—that feathered dust on the insect's wing—those thousand lenses in a single eye—those thousand fibres in one hair—those thousand plates on a single scale of shell—those thousand cells in the skin's tissue—that countless unfathomable sheathing of germ within germ, embryo within embryo, in the wombs of life—that infinite division and subdivision of the molecules of matter, vanishing at last into mathematical points—surely, surely a theory of simple unity cannot solve the mysteries of a creation, in which its very opposite principle is also so legibly and universally revealed.

More than this, there is variety—variety so varied, and yet so combined with unity of type, that half the task of science is to classify; that is, to arrange and digest, not on the principle of unity alone, but of similarity and of difference combined.

Once more, there is diversity—diversity so diverse as, for instance, in the animal and vegetable kingdom, that, to a superficial eye, resemblance is lost. And yet the eye of science detects beyond the surface the principle of unity in a thousand analogies and harmonies.

But more than this, there is opposition—opposition never severed from harmony, yet still opposition—opposition of motions in the heavens, opposition of action and reaction in the mechanical forces, opposition of life and death, of energy and repose, of attraction and repulsion, of growth and decay, of regularity and disturbance; of uniformity and catastrophes, equilibrium and oscillations; and the profoundest speculators of physical science are in every province compelled at last to resolve their disputations and their doubts into formulæ, not limited to one of these poles, but embracing them, harmonising them both in inseparable conjunction. Is it not the truth? Is it not so entirely the truth, that the mind which more than any other of this day has embraced the whole range of science, concludes his survey with the question, which his Christian as well as his Platonic philosophy might have suggested, and will assuredly confirm; and which, perhaps, contains the clue to all the problems of the world, 'Is not the universe pervaded by an omnipresent antagonism, a fundamental conjunction of contraries, everywhere opposite, nowhere independent?'* *May not occasional deviations be a necessary complement to a law of general uniformity?*†

Even

* Whewell, 'Nov. Org. Renov.,' p. 250.

† Here would fall in the important question, whether in every theory of creation, no less than in the Mosaic, let that theory be one of successive production, or of fluxional development, it is possible to conceive the present state of existence, without a continued and repeated interposition of the Creator with
His

Even in the immediate range of physical science there is a still more prophetic intimation of miraculous agency than the mere exhibition of a principle opposed to unity, and yet combined with it in nature. The essential nature of inductive and experimental philosophy places it at every moment in the position of grappling with difficulties, anomalies, interruptions, discordances, apparent exceptions to its laws, and violations of its hypotheses—because hypothesis must always precede experiment, and hypothesis is inadequate at first to account for all phenomena. If the intellect of science were placed from its infancy, as it were, to advance forward on a smooth and velvet lawn, ascending by one unbroken elevation, and uninterrupted progress, it might well be startled to find its career and expectation of continuous advance ever suspended or broken. But if its path be one of perpetually-recurring obstacles, menaces of obstruction, compulsory deviations, long delays, hopeless struggles, and baffled efforts—surely this is a warning to expect the same at every point of its career; never to assume a law without anticipating seeming exceptions, never to generalise a theory without preparing for an apparent antagonism.

So must it be with the theory of the uniformity of the operations of God in nature, and of God in miracles. Believe the uniformity; but as a theory, which, tempting and perfect as it seems, may yet possibly require to be modified. Believe the miracles, in the sure and certain hope that, on examination, they must be reconcileable with the highest laws of that Almighty Will, which has created nature. Nature is the operation of God; miracles are the same. They cannot present a contradiction to the eternal laws of one and the same Divine nature. But the harmony will be found not in the lower region of the Divine operations, but in the higher—not in the physical but in the moral universe. So-called philosophers, jealous, as they would pretend, of the honour of the Almighty, of His unity and consistency, reject miracles because they violate His laws. What laws? The laws of the material world? But already we have shown that perhaps no such laws exist—none of which we possess a shadow of proof. Modes of operation assuming great continuity and regularity we do find, but these are not laws. Departures from such modes of procedure are not violations of laws, justifying a charge of inconsistency. But the laws of God's own nature, His own immutable perfections of moral goodness and omniscient wisdom, do

His work, subsequent to its first foundation. Prove this fact, and all pretence of objection to a still later interposition, and therefore to miracles, vanishes at once. Bishop Butler has indicated this reasoning; but it opens too vast a field to dwell on now.

miracles

miracles violate these? Are miracles an interruption of these? Are they not a wondrous exhibition of them? Are they not absolutely necessary to complete the perfection of such a moral creation as the Scriptures prophesy and describe? It is not in physical science to give the answer, but in the science of morals and of man; and the answer must be given separately.

And here Science will lift its warning voice against the hand, which would thus drive it upwards from its own especial empire, the world of matter, and confuse, bewilder, and deceive it by strange and exotic speculations drawn from the world of spirits.

And we also will lift up our warning voice against this warning voice of Science. And with it we will conclude.

It is well and wise for Philosophy to map out the field of Nature, as the farmer marks out the grass-field for the mowers, in order to secure a due distribution of labour, and diligent execution of work. But Nature, with all its multitude of parts, is still one; all its parts are shaded off into each other so insensibly, that any strict line of demarcation, as we find in the attempt to discriminate species, is absolutely impracticable. It is like its Divine Creator, after whose image it was made, both one and many. And if each ancillary science by itself, or the science of matter as distinct from the higher sciences of morals and of intellect, instead of merely marking out conventional lines for more convenient labour, will persist in elevating impassable barriers between each other, each refusing either to lend or to borrow assistance from its sister science, each narrowing down its search into its own narrow province, and proscribing any eye which fain would comprehend the whole, simply because there was a time when that principle of comprehension was abused and perverted—then each science must condemn itself to a low, and barren, and ignoble drudgery of collecting and registering facts, but without any power to bind them together and constitute science. So-called physical science may still be an enormous warehouse of promiscuous specimens, an enormous bonehouse of undigested observations, but it cannot be philosophy; and for this reason, that it cannot generalize without hypotheses distinct from facts, and these hypotheses it cannot obtain, except from other provinces of human knowledge than its own. Detach astronomy from optics, and mechanics, and mathematics—deprive geology of the services of botany and anatomy—dissever chemistry from electricity, and all from the science of reasoning—need we proceed? Does it require a word to prove that, as the universe is one vast confederacy and consociation of marvels, interlaced with the profoundest intricacy, and yet pervaded by the most wondrous unity, the eye which would thoroughly embrace one part must also embrace the whole?

If

If the great intellect of an Owen can from the fragment of a bone draw out and prophesy the whole animal, it is because he has never degraded himself to the mere menial scrutiny of the part, without also surveying the whole. It is his knowledge of the whole which enables him to interpret the part.

And what is true of each subordinate and ancillary science is true of physical science as a whole in relation to the science of morals—of man and of his God. If that physical science is to become anything else but a bare and barren chaos of fact, if it is to presume to crystallize, inject, and breathe into those facts life and power by theory (and without theory, what is their value?), it must have recourse to the sister sciences which deal with mind and spirit. Great prudence, great caution, great jealousy will be legitimate, where great evil has before arisen from such a commerce; when presumptuous imaginations have argued rashly from theories of a moral and divine nature to facts of physical science. Proscribe all such madness; but do not proscribe, do not shrink, as if ashamed, from one great and sovereign Science, which comprehends the laws of laws, the cause of causes, and, so far as it is cognizable by man, the whole theory of the universe, its end and object. Survey the whole field of matter, ascend from step to step of organized creation, till you come to man. But then embrace the whole range of human nature and human history, omitting nothing, if you would theorize from the observation of man to an explanation of the mysteries of Nature, and of Nature's God. You do so already in part. Every theory of physical science, every law that is imagined, every attempt to connect it with the unity, or the intelligence, or the benevolence of a Creator, is in reality an hypothesis borrowed from the science of man—of man not as a mechanism of matter, but as a moral and intellectual spirit. Comprehend the whole of human history, comprehend what it professes to offer—God's own account of the Divine Creator, of His creation, of His destined end for man, of His objects in creation, of His intentions towards it, of His own nature; comprehend this, if only as hypothesis, and try, if it does not lead to sounder and juster views of physical science, views more exactly conformable to the true logic of induction, than any which can possibly be suggested by partial and narrow-minded imaginations, which, while they pretend to proscribe all communication with the theology of Christianity, are really deriving all their inspiration from an idolatry of their own.

ART. IV.—1. *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton.* By Sir David Brewster. London, 1855.

2. *Addresses on Popular Literature, and on the Monument to Sir Isaac Newton.* By Henry, Lord Brougham, F.R.S. London, 1858.

OF all the labourers in the field of science since the world began, it is remarkable that there is but one who has attained a popular as distinguished from a scientific fame. There are multitudes whose achievements are recognised in the republic of science, and not a few whose names are honoured throughout the educated classes of every country within the range of civilization; but if we were to seek for a reputation which has not only illumined the study of the recluse and the salons of society, but has penetrated even to the nursery and the cottage, we should have to travel beyond the bounds of physical or mathematical science to find another name to set beside that of Newton. Columbus and Galileo might perhaps be cited as parallel instances; but it was the adventures of the one, and the torture supposed to have been inflicted upon the other, that made their names familiar to a wider circle than a scientific reputation commonly embraces. Those who love to dilate upon the unerring instincts of the mass of mankind may fancy that they find in this unexampled appreciation of the glory of the great English philosopher an additional proof of their untenable theory; while the more sceptical observers of the progress of human affairs may be tempted rather to question the title of Newton to the solitary eminence which has been awarded to him, than to acknowledge the sagacity with which people of all ranks, and the learned of all nations, have concurred in the selection of their chief scientific hero. There is a flavour of truth about both of these extreme views. That the popular verdict which has placed Newton on a pedestal apart from all rivals, whether contemporary or of an earlier or a later age, is right, is established by the common consent of all who have proved themselves qualified to pronounce upon so high a controversy, and is confirmed by every additional detail which the industry of our times has brought to light of the pursuits and the methods of the greatest inquiring mind which has ever grappled with the problems of nature. If it did not appear a somewhat presumptuous limiting of the possible capacities of the human race, it might almost be said with confidence not only that Newton stands by himself, above all who went before him, and all who have followed in the century and a half of brilliant scientific discovery which has elapsed since his death, but that it is (so far as any such speculation can be trusted) impossible that any competitor can ever place himself on the same level with

the great interpreter of the motions of the heavens and the earth. No one can say that the genius which guided Newton through his rapid career of discovery may not be equalled or surpassed in some future age of human progress ; but the force of Lagrange's observation must ever remain, that there can only once be found a system of the universe to establish. On the other hand, it is not difficult to discover many reasons for the broad expanse and the deep root of Newton's fame, which have but a remote connection with the merit of which that fame is the enduring memorial.

The laws which govern the award of fame would furnish a curious subject of inquiry. The principles on which the critic or the historian acts, in meting out the due meed of praise to each workman on that great temple of science which has occupied all past generations, and must remain unfinished by the labours of all generations to come, are very different from those on which the judgment of universal opinion, with a justice of its own, is based. The dignity of the subject matter has at least as much voice in the decrees of fame as the powers displayed by the rival aspirants for the honour of an immortal reputation. The artist who decorates a chapel or a shrine, may show as much excellence as the architect who designs a cathedral ; but the grandeur of his work reflects a lustre on the one which his fellow-workman may in vain aspire to share. So, in the conduct of the affairs of the world, the greatness of the sphere in which a man has lived has far more to do with his enduring reputation than the sagacity or the heroism which he may have displayed. The same powers which, in the ruler of an empire, would insure an immortality of fame, may be exhibited by the governor of a province with no other reward than the cold approbation of his superiors, followed by the oblivion which has settled on many of the greatest names. This truth is quite as observable in the history of science as in that of politics or art.

Another extensive influence which warps the estimate formed by posterity of distinguished leaders of thought or action, is supplied by national prejudice. Let the career of a man be identified in any way with national aspirations, national pride, or national jealousy, and there is scarcely any limit to the glory which he may acquire within the bounds of his own country. In honouring him, his fellow-countrymen feel that they are in some sort honouring themselves ; and the vanity of self-love exercises a sway all the more potent, because it is disguised under the semblance of a disinterested hero-worship.

Even more than either of these mighty forces, the all-per-
vading power of theological sentiment works with facts, or in
spite

spite of facts, in the laboratory where living deeds are transmuted into posthumous fame. No country, and no form of faith, is free from the imputation of having distorted history for the sake of glorifying those who were in any way identified with the national creed; and there is perhaps no influence which has so misplaced the statues in the temple of fame, as the religious sympathy which will ascribe nothing less than perfection to the memory of the great men with whom it delights to link itself by the association of a common faith.

There is, perhaps, some doubt how far a factitious admiration may gradually consolidate into a lasting worship. Something of the operation of this principle may be traced in the singular arrangement of the names of men of secondary eminence in poetry or art; and though the higher reputations, in every department of human life, seem to have been achieved by more natural influences, modern times have exhibited in such perfection the art of manufacturing opinion, that those (and there are many such) who are disposed to question the common verdict on any subject merely because it is the common verdict, have some plausible grounds to go upon when they class the artificial development of opinion among the influences which must be weighed in analyzing the value of a popular reputation.

It must be conceded that all these varied forces, with the exception of the last, have co-operated in the formation of the estimate of Newton, which has received the enduring impress of a national if not of a universal judgment; and it is not surprising that occasional attempts should have been made by paradoxical thinkers to explain away the great pre-eminence of Newton, and to elevate some of his contemporaries and predecessors to a position more nearly on a par with that of the discoverer of universal gravitation. To those who feel the sincerest veneration for the name of Newton, all such endeavours ought to afford the highest gratification; for, although it is undoubtedly true that Newton lived in an age of scientific giants, whom no genius short of his own could have dwarfed, it is not the less true that the most anxious scrutiny of all conflicting pretensions leaves the grand monopoly of glory to the philosopher who has ever since worn the crown by almost universal consent.

To those, however, who desire to mingle candour with their admiration, it is not permitted to ignore the subsidiary forces which have helped to lift the name of Newton to an unapproached and unapproachable elevation, and have made it fill a space so entirely without parallel in the records of discovery. It is a favourite and a just reflection of divines, that the perfection of

the Creator's work is as manifest in the marvellous revelations of the microscope as in the stupendous mechanism which the telescope discloses to the instructed human eye; and no true philosopher will doubt that there is as much room for penetrating genius in the one direction as the other. In both we seem to approach to the confines of the infinite as the unfathomable idea presents itself to our imperfect apprehensions. If the contemplation of the starry heavens overwhelms us with a sense of the sublime order which rules the universe, and delights us with the discovery of those principles of eternal or almost eternal stability which have governed the motions of our own and distant systems since the creation day, the discoveries which have been brought to light in the minute field of the microscope have taught us the amazing depths to which the principle of life descends, and have laid bare to our vision the machinery by which the solid rocks of our earth have been consolidated from the ruins of earlier systems and the *débris* of animal existence. The colours of a soap-bubble involve a theory as recondite as the everlasting circling of the planets, or the erratic mystery of a comet's path; but the attraction of the most happy speculations into the phenomena which present themselves on the surface of our own planet, has never enthralled the human mind with the same power as those discoveries which seem to make the boundless universe do homage to the penetrating instinct of man. It is not necessary to go beyond the life of Newton himself to find an illustration of this truth. Scarcely less ingenuity, and fully as much originality, went to his optical investigations as were required to solve the one great problem of the heavens. Perhaps even more of the subtle acuteness of the mathematician was displayed in the invention, or, if that word may not be used, in the generalisation, of the fluxional method of investigation, than in the propositions of the 'Principia,' by which the laws of planetary motion were brought into obedience to the single principle of universal gravitation. But let the reader for a moment imagine himself removed from the circle of scientific knowledge, and from the indirect sway which it exercises over the whole area of cultivated society, and strive to think of Newton as he is thought of by thousands who help to give universality to his fame, and the image which will present itself will not be that of the mathematician who invented a new language by which to hold converse with the subtleties of natural science; nor even of the philosopher who unravelled the twisted skein of light, and anatomised the rainbow, and penetrated with loving assiduity into the secrets of the colour which adorns the world; but he will merely see before him the man who seized the heavens in his intellectual grasp, and promul-
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gated the divine law which planets and moons, comets and stars, obey as faithfully as the apple which falls from the bough. The grandeur of the one subject eclipses the light of the most brilliant discoveries in those branches of science which have less power to strike the imagination with awe; and it is, beyond all doubt, the unparalleled immensity of the astronomical problem which he solved which has given to the memory of Newton a pre-eminence that all his genius, if confined to a smaller sphere, would have aspired to in vain.

An admiration thus founded on the dignity of the discovery, as much as on the acuteness of the discoverer, is, perhaps, more wholesome than the estimate of the keenest critic who ever dissected the operations of an intellect immeasurably removed from his own; and it is no disparagement to Newton to ascribe his glory to the splendour of the edifice which he unveiled as much as to the penetrating power which pierced through the mists that hid the grand simplicity of the universe from the eyes of all his predecessors. But in acknowledging another element which contributed indirectly to Newton's fame, we descend to a lower ground. If the seventeenth century was an age of unequalled scientific power, it was a time when intellectual greatness was associated with a moral littleness of spirit which Newton almost alone among his contemporaries escaped, even if he ought not to be considered as tainted with the prevailing feeling. Private emulation and national jealousy fought over the field where the choicest workmen whom nature ever produced were building, with marvellous skill, the walls of the temple of science. A philosopher in those days worked, like the Jews of old, with the instruments of his craft in one hand, and a weapon of attack in the other. All the machinery of anonymous calumny was brought to bear to discredit the originality of discoveries made by an inquirer of a foreign nation or a different school. The perpetual personal contentions among *savans* gradually swelled into national controversies; and, long before Newton's death, his name had become the symbol of a warfare in which the strongest minds of England were pitted against the keenest of their foreign rivals. As usual in such cases, falsehood and detraction embittered the dispute, and the man who was endowed with a natural serenity, which has seldom been associated with the extraordinary vigour which he manifested, was made the centre of a scientific controversy which excited national feelings almost as keen as those which a material conflict could have brought forth. The envy and jealousy, the heartburnings and recriminations of rival philosophers have sunk into comparative oblivion, now that the world has learned to do justice to all, unswayed by the prejudices of

of nationality; but the struggle for pre-eminence gave to the triumph of Newton something of the character of a national victory. The love of national glory associated itself with the purer worship of truth, and gave additional strength to the feeling with which the memory of Newton was cherished by his countrymen.

Yet another influence of incalculable strength was derived from the obvious association of the discoveries of Newton with the teachings of religion, and with the theological speculations of the philosopher himself. While the pages of the '*Principia*' were fresh from the press, and before the truths which they contained had been recognised by the University which Newton adorned, or acknowledged by the submission of his illustrious rivals in the world of science, Bentley had, with characteristic energy, grappled with the difficulties of an untried study, for the sake of illustrating, by the new theories of his fellow collegian, the doctrines of natural theology which he had come forward to vindicate against the carplings of a sceptical age. At a much later period—when those who were most distinguished among the foreign followers of Newton had banded together to assault the faith of Christendom, with a zeal as great as their earnestness in the pursuit of scientific truth—no contrast was more often on the lips of English preachers than that which was presented between the piety and the Biblical researches of the great English interpreter of nature and the sceptical hardness of the Encyclopædist school. Through the teaching of the pulpit the humblest classes of English society were constantly reminded that their country could boast of a natural philosopher with whom none of the infidel teachers of Paris could compete, and who did not disdain to apply his powers to the reverent study of the mysteries which they affected to despise. Without discussing the wisdom of thus in some sort appealing to the scientific intellect to pronounce on the truths of religion, we may be sure that the theme which was descanted on from a thousand pulpits must have furnished food for ample meditation, and have contributed in large measure to preserve the memory of Newton's achievements in the minds even of those whose training would admit only of the vaguest appreciation of the work which he had so well performed.

One natural and almost inevitable error in the popular view has always indeed been obvious to those who have given the most cursory attention to the history of the great series of discoveries which culminated in the work of Newton. It is not given to any man, not even to the greatest of all discoverers, to build except on the foundation which earlier generations have reared, and with the materials which the thought of his own age supplies.

supplies. The popular idea takes a very imperfect note of qualifications and conditions such as these. The impression which prevails with the least instructed and the most numerous class of the admirers of Newton is, that the heavens presented an unfathomable chaos to the minds of all inquirers until the divine instinct of the English philosopher, prompted by the happy accident of a falling apple, seized in a moment the simple law by which the universe is swayed. The semi-mythical apple-tree is to thousands the symbol of the scientific sagacity of the philosopher, while the apocryphal story of 'poor Diamond' serves as the illustration of the moral serenity which had perhaps more to do with his career of discovery than would be allowed by those in whom scientific acuteness is combined with a more excitable temperament. The vague notion, which thus ignores the whole history of astronomical science before the epoch of Newton, falls, of course, before the first rays of scientific light; but, with all its exaggeration, the rough picture which is thus presented of Newton's career errs more in degree than in kind.

In estimating the glory of a leader of scientific thought, the popular judgment must, of necessity, submit to an appeal to the tribunal of the scientific world; but it is remarkable how fully the common verdict is sustained in substance as well by the authority of philosophers of all nations as by the careful examination of the evidence which has been collected by patient inquirers. If questions of this kind could be determined by the recorded declarations of the most illustrious followers of Newton, not of our country alone but throughout the world, the last suspicion even of exaggeration would almost be removed from the high conception which the general mind of England has formed of Sir Isaac Newton. Laplace and Lagrange, Delambre and Biot, have vied with each other in their eulogies of the English astronomer; and even Leibnitz, in a moment of candour, is reported to have said that, taking mathematics from the beginning of the world to the time when Newton lived, what he had done was much the better half. But neither the faith of the many nor the judgment of the few can dispense with the examination of the facts on which the glory of Newton rests. Such works as Sir David Brewster's careful though rather partial biography are of the utmost value in presenting a faithful summary of all that materially illustrates the character of the mind of our great philosopher; and few, even of those who may have cherished a more extravagant though a less definite idea, will gain a more precise knowledge of the career of Newton without increasing their admiration for his fertile genius.

There is comparatively little, in the authentic domestic history

of Newton's life, to gratify the love of the marvellous which so often distorts the private incidents of a great man's life. Almost the only thing worthy of note in the boyhood of Newton, while at the Grantham School, is the taste for mechanical construction which has so often been the first manifestation of mathematical genius. The sober, silent, thinking lad, always knocking and hammering in his lodging room, working out in some sort the theory of the best form of kites, manufacturing lanterns to light him to school, building model windmills and water-wheels, and tracing on the wall the sun-dials which were the wonder of Grantham and Woolthorpe, was the natural precursor of the discoverer whose eccentric fancies happily incapacitated him for the life of a farmer to which his friends had destined him. There is little enough to gratify curiosity in the slight traditions of his undergraduate life at Cambridge, but just sufficient to show that in his studies at that period he found the germ of the discoveries which rapidly followed. He mastered Kepler's Optics, and plunged into Descartes' Geometry. In the casual mention of these occupations, and in the record of the borrowing of Wallis's works, and of the purchase of some unknown book on judicial astrology, may be summed up almost the only significant facts which have been preserved of this stage of Newton's training. But the seed that was sown had fallen into good ground. At the age of twenty-two he had followed out the suggestions derived from Wallis, by the invention of his method of infinite series, and this was shortly afterwards applied to the computation of the area of the hyperbola, and followed a year later by papers containing in its first form his discovery of fluxions with their application to the drawing of tangents and the finding the radius of curvature of any given curve. It was well that the records of these his earliest discoveries were preserved, for they did good service, after a lapse of more than thirty years, in refuting the pretensions of Leibnitz to the first discovery of the grand weapon of modern investigation. To the same early period must be ascribed the first idea of universal gravitation. Whether a falling apple did or did not suggest the thought, the hypothesis, that the force of gravity was identical with the attraction which retained the moon in her orbit, presented itself to Newton's mind, was tested by comparison with the imperfect data then existing, and was for the time rejected in consequence of the discrepancy between the results of theory and the erroneous estimate which had then been formed of the earth's diameter. Astronomy was not yet ripe for the establishment of the theory, and it was only when more accurate observations had supplied the requisite data that Newton resumed his calculations and demonstrated the law
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of gravitation. Meanwhile he devoted himself to the construction of telescopes, and toiled at his glassworks with the same perseverance which had produced the dials and the windmills of his school days. When his leading optical discovery, the composite character of white light, first dawned upon him is not very clear, but the germ of this as of his other discoveries must have sprung up within a short time after the close of his undergraduate career. We know that he abandoned refracting for reflecting telescopes, in consequence of the discovery that light was composed of differently refrangible rays; from which he drew the natural though erroneous inference, that no arrangement of glasses could be made to give convergence to a pencil of light without bringing the different sorts of rays to different foci. The prosecution of his plans for the improvement of reflecting telescopes is said to have been delayed by the interruption occasioned by the plague, which fixes the date of the first dawn of his optical discoveries within the same two years of 1665 and 1666 which had laid the foundations for the method of fluxions and had seen the birth of the idea of universal gravitation. With the exception of his investigations into ancient chronology and the interpretation of prophecy, which belong for the most part to a later period, the subsequent labours of Newton were mainly devoted to the successful development of the three grand discoveries which had begun to take form and substance in his earliest manhood. But the step from the first more or less vague conception of a new truth to its conclusive demonstration, is a matter of far more importance and difficulty than the happy, and sometimes to all appearance intuitive, guesses which have invariably preluded every great discovery. Newton formed a right estimate of his own claims, when he ascribed his success to the patient and laborious pertinacity with which he kept fast hold of an idea, until, by long thinking and varied experiment, he had proved either its truth or its falsehood. There were some among his contemporaries who threw out suggestions almost as pregnant as the first ideas which formed the germ of Newton's discoveries; and the main distinction which placed the discoverer of universal gravitation so far above all rivals will be found in the persistency and acuteness with which he followed out to the end every clue which the earlier investigations of others or his own marvellous intuition offered to guide him through the labyrinth of discovery. All invention seems to consist of alternate guessing and testing, and the rare faculty is not that which makes happy guesses, but that which tries them rigorously to see whether they be true or no.

To judge fairly the work which Newton did, it is essential to bear

bear in mind the critical position to which science—and astronomical science especially—had attained when he entered upon the field. Half a century earlier a Newton would have been impossible; and so pregnant was the age with the coming discoveries, that a confident expectation of some large generalisation was almost universally felt, and would in all probability have been satisfied even if Newton had never lived, though more than one philosopher might have devoted his life to the task, and more than one generation might have passed before the results which he achieved could have been reached.

Before the motions of the heavenly bodies could be accounted for on mechanical principles, two preliminary investigations had to be completed. It was essential that the true paths and velocities and distances of the moon and planets should be at least approximately ascertained, and that the fundamental principles of motion should be discovered and demonstrated. These were the data of the great problem of physical astronomy, and they had only been added to the common stock of science a few years before Newton's time. The solution of these preliminary problems had engaged the thought of the world from the times of Hipparchus, and Ptolemy, and Aristotle, to those of Galileo, Copernicus, and Kepler; and any temptation to undervalue the importance of these investigations, compared with the more brilliant discoveries which so quickly followed, will be repressed by the thought that it had tasked the efforts of so many centuries to prepare the foundations on which the edifice of modern science has been built. The formal astronomy which alone existed before the discovery of universal gravitation was not, perhaps, so entirely dissociated from mechanical ideas as to make its progress side by side with the doctrines of dynamics a matter of surprise; still it must be reckoned among the fortunate elements of Newton's career, that both the astronomy and the mechanics which he was destined to unite had almost simultaneously been completed at the very epoch when he entered upon his course of investigation.

We are so familiar with the general conception of the solar system—planets revolving in elliptic orbits round the sun, and satellites in their turn circling round their own planets—that it is difficult justly to appreciate the efforts which the world had spent upon the problem before the motions of the heavenly bodies were sufficiently ascertained to serve as the basis for any physical theory. Yet, even the first step in this inquiry, the explanation of the diurnal rotation of the visible heavens by the hypothesis of a contrary rotation in the earth, was by no means so obvious

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or so easily verified as we, standing upon the shoulders of the past, are apt to assume. Mr. Grote's recent essay,* on the moot question, whether Plato asserted the rotation of the earth, furnishes a singular illustration of the obscurity with which geometrical ideas (especially those connected with rotation) may be clouded, until they have become familiarised by the teaching of an established science. According to the interpretation common to both parties to the controversy, Plato distinctly taught the rotation of the heavenly sphere about a cosmical axis piercing through the earth, and carrying round with it suns and planets, moons and stars, in its daily revolution. But he also described the earth as the creator of day and night, and was understood by Aristotle to ascribe to her this character by reason of her diurnal rotation about her axis. We are not concerned at present with the dispute as to Plato's views; but the remarkable result of the discussion is, that whether Mr. Grote's opinion or that of his antagonists is correct, it is impossible not to impute to the Greek philosophers a confusion of ideas which it is difficult for us at this day to realise. Mr. Grote does not hesitate to ascribe to Plato the opinions that the apparent rotation of the stars was due to the revolution of the cosmical axis, and that the identical phenomenon of the alternation of day and night was caused by the rotation of the earth, although the two assumed rotations would necessarily neutralise one another. A counter theory, started by a critic in the '*Saturday Review*,' which would reconcile these inconsistencies, by supposing Plato's rotation of the sphere, and that which he assigned to the earth, to be in opposite directions, is tantamount to assuming that Plato, having a clear conception of two different ways of explaining the motions of the heavens, nevertheless rejected both in favour of a gratuitous combination of the two, which added to the complexity of the hypothesis, without aiding the explanation in the smallest degree. What may fairly be inferred from the existence of such a controversy is the serious difficulty which was presented in realising the conception of the heavenly motions when the problem first presented itself. To those who would dismiss the idea of any difficulty having existed in mere geometrical conceptions, which have become simple enough to us by the illustrations afforded by successive generations, we would suggest as a parallel example the attempts which were made a few years since to render Foucault's experiment popularly intelligible. The true conception of the relative motions of the pendulum and

* '*Plato's Doctrine respecting the Rotation of the Earth, and Aristotle's Comment upon that Doctrine.*' By George Grote, Esq. London, 1860.

the earth was not only clouded, but, in the majority of the illustrations offered, actually falsified, in order to present it in an apparently easier form. The difficulty, of course, did not exist for those who were familiar with the composition of rotary motions; but it may help us to comprehend the apparent dulness of ancient philosophers in apprehending an easier problem of the same kind, and to appreciate more justly the series of investigations by which formal astronomy was gradually cleared of the early misconceptions, which seem now so monstrous, and brought to perfection on the eve of the Newtonian age. The striking circumstance is, that although the heliocentric theory had been vaguely suggested by some of the Greek philosophers, no other effect was produced than to stimulate the opponents of the doctrine to invent fanciful arguments to demolish a hypothesis, which, by some ill fate both in the ancient and in the modern world, was steadily refused a hearing as an unorthodox doctrine. Not till the century which preceded the age of Newton was this geometrical puzzle unravelled by Copernicus, and there still remained the more elaborate task of supplanting the cycles and epicycles of the old astronomers by the true theory of elliptical motion, before the dawn of physical astronomy could be looked for. Nor was it mere closet-study that would suffice. The telescope had to be invented and diligently used to accumulate the observations by which alone the paths of the planets could be traced. Without Galileo's tube there could have been no Tycho; and but for the industrious observations of Tycho and others, Kepler would have wanted the materials for verifying the hypotheses which his prolific imagination suggested. When, after trying and rejecting innumerable theories, Kepler at length promulgated his three famous laws,—that the planets move in ellipses, of which the sun occupies one focus; that the areas described by the radius vector are proportional to the times of describing them; and that the squares of the periods of different planets are proportional to the cubes of their mean distances from the sun,—he may well be excused the exultation with which he announced the completion of his discoveries, professing himself ready to wait a century for a reader, as God had waited six thousand years for an interpreter of his works. From that moment a physical explanation of the universe became for the first time possible. This was in 1619, and in 1642 Newton was born in the Woolsthorpe manor-house.

The same happy destiny which brought Newton into the world at the epoch when the geometrical laws of planetary motion had been detected, provided to his hand the mechanical principles which were wanted to solve the mystery of the harmonies

monies which Kepler had discovered. This result also, like the deciphering of the visible heavens, was the fruit of the labours of many ages, though pre-eminently of that which immediately preceded the Newtonian era. The old dreams of motions according to nature, and motions contrary to nature—based on a grand though vague conviction of the simplicity of nature—played their part in suggesting, though very remotely, the line of thought which led Da Vinci, Galileo, and others, to the first sound conceptions of motion, velocity, and force, just as equally mystical notions gave Kepler the clue to the true system of formal astronomy. If the three laws of the planetary system supplied an exact and sufficient statement of the mystery to be explained, the three laws of motion furnished the instruments by which alone it could be penetrated. The maxims which seem now so axiomatic—that motion will continue uniformly until disturbed or stopped by external force—that forces acting simultaneously produce each its own effect—and that action and reaction are dynamically equal—had but just assumed a definite shape when Newton applied them to the great mechanical problem of the universe. Astronomical discovery and dynamical science converged upon the age into which Newton was born; and it was to this happy coincidence that the possibility of his astronomical discoveries was exclusively due.

While we are thus compelled to attribute the discoveries of Newton not less to the stores of science which his age inherited than to his own natural sagacity, it must also be allowed that he was not solitary in recognising the opportunity that presented itself. The whole world of science was excited with glorious anticipations. The minds of philosophers in all countries were steadily set in one direction. It seems to have been felt that the time had come when the greatest prize which could be proposed was held out for the competition of the world. The competitors were worthy of the contest; for in no age had keener intellects been devoted to science than in that to which Newton has given his name. The consciousness that they were striving for a stake such as science had never before offered, is at once the most charitable and the truest explanation of the jealous eagerness with which rival philosophers scrutinised each other's pretensions and magnified their own achievements. Strangely enough, the first formal attempt at a theory of the universe was more astray from the truth than could have been expected at a time when the laws of motion were getting firmly settled in men's minds as they were when Descartes wrote. Yet the fascination of the subject gave to the theory of vortices a hold upon the opinions of men of science, which even the publication of the '*Principia*' did not for a time displace.

displace. Nothing, indeed, could be more natural than to explain the rotation of a number of bodies (all, be it observed, in one direction) by the notion of a gigantic whirlpool carrying them round with velocities gradually diminishing as the outer margin of the vortex was approached. The idea was one almost of the same order as the cosmical axis which had been invented by the Greeks to account for the simpler phenomenon of the diurnal rotation. Kepler himself had mingled some such conception with the sounder view of a magnetic force, by which he believed the motions of the planets to be caused. But the necessity for such an idea had, in fact, ceased when the everlasting continuity of motion had once been suggested. It was an anachronism after the first law of motion had been propounded; and not to mention the anticipations of Kepler, the doctrine that no tangential stimulus was needed to keep the planets from flagging in their course, was rapidly making its way as a natural corollary of the first law of motion. Sounder views than the Cartesian philosophy supplied were prevalent before the publication, if not before the conception, of Newton's '*Principia*.' If the analogy of a whirlpool naturally suggested the theory of vortices, another equally familiar fact as readily led to the theory of a central force. A stone whirled round by a string was the true type of planetary motion; and this had occurred to Borelli about the same time that the more definite idea of the identity between terrestrial gravity and the force which deflects the moon in her orbit had presented itself to the mind of Newton. Another familiar fact, the action of a magnet upon distant bodies, removed the difficulty of imagining a force acting without any material connection. Everything was ripe for the announcement that an attractive power in the central body was all that was needed to account for the revolutions of planets and satellites. It is certain that the conception of a central attraction in place of a tangential vortex must have been distinctly formed by Newton before the thought of comparing the attraction at the earth's surface with the force which acts upon the moon could possibly have struck him; nor could the comparison have been worked out without assuming, at least hypothetically, the law of the inverse squares of the distances. But the same hypotheses were considered independently by others. Hooke suggested, in the year 1666, the possibility of explaining all the phenomena of the planets mechanically, on the principle of an attractive property of the central body continually endeavouring to draw the revolving body to itself. His experiments with the circular pendulum gave a palpable illustration of the doctrine of a central force; and the happy idea of measuring the force of gravity 'by the motion of a swing-clock,'

clock,' appears to have grown out of speculations, whether gravity were not due to the combined action of all the particles of the earth. Some years later, but still before the publication of the 'Principia,' we find Hooke asserting, with the utmost confidence, that the mutual gravitation of celestial bodies with forces diminishing with the distance, according to some unknown law, was the principle by which all the motions of the world would be found to be influenced, and the true understanding of which would be the perfection of astronomy; and shortly afterwards he adds to this statement of the law of gravitation the assumption, that the earth's attraction varies as the inverse square of the distance from the centre. Sir Christopher Wren and Halley were also acknowledged by Newton himself as having independently affirmed the same law, and Huyghens had made great strides in the same direction. In the face of facts such as these, the apple-tree story, even if true, loses most of its significance. There can be no doubt that if Newton's reputation rested mainly on the ingenuity of his early guess at the law of gravitation, others would be entitled to a much larger share in the glory of the discovery than has commonly been allotted them. The truth appears to be, that the general conception was one which belonged in great measure to the age, flowing as it did from the better comprehension of mechanical laws, which had resulted from the labours of Newton's immediate predecessors. With more or less clearness the true guess was made by several almost at once; and the sole distinction of Newton, except some slight priority over others, was, that he mastered the problem of which they also had anticipated the solution. It is now happily a settled axiom, that he alone discovers who proves; and the principle serves not only to adjust the troublesome claims of rival discoverers, but to establish a far sounder philosophy of invention than that which places a random, or even an intelligent, surmise on a par with a successful demonstration. To our mind, the superiority of Newton is better evidenced by the resolution with which he laid aside and almost rejected the true hypothesis when it was found incompatible with existing observations than in the acuteness with which he in common with others grasped the tempting idea of universal gravitation. An unsuspected error in the determination of the earth's diameter made the comparison between terrestrial gravity and the centripetal force exerted by the earth upon the moon palpably though slightly at variance with the theory of gravitation. The experimental and theoretical deflections of the moon differed only in the ratio of 13 to 16; but this was enough to satisfy Newton that his principle did not admit of proof, and to induce him to lay aside his speculations

speculations until the more accurate measurement of a degree effected by Picard, after an interval of many years, supplied the data which made the moon a true witness for the law of gravitation.

It is strange that the English worshippers of Newton should so long have struggled to sustain the sort of mythical conception of their hero which pictured him as the only human being to whom the faintest glimpse of the sublime order of the heavens was vouchsafed. That this should be the popular idea is natural enough; but to men of science it ought to have been apparent, and after a time did become apparent, not only that stubborn facts were opposed to such a view, but that in thus striving to make the philosopher a sort of demigod, they were really detracting from his glory as a man. To have been the only one who had strength to grasp the truth after which so many rivals were eagerly snatching, is a greater distinction than to have triumphed alone for lack of competitors. Had none but Newton stretched forward to the goal, it would have been impossible to say that others might not have run as swiftly; and to ascribe his success to the happy accident which led him to take the first step in the path of discovery is almost tantamount to such a representation. The instant that this inadequate estimate is discarded, as it has been throughout the world of science, we see the philosopher in the true light, and measure his powers by the only true test—the strength which he displayed in demonstration rather than in conjecture. And certainly it may be said that a more splendid monument of human intellect cannot be imagined than the great work on which Newton's fame must mainly rest.

To the student of the '*Principia*' who approaches with a clear idea of the imperfection of the methods which had been used before Newton's time, every page will present a fresh subject, not only for admiration but for wonder. It is a wholly inadequate representation to say that the '*Principia*' applies demonstrations of surpassing subtlety and beauty to the complete solution of a problem which was not only the grandest that could be proposed, but one which had defied all previous efforts to make the smallest impression upon it. We must add to this, that the hero who was to penetrate to this chamber of truth had to forge for himself the weapons by which access was to be gained. The old geometry was incapable of grappling with the complications which presented themselves, and a new method, which had been but dimly foreshadowed in the previous generation, was first to be perfected before the threshold of the physical inquiry could be crossed. All the accumulations of astronomical
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and dynamical truth which had been stored up by the labourers of the past would have been unavailing without the powerful engine which came to be variously designated as the method of limits or of fluxions, the infinitesimal or differential calculus. In both stages of the enterprise Newton was equally triumphant. He found the method which was destined to prove the key of the heavens, and used it with a sagacity which unfolded once for all the system of the universe. It is no disparagement to admit that in his purely mathematical invention, no less than in its physical application, Newton owed something to those who had preceded him, and was not without a rival among his own contemporaries. The controversy which was maintained with so much bitterness and so little scruple between the partisans of Newton and Leibnitz is the strongest testimony to the value of the analytical invention which paved the way for Newton's astronomical discoveries. It is only within comparatively few years that the materials for a conclusive judgment on the fluxional controversy have been produced, but there remains now but little doubt as to the merits of the dispute. That both Newton and his rival were preceded in their inventions by isolated examples of the same method in the works of Napier and Kepler, Roberval and Cavalieri, and still more distinctly in the speculations of Fermat and Wallis, has never been seriously disputed; but it was by generalising into a calculus the disconnected essays which preluded the discovery that Newton and Leibnitz justly claimed to have created a new weapon of scientific analysis. It is equally beyond question that Newton's method of fluxions was sufficiently systematised to become applicable to problems of the most varied description before Leibnitz had felt his way to the differential calculus. This priority was a conclusive answer to the insinuations of plagiarism which were disingenuously made against the English philosopher by the friends of Leibnitz, and indeed by Leibnitz himself; and the publication of additional papers in modern times has disposed almost as decisively of the counter charge which Newton retorted upon Leibnitz in the letters written by Keill under his superintendence, and which the famous committee of the Royal Society countenanced by something more than an insinuation in their judgment on the controversy. Newton and Leibnitz were as clearly independent discoverers as Adams and Leverrier; and though their modes of attacking the subject were essentially distinct, the real identity of fluxions and differentials is undeniable, and was indeed strenuously asserted by both of the claimants to the honour of the first discovery.

The convertibility of the ideas of time and space, through the
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intervention of motion, is obvious enough as an artifice of analysis; and precisely the same device is used in the practical working of astronomical observers, who measure the distances of stars by their times of transit, and determine the time itself in its ultimate exactness by estimating the distance of the star from the centre of the field of their instruments. This transition from time to space was all that was wanting to connect the fluxions of Newton with the increments of Leibnitz. Whether a curve be regarded according to the one view as stretching over space by continuous extension, or as traced by the continuing motion of a point (which was the idea on which Newton preferred to work), the calculus of the infinitesimal increments of the one theory was in substance the same as that which substituted the velocity for the differential at any given point. Which of these modes of approaching the investigation deserved the preference, is a different question. The fluxional conception of velocity is undoubtedly easier of apprehension, and even now affords, perhaps, the safest road through which a student can be led into the arcana of the differential calculus; but experience has amply demonstrated that the form into which Leibnitz threw his speculations, was the best adapted to promote the development which the calculus received from the mathematicians of a succeeding age. But for the intense jealousy which banished all candour from the combatants, the controversy might have been nipped in the bud by the mutual acknowledgment that Newton and Leibnitz were independent inventors, and that Newton was first in the field. The question was essentially one for judicial decision, but the verdicts were given in different countries by eager and not very scrupulous partisans; and plain as the case really was, it is not surprising that a Bernouilli should arrive at one conclusion, and a committee of the Royal Society at a diametrically opposite one. In Sir David Brewster's treatment of this unpleasant episode in the life of Newton, we have little to complain of except a somewhat unequal prominence given to the unfairness which was displayed, almost as much on the English as on the foreign side of the question, and an unwillingness to admit the independence of Leibnitz's invention, which the facts did not allow him openly to deny. Morally considered, almost the only tangible difference between the two parties was—and it is not a small one—that the first provocation was given by a suggestion of plagiarism, thrown out in the least excusable manner in an anonymous review, probably contributed by Leibnitz himself; but the whole dispute is one which may well be allowed to fall into oblivion, in consideration of the almost unanimous opinion which has been arrived at from the researches

researches and the arguments which have exhausted the controversy. One singular fact deserves to be mentioned, in illustration of the very different way in which such questions are now handled. The discovery of Neptune afforded an occasion for national contention, from which, in the time of Newton, a dispute as bitter as the fluxional controversy would have been certain to spring; but the two eminent men whose names are associated with the greatest feat of modern astronomy, have been linked together in the scientific literature both of England and France, instead of becoming the symbols of a national controversy. To such an extent, indeed, was the cosmopolitan principle carried on the English side, that it was from this country that an idea was thrown out (though speedily demolished) which would have excluded our country from all claim either to the discovery of Neptune, or to the invention of fluxions. It was proposed to award the chief, if not the entire, credit of a new invention not to the first discoverer, but to him who first printed and published his ideas. A sort of scientific statute of frauds was to be acknowledged, by which the award of fame, like the technical validity of a contract, was to depend upon the adoption of a particular method of putting a discovery on record. The law acts, and often of necessity acts, most unjustly on this principle, in granting the privileges of a patent to the inventor who first registers his claim, in priority to one who is in truth earlier in point of time; but common sense protests against the pedantic importing of such rules into the judgments by which the honours of science are awarded. If the excessive candour which led to this suggestion had prevailed in Newton's time, the committee of the Royal Society would have had to report that Leibnitz had been the first to announce his invention in print, and that all the claims of the first discoverer were thereby annihilated. Happily, the doctrine which did not even suggest itself in the one case was speedily exploded in the other; and whatever may be the difficulty of finding evidence to prove the fact of priority, he who first communicates in any way the result of his inquiries, is rightly held to be entitled to the honours which belong to a first discoverer. Without injustice to the memory of his great rival, we may regard Newton as the inventor of the method used in the '*Principia*,' as fully as he was of the demonstration which he worked by means of it of the law of universal gravitation. It would be out of place to dwell here upon the surpassing ingenuity which the details of the process displayed; but it is worth remarking that the fluxional system which Newton used in his own work, was presented to the public in the shape of a doctrine of limits, which occupied an intermediate position

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between his own private methods and those which Leibnitz had devised. Nothing could more clearly show how completely the identity of the two conceptions was realised, and how thoroughly a matter of choice it was with the author of the '*Principia*' to base his propositions on the one or the other form of the calculus. Perhaps the most startling thing about the new philosophy of the universe, was the large development which it had attained on its first birth into the world. If Newton had published by itself the single proposition by which he proved that Kepler's law of the equality of areas described in equal times was a necessary consequence of motion under the influence of a central force, he would still have been recognised as the mathematician who took the first significant step in physical astronomy; but the '*Principia*,' as it originally appeared, not only proved this fundamental theorem, but dealt with equal success with the special phenomena of circular, elliptic, and parabolic orbits, and showed that the form of the orbits and the law of the periodic times, which Kepler had established by observation, were both of them consequences of the duplicate ratio of the diminution of the attractive force. If the demonstration had stopped there, the attraction of the sun, according to the inverse square of the distance, would have been conclusively established as the source of the regular motions of the planetary bodies; but the problem of three bodies had yet to be solved before the existence of mutual attractions among all the heavenly bodies could be asserted as an established truth. Newton gave nothing to the world until he was in a position to make his gift complete, and the same publication which assigned the physical cause of Kepler's laws, contained the solution of the far more complicated problem which was presented by the irregularities that were known to exist in the motion of the moon. The elegance and ingenuity of the treatment by which the principal lunar equations were traced to the influence of the sun's disturbing force, have been the wonder, not only of his own but of all succeeding times. No student ever fails in some sort to appreciate them, and the greatest of Newton's followers have been the warmest in the expression of their unbounded admiration. Even those who are not familiar with the methods employed, may form some idea of the difficulty of the work from the comprehensive character of the results arrived at. To this must be added the investigation of the law of the tides and the suggestion of the earth's ellipticity, which traced the operation of the same universal law in phenomena of a different class. It is by apprehending the power and completeness of the demonstration thus applied to the hypothesis of universal gravitation that the pre-eminence of Newton is appreciated,

preciated, rather than by the most exaggerated notion of the ingenuity and originality of the hypothesis itself. Those who estimate Newton the most highly, are those who think least of the popular story of the falling apple.

Very much the same reflections which are suggested by the course of astronomical discovery arise from the consideration of Newton's contributions to optical science. Here also he was anticipated, to a greater extent than he appears to have been aware of himself, by the observations of earlier experimenters, while in some of his theories as to the mechanical cause of the phenomena of light he was scarcely as happy as his constant rival Hooke. His first remarkable optical discovery was, however, exclusively his own, in a sense which cannot be affirmed of the hypothesis of universal gravitation. The prevailing notion as to the nature of colour had been, that it was in some way connected with different degrees of intensity or condensation of the luminous beam. Vossius indeed preceded Newton in the distinct assertion that white light was a compound of many colours, which became visible by the action of a prism and again disappeared when all the scattered rays were made to converge upon a single focus. This conjecture is identical with Newton's independent theory, that colour is innate in light itself; but Vossius failed to follow out the idea to its legitimate result, and left it for Newton to originate and prove the theory that ordinary white light was not only compounded of a variety of colours, but that each colour had its own distinct index of refraction, and was in consequence severed from its union with the rest by refraction through a prism or a lens. It was strange that 'the extravagant disproportion between the length and breadth of the prismatic spectrum' which led to this discovery should never before have been observed; and so great is the disproportion that one is almost forced to believe that no one before Newton had ever tried the effect of a prism upon a minute pencil of light, such as he obtained by the simple device of admitting the sun's rays through a hole in a window-shutter. The clue which he gained by the first glance at his spectrum was quickly followed out by a series of experiments which exhausted every possible explanation from any accidental peculiarity in the prism used, or any other cause, with the exception of the true theory, that the coloured rays of which white light is compounded have different constant degrees of refrangibility. The series of experiments by which the spectrum was examined and cross-examined, so as to force it to tell the same tale in a variety of different ways, is a model of experimental investigation. With a reserve which he invariably displayed, and which has been variously accounted for

for by partial and hostile critics, Newton postponed the publication of this discovery until the thanks of the Royal Society for the communication of his reflecting telescope drew from him an account of the philosophical discovery which had induced him to substitute a reflecting speculum for the refracting object glass used in most of the earlier telescopes. In 1672, accordingly, he sent to the Society a paper on the different refrangibilities of the rays of light, which he quaintly characterised as 'the oddest if not the most considerable detection which hath hitherto been made in the operations of nature.' It is remarkable that this, the most distinctly original of all Newton's discoveries, was the one which led him into the most serious scientific blunder which he ever committed. One can almost trace, in the fascination which this odd detection exercised over him, the reason why, in some of his deeper investigations into the quality and origin of light and colour, he was less pre-eminent than in other inquiries where he had not been dazzled by the light of an entirely unexpected discovery. Having found in his new principle an explanation of the defects of refracting telescopes quite different from any that had before been suggested, the idea seems to have taken so strong a hold on his mind that he failed to examine, with his usual candour and acuteness, whether the defect really was, as he supposed, incapable of remedy. In the prisms which he employed, though not always identical in composition, he found the dispersive power of prisms having an equal refracting power, to be a constant angle. Five times the angular diameter of the sun was the length of the spectrum which he obtained in all his experiments, and nothing would induce him to admit the possibility that the dispersion could differ from this quantity with any prism which gave the same mean deviation to an incident pencil. Several experimenters declared that they had been unable to confirm Newton's experiments, and gave measures of the spectrum which were greatly at variance with his. Unfortunately these contradictions of the original experiment were mixed up, in many instances, with such clear evidence of imperfect observation that Newton was led to reject them altogether, instead of attempting by further inquiry to eliminate the element of truth which they contained. It never seems to have struck him that the discrepancies recorded might have arisen from the use of prisms made of different materials, and that the numerical proportion which was true in one case might be false in another. Nettled by the incredulity with which his *experimentum crucis* was received, he preferred to reject altogether the observations of others, and thus missed the discovery of the law of the irrationality of dispersion, which at a later period led to the invention of Dollond's

Dollond's achromatic telescope, notwithstanding Newton's dictum that the improvement of telescopes by refraction was desperate.

The prolonged controversy between the supporters of the undulatory and emission theories of light had commenced in the time of Newton, and both sides have claimed the great philosopher as an advocate of their respective views. Hooke was in those days the leading champion of the doctrine of undulations; and though Newton himself framed a hypothesis on a similar basis, he carefully avoided pledging himself to a belief in its truth, and seemed more inclined to account for the phenomena of light by the emission of luminous particles. The great difficulty which staggered Newton in Hooke's undulatory hypothesis, was one that was not removed until a very much later period. If light was caused by a vibrating medium, as Hooke maintained, 'something after the manner that vibrations in the air cause a sensation of sound by beating against the organs of hearing,' how came it that sound, after passing through an aperture, spread itself in all directions, while light was known to be propagated in straight lines? 'If light consisted in pressure, or motion propagated either in an instant or in time,' urged Newton, 'it would bend into the shadow. For pressure or motion cannot be propagated in a fluid in right lines beyond an obstacle which stops part of the motion, but will bend and spread every way into the quiescent medium which lies beyond the obstacle.' This was always an insurmountable stumbling block to the theory, until the final establishment by Young of the principle of interference led to a satisfactory explanation founded on the extreme minuteness of the waves of light. But while Newton rejected the doctrine of undulations as opposed to experiment and demonstration, he was almost as cautious in his qualified acceptance of the emission theory. What he did most clearly appreciate was, that either hypothesis, whether physically true or false, might be used as a vehicle for generalising known facts, and so as a step to the settlement of the true theory. It is in this qualified sense that Newton at one time seems to incline to the one theory, and at another to accept the contrary one, though as a matter of physical fact he never absolutely asserted anything as to the constitution of light beyond the experimental fact that it was something which proceeded in straight lines. In the explanation of the colours of thin plates, such as are seen in soap-bubbles, Hooke and Newton were equally successful in propounding theories which accorded with observation; but while Hooke's view was based on the principle of interference, which had been first intimated by Grimaldi and has since revolutionised the theory of light, Newton had recourse to a far less elegant hypothesis, which served

served the same purpose of embodying the phenomena. But his original discovery of the different refrangibility of different kinds of light enabled him to demonstrate, with a precision which had not been approached, the true principle of the colours of thin plates, so far as it was independent of any special theory as to the cause of light. The cardinal fact which he established, not merely generally but with arithmetical exactness, was that the bands or rings formed by thin plates of air or water, or any other transparent medium, depended for their magnitude upon the refrangibility of the light. Each colour of the prismatic spectrum was made to fall by turns on the film under examination, and a new confirmation of his first discovery was afforded by the varying diameters of the successive rings. 'It was very pleasant,' he says in describing this experiment, 'to see the circles swell or contract according as the colour of the light was changed.' The peculiar succession of colours observed, when common light was experimented on, was accounted for at once by the superposition of the unequal bands of the different rays; and in the accurate observation of this class of phenomena, Newton supplied the materials for one of the most striking evidences of the undulatory hypothesis to which, on independent grounds, he had been unable to give his assent. Thus, even in a branch of the subject where he had been clearly anticipated by others, Newton's clearness of perception and aptitude in experiment enabled him to contribute nearly as much to the elucidation of the nature of light as if he had himself invented or adopted the hypothesis which is now almost universally accepted, and which, whether true or false, is at any rate the most comprehensive expression of the multitude of diverse facts which make up the data for a theory of light. Newton's hypothesis was more at fault when he came to discuss the phenomena, then termed the inflection and deflection of light, and now better known under the general designation of the phenomena of diffraction. He himself regarded his experiments as incomplete, and it is possible that, if he had prosecuted them further, he might have anticipated the explanation which was afterwards afforded by the theory of interference. He was not even familiar with the full extent of the observations which had been made by Grimaldi; and when he published his *Optics*, in 1704, he expressly described this part of the work as an unfinished essay, and concluded it with a series of suggestive queries for future consideration in place of the propositions which he affirmed and proved in those parts of the subject which he had fully matured. Ingenious but immature speculations on the cause of the local colour of terrestrial objects, and on some other isolated optical questions, complete the contributions of Newton to this

this department of natural philosophy; and although the same power which built up the theory of the heavens may be traced in many of these optical investigations, it will generally be conceded, that the subject in which Newton displayed the most striking originality of discovery is precisely that in which, apart from his leading discovery, he was least in advance of his contemporaries.

Besides the three great subjects of Newton's labours—the fluxional calculus, physical astronomy, and optics—a very large portion of his time, while resident in his college, was devoted to researches of which scarcely a trace remains. Alchemy, which had fascinated so many eager and ambitious minds, and had indirectly contributed to the creation of chemical science, seems to have tempted Newton with an overwhelming force. What theories he formed, what experiments he tried in that laboratory where it is said the fire was scarcely extinguished for weeks together, will never be known. It is certain that no success attended his labours; and Newton was not a man—like Kepler—to detail to the world all the hopes and disappointments, all the crude and mystical fancies which mixed themselves up with his career of philosophy. An occasional reference to the transmutation of metals is found in his correspondence; but even his assistant and amanuensis was without the slightest knowledge of the nature and purpose of his experiments. ‘He would sit up till two or three in the morning, sometimes till five or six,’ writes Humphrey Newton, evidently a little shocked at his master’s proceedings, ‘especially at spring and fall of the leaf; at which times he used to employ about six weeks in his laboratory, the fire scarcely going out either night or day; he sitting up one night and another, till he had finished his chemical experiments, in the performances of which he was the most accurate, strict, and exact. What his aim might be, I was not able to penetrate into; but his pains, his diligence, at these set times, made me think he aimed at something beyond the reach of human art and industry.’ If there were any doubt of the real nature of Newton’s work in his laboratory, the remarkable letter which he wrote to a young friend about to travel on the Continent would remove it. With unwonted earnestness he urges him to note any transmutations out of one species into another; as, for example, out of iron into copper, out of one salt into another, and the like, such transmutations being ‘the most luciferous, and many times luciferous experiments in philosophy.’ He comes still closer to the subject in a recommendation to inquire about a certain alchemist—a refugee in Holland, who usually went clothed in green—who had been imprisoned by the Pope to extort secrets of great value, and is anxious to ascertain ‘whether his ingenuity be
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any profit to the Dutch.' Many years later we find Newton in correspondence with Locke, with reference to a mysterious red earth by which Boyle, who was then recently dead, had asserted that he could effect the grand desideratum of multiplying gold. By this time, however, Newton's faith had become somewhat shaken by the unsatisfactory communications which he had himself received from Boyle on the subject of the golden recipe; though he did not abandon the idea of giving the experiment a further trial as soon as the weather should become suitable for furnace experiments. It is possible that Vigani, the first Cambridge professor of chemistry, with whom Newton was very intimate, may have shared some of his golden dreams; but beyond the scattered intimations which prove Newton's eager pursuit of the science of alchemy, scarcely any trace of his laboratory experiments is now to be found. Some boastful moderns may be inclined to indulge in a smile at Newton's expense, and regard his belief in the possibility of the philosopher's stone as an illustration of the occasional weakness and credulity of great minds. Certainly, in the present state of chemical science, no one would recommend the pursuit of alchemy as a promising enterprise; but although strong negative evidence exists to discountenance the idea of the essential identity of different metals, the hypothesis is not, and perhaps never will be, absolutely disproved. Quite independently of any auriferous results, Newton was right in regarding transmutations (as all chemical decompositions were then termed) as many times the most luciferous experiments in chemistry, if not in all philosophy; and modern discoveries of the allotropic forms of various substances have established the leading idea of the alchemists, that substances absolutely identical in chemical composition may present themselves under aspects quite as different as those of copper and gold. Perhaps the most that can be said against the students of alchemy, is that they were led by a thirst for wealth to prosecute inquiries to which no known facts gave any semblance of encouragement. Philosophy arrives at truth by following out the hints which nature gives. Alchemists endeavoured to prove a hypothesis which was suggested by nothing but their own love of gain. The wish was father to the thought of the transmutability of metals, and it is not surprising that experiments founded on such a basis should have proved barren of results. Some knowledge of chemistry was incidentally acquired in the prosecution of golden secrets; but Chemistry only began to flourish as a science when she looked for suggestions to the observed processes of nature rather than to the morbid greed of her own adepts.

That these fruitless researches did not altogether displace the nobler

nobler objects of Newton's ambition, is proved by the circumstance that they were carried on with the greatest vigour during the period of his residence at Cambridge, where he matured his chief discoveries. Still everything that is known of Newton shows him to have been essentially a man of one pursuit at one time; and during the seasons of his furnace work it is not probable that he devoted much thought to investigations which were to bring him a reward richer than gold. The habit of continuous application to one subject was one of the great secrets of Newton's strength, and at every turn we come upon some evidence of his reluctance to be diverted from his immediate occupation to discuss scientific questions which for the time he had laid aside. It was when thus distracted by inopportune controversies from the thoughts with which he was absorbed, that Newton exhibited the occasional petulance which contrasted so strongly with his natural disposition; and it is not an unnatural supposition that the tantalising search for the secret of transmutation may have sometimes been the occasion which led him to reject the intrusion of other subjects. However this may be, the complete obscurity in which the greater part of his chemical experiments were veiled, illustrates an element in Newton's character which had a very sinister influence upon his relations with contemporary philosophers.

The reserve which Newton maintained with reference to his investigations has often been ascribed exclusively to the modesty of his disposition, and Sir David Brewster strongly inclines to this explanation. That Newton—like most men of surpassing eminence—was endowed with the true modesty which excludes personal conceit, and rejects inflated notions of the attitude which becomes inquirers into the secrets of nature, is manifest from the whole history of his life. The celebrated saying of his old age, in which he likened himself to a child picking up now and then a prettier shell, or a brighter pebble than ordinary, on the shore of the ocean of truth, was the expression of a sentiment which may be traced in many passages of his life. But the kind of modesty which thus expresses itself is very different from the false modesty which leads a man to misprize the work of his own genius. Of this we find no trace in the career of Sir Isaac Newton; and we believe that, in ascribing to this cause his strange and unfortunate reluctance to give his discoveries to the world, partial biographers have charged Newton with a weakness which was no part of his character. Probably no man of genius ever undervalued his own achievements by comparison with those of other men; though many discoverers, strong in the consciousness of their own powers, may have rated their past work low in comparison

comparison with that which still remained within the sphere of their unfulfilled aspirations. That Newton constantly kept back his investigations, because they were not as complete as he desired to make them, is certain from the history of the publications which were almost dragged from him by his friends, and from his own repeated declarations. But this feeling was not the modesty which would rank his own labours below the inferior work of other minds. It is one thing to withhold a scientific theory because it is thought unworthy of the world, and quite another to keep it in reserve until it should be made more worthy of the philosopher's own aspirations. If this feeling is what Sir David Brewster points at when he speaks of Newton's modesty, we accept the explanation, but we protest against the notion that it is any compliment to the memory of a great genius to hint that he knew not the value of his own work; and in the case of Newton the suggestion of any such feeble virtue (if virtue it is) seems to us peculiarly misplaced.

To take, for example, the great discoveries which were at length published in the '*Principia*,' is it conceivable that, after having solved the greatest of all the problems at which the world had been working from the first birth of science, Newton should have imagined that he had produced nothing of such importance as to deserve the attention of men of science? Yet he had completed the demonstrations of the law of elliptic motion years before he made them known; and it was only on the appeal of Halley, who had in vain sought the solution from Hooke and Wren, that Newton announced that he had long since ascertained that the orbit round a centre of force varying inversely as the square of the distance would be an ellipse. To Halley's urgency alone was due the communication to the Royal Society of the treatise which formed the germ of the '*Principia*.' There is a passage, indeed, in a subsequent letter to Halley, which gives some apparent countenance to the notion that Newton had thought slightly of his demonstrations of the forces of orbits, and had thrown them by, 'being upon other studies;' but it harmonises much better with the general character of Newton's mind to suppose that he regarded his inquiries as incomplete so long as his first idea of universal gravitation seemed incapable of proof. It was strange that Picard's corrected measurement of a degree should not earlier have attracted Newton's attention, though probably this arose from his attention having been concentrated at that time on his optical investigations; but on resuming his old calculations on this improved basis in 1684, the results agreed, with an exactness which satisfied him, that the force which kept the moon in her orbit was identical with terrestrial

trial gravity. From the moment when his theory was thus substantially completed there is no trace of any hesitation to make his discoveries public. The two following years were devoted to the composition of the 'Principia,' in which the principles of the preliminary treatise were developed into a complete system of physical astronomy, which was immediately sent to the Royal Society and published by their direction.

The long delay in the publication of his Optics gives even less countenance to the theory of an unintelligible modesty. At last the work was, in Newton's judgment and in fact, incomplete in many respects, and the leading discoveries had long since been made public through the Royal Society, and had led to discussions which were not calculated to invite fresh conflict with the world. But it is mainly with reference to the method of fluxions that Newton's modesty has sometimes been called in aid to account for the silence which he had preserved as to the possession of this powerful engine of investigation, a silence by which he exposed his title as the first inventor to attacks which could not have been made if he had frankly communicated from time to time the additions which he was making to the armoury of mathematical science.

The earliest manuscripts on this subject date as far back as 1665 and 1666, but it was not till 1669 that a paper on analysis by infinite series was communicated to Barrow and Collins. Two years later Newton doled out to Collins a little more information as to his methods, in the famous letter of the 10th of December, 1672, which afterwards became the backbone of the charge of plagiarism brought against Leibnitz, to whom an abridgment of the letter had been sent in 1676. But even up to this date a general statement of the process was studiously withheld; and not only were the details of the calculus kept in obscurity, except with reference to some special cases, but the bare statement of the problem to be solved was thought too precious to be communicated, except under the disguise of an unintelligible cypher. When afterwards deciphered by Newton himself, the mysterious sentence proved to be '*Data æquatione quotcunque fluentes quantitates involvente fluxiones invenire et vice versa,*' which, if originally given at length, would have shown the grand problem which Newton had solved, but not the general method by which he treated it. A little more information was allowed to leak out in some observations communicated to Wallis and incorporated in his Algebra in 1692. It is probable that the method itself would never have been published in Newton's lifetime but for the necessity of vindicating himself against the accusation of having borrowed his ideas from Leibnitz,

nitz, and establishing the priority of his own discovery. This was done in 1704; and it is impossible to suppose that during all those years, when the method had borne its glorious fruit in the demonstrations of the 'Principia,' Newton was unconscious of the immense value of the new analysis. The only real difficulty in assigning a motive for so determined a concealment of the processes he employed is in saying how far the delay was due to the hope of bringing the calculus to still greater perfection; and how far it resulted from the disposition, then almost universal among philosophers, to publish nothing but results, and to keep to themselves their processes as the means of gaining further triumphs over rivals who were not possessed of methods of equal power. This last was the motive which the practice of the time would most readily suggest. When a philosopher in those days had solved a new problem of especial difficulty, the first thing which he generally did was to propose it as a challenge to the world; and those who found the answer commonly contented themselves with stating the result, without the slightest intimation of the process by which it had been reached. Even such solutions were frequently announced under some disguise, which could perhaps be penetrated by those who had already solved the problem, but would convey no information to assist less successful competitors. The whole tone of scientific society was infected with a love of triumph which was not then thought unworthy of being preferred to the simple interests of truth. It is not possible altogether to ignore the prevalence of this strong competitive principle in estimating the causes of Newton's reserve, but even the least partial critics have been compelled to admit that Newton was less chargeable with excessive emulation than any of his rivals, and that a much more probable and much more worthy explanation is found in his reluctance to publish any imperfect essays, coupled perhaps with a dread of resuming the unpleasant controversies which his first optical discoveries had occasioned.

It is not necessary to discuss the minor contributions of Newton to other branches of science to see to what extent and on what grounds the common faith in his supremacy is confirmed by the consent of the scientific world. It is enough to examine his leading discoveries to be satisfied that the position which the most critical examination of his claims assigns to him is not less exalted than that which his name has occupied in the minds of his countrymen of his own and every succeeding generation. It is not mere national complacency which has elevated Sir Isaac Newton above all the explorers of nature; and if the motives for this admiration take a slightly different shape within and without the

the widening circle of scientific knowledge, the sentiment of Newton's countrymen is in strict harmony with the judgment of the world of science, which no longer knows those distinctions of nationality which in Newton's days it had not learned to disregard.

The theological tenets of our philosopher we are not anxious now to examine. He has been claimed alike as an orthodox defender of the doctrines of the Church and as a convert to the Arian views which so strongly prevailed during the period of his life. The truth certainly is intermediate to these extreme views, but the precise dogmas of the philosopher's creed are not, perhaps, to be gathered from the records which remain. That which gives the character to his theological inquiries is the genuine tolerance and simple reverence which were instinctive to him, and the sincerity with which in the interests of truth he attacked every dishonest argument, whatever might be its bearing on the religious controversies of the day. This is what we might expect to find in the chief interpreter of nature, and, satisfied with this, we may leave the lovers of sectarian controversy, if they please, to claim the prestige of Newton's name for the special tenets of their own communion. His pertinent query on the word *ὁμοούσιος*, 'whether Christ sent his apostles to preach metaphysics to the unlearned common people and to their wives and children,' his criticism on the history of the Athanasian controversy, and his demolition of the spurious verse on the three witnesses, are far from proving that Newton had adopted Arian views in their full extent; and in the most formal statement of his religious opinions which he left behind him, we have a scheme of theology at least as far removed from Socinian as from orthodox doctrines.

It has often been said that in Newton's case the country for once remembered the duty which she owed to science. The philosopher was not left, as so many votaries of science have been, to die in poverty. He was placed in a position of dignity and wealth, in which, without cramping his abundant liberality, he was able to accumulate a considerable fortune. But there is not much room in this for national complacency. It was as the friend of Montague, not as the author of the '*Principia*,' that Newton obtained his office at the Mint; and though the occupation, especially at that time, was not uncongenial to a scientific mind, it may be doubted whether the world did not lose more than Newton gained by the appointment. To make a great philosopher Master of the Mint was not quite so incongruous as giving a gaugership to a distinguished poet; but it was an error of the same kind, and was probably as injurious to the cause of science

as if the reward of Newton had been, like the preferment of Burns, something ludicrously inappropriate. Certain it is that Newton stopped in his career of discovery at an age when some of the greatest ornaments of science commenced their labours. With the exception of one or two brilliant feats—as when he solved Bernouilli's problems, and at a later period answered the challenge of Leibnitz in an evening's work, after returning from his official duties at the Mint—little that was new in science came from the translated philosopher, unless we are to attribute to that period some part of the improvement of his lunar theory, which involved him in his dispute with the impracticable Flamsteed, and was the only effort, as he himself declared, that ever cost him a headache. The anxiety which he expressed not to make himself too prominent in science, lest he should seem to be neglecting the King's business, was probably strengthened by his memorable custom of never touching a subject to which he was not able to devote his whole powers and his whole time.

One of many evidences of this habit of mind is found in a letter to Flamsteed, in which Newton says:—‘When I set myself wholly to calculations, I can endure them, and go through them well enough; but when I am about other things (as at present), I can neither fix to them with patience nor do them without errors, which makes me let the moon's theory alone at present, with a design to set to it again and go through it at once.’

To a man of this temperament—and to no other could the career of discovery which Newton ran have been possible—an appointment involving continuous duties was the death-blow to his scientific activity. The strange and sudden cessation in Newton's course has sometimes been accounted for by a hypothesis, which was eagerly welcomed by those who wished to discredit his theological inquiries, and the only defect of which was, that it was wholly unsupported, or, more correctly speaking, absolutely contradicted by the facts of his life. For a few days, in the autumn of 1693, Newton, who had been suffering from an epidemic, aggravated by long-continued work, became decidedly light-headed. Two strange letters, one to Pepys, and the other to Locke, remain as evidence of this temporary affection. The rumour that Newton's brain was giving way spread over the Continent; and long after the philosopher had recovered his usual health, the story, in a grossly exaggerated form, found its way into the diary of Huyghens, who had picked it up from a Scotchman, of whom he did not know enough to give his name correctly. On this slender basis a theory was built up by M. Biot, that Newton's abandonment of philosophy for religion was the result of a permanent affection of the brain, amounting to something like insanity.

sanity. This notion is satisfactorily refuted by Sir D. Brewster; and, indeed, it had enough to contend with in the isolated triumphs by which Newton still showed the lion's claw in every problem with which he grappled, as well as in the ingenuity of his essays on prophecy, and his attempt at a systematic chronology. But it is not surprising that strange theories should be started to account for the premature close of so brilliant a scientific career. A little more attention to the indications afforded by his earlier history, of the steady, unintermittent thought by which he was accustomed to vanquish difficulties which no other mind could overcome, would have suggested the far more probable supposition, that Newton, the philosopher, died when Newton, the Master of the Mint, came into existence.

Perhaps even this was better than that the history of the life of the greatest of our philosophers should have closed with a tale of national neglect; but it is impossible to contrast the efforts made for the encouragement of science in other countries, with the total absence of any adequate provision in the country of Sir Isaac Newton, without some sense of shame. In exceptional instances, honour and wealth have been showered on the heads of distinguished discoverers; but what is needed in the interests of science, is a provision which shall enable the chief labourers in the field of discovery to pursue their studies without anxiety, and without the distraction of other duties; though it may be, and perhaps it would be better that it should be, without the temptations of over-abundant means. In Newton's case, the choicest intellect that the world possessed, was harnessed to the state and lost to science. In a thousand others, powers which would have been worthily devoted to the discovery of truth, have been thrown away in less congenial but more lucrative pursuits. A partial compensation for the want of more direct encouragement to the highest studies, is certainly found in the endowments of our Universities; and but for this resource Newton must probably have passed his life as the obscure cultivator of a narrow estate. Ample in amount as these endowments are, but fettered as they have been in times past by conditions which have impaired their usefulness, the marvel is, rather that so much scientific genius should have found a shelter within the walls of Oxford and Cambridge colleges, than that the rewards offered for youthful energy should have been commonly used as mere stepping-stones to professional preferment and distinction. It was only by a fortunate, though irregular exercise of the dispensing power assumed by the crown, that Newton was enabled to retain the emoluments on which he depended for subsistence during the period of his scientific activity. So precarious has been the

provision which our institutions have made for the cultivation of science, that even the life of our greatest philosopher cannot be read without reflecting how much it was due to fortune that the most brilliant of all the votaries of science was enabled to give one-half of his life to the pursuits for which nature destined the whole. In spite of such discouragements, and of the allurements of a more stirring life, men have seldom been wanting to maintain the honour of England in the race of discovery. But it is as true now as it always has been, that the country which exults in the triumphs of Sir Isaac Newton, does less than any other to foster the pursuits from which he won his imperishable fame.

In strange contrast to that fame is the almost total absence of any public manifestations in honour of the man who was venerated at once as the monarch of science, the glory of his country, and the vindicator of the national faith. His friends were permitted to erect a statue over his tomb in Westminster, and we owe to private munificence another statue placed in his own college; but we have to travel down to the immediate present to find a formal celebration of Newton's achievements. The erection of the Grantham memorial statue and the eloquent address which Lord Brougham delivered on the occasion—gracefully returning, after the struggles and the triumphs of so brilliant a political career, to contemplate the still grander arena of science, in which his own earliest honours had been won—made the absence of any earlier demonstration the more conspicuous. Whatever complacency England may have felt in the consciousness of having given to science the greatest of her worshippers has been cherished with an insular reserve which has filled foreigners with wonder. The quiet irony of a recent proposal to erect a memorial to Newton, to which the natives of all countries except England are invited to subscribe, has certainly not been undeserved.

Upon this subject we will quote the impressive words of the Grantham Address:—

‘The inscription upon the Cathedral, masterpiece of his celebrated friend’s architecture, may possibly be applied in defence of this neglect: “If you seek for a monument, look around.” If you seek for a monument, lift up your eyes to the heavens which show forth his fame. Nor, when we recollect the Greek orator’s exclamation, “The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men,” can we stop short of declaring that the whole universe is Newton’s. Yet in raising the statue which preserves his likeness near the place of his birth, on the spot where his prodigious faculties were unfolded and trained, we at once gratify our honest pride as citizens of the same state, and humbly testify our grateful sense of the Divine goodness which deigned to bestow upon our race one so marvellously gifted to comprehend the

works

works of Infinite Wisdom, and so piously resolved to make all his study of them the source of religious contemplations, both philosophic and sublime.'

But the partial tribute of a mere local memorial cannot discharge this long-neglected debt of the English people. England cannot do justice to herself except by rearing, in the Metropolis itself, a great and glorious monument, such as shall adequately express in the face of the world that the veneration in which the memory of Newton is held is no factitious sentiment, but a deep-seated national conviction.

ART. V.—*Bell's Annotated Series of British Poets.** London.
29 Vols.

LORD MACAULAY'S maturer literary judgments are well entitled to attention; but English poetry amply refutes the *dictum* of his youth, that Poets, in the full force of the word, belong to the earliest stage in the development of a nation. Even as regards Epic Poems, properly so called, we doubt whether it be true; and certainly, if we look to poetry, descriptive, lyrical, narrative, or didactic, the present century gives proof that this art, in Wordsworth's fine phrase, "is the first and best of all knowledge—it is immortal as the heart of man."

Yet although it may be confidently anticipated that no possible advance or probable change in the circumstances of our race will be fatal to the growth of this 'immortal amaranth,' there is no lover of poetry but will have been struck by the long and seemingly unaccountable intervals during which the vision has been withheld and the faculty powerless. There are nations, rich in the materials for poetry, that have waited during whole centuries, for the one true singer who should awake them from silence, by speaking to them a language which they at once have recognized as their own. Such was Italy when, after the attainment of no inconsiderable civilization, and after the prelusive strains of writers unable to make any definite step beyond their Provençal models, Dante gave in the '*Commedia*' a masterpiece, of which his early poems afforded no anticipation—at once, as Hallam observes, dispelling the fear that the Muses had withdrawn their gifts from modern Europe, and creating the poetry of 'the fair land where *Si* is in use.' Such was Germany when, the first age of legend and love-song concluded, four hundred years went by before a nation gifted with

* The series, which is to extend to 50 volumes, is not yet completed.

the best poetical elements found its voice in Goethe and his fellow-poets. And such was our own country, when the 'noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks,' though latest in the race at starting, at one step went far beyond all her contemporaries, nor stayed her advance until she rivalled the glories of Periclean Athens. It is on some aspects of this subject, mainly lying in the first of the two great divisions of English poetry (from Chaucer to Milton), that we wish at present to comment. For we think that there are but two essential cycles; and that with the writers after 1660 begins what, although marked by very diverse phases, may be truly defined as the modern style.

Most readers will be aware of the reasons which made it natural that English poetry, after its splendid annunciation in the 'Canterbury Tales,' should languish during the century and half that intervened before its reappearance in the 'Faery Queen.' Nor is any deep historical reading needful to account in general terms for the approach to excellence made by Chaucer and by Spenser, or for the triumphant progress whose first stage was consummated in 'Paradise Lost.' We see at once that the years of barrenness were years of foreign and of civil warfare, ending in momentous political and religious convulsions, and that this period was preceded and was followed by the two long and brilliant reigns of Edward III. and Elizabeth. Many, perhaps most of the ages in which the higher forms of poetry have flourished resemble these reigns in the main features of national confidence and energy, arising from success abroad, and a rich and peaceful development of the resources of the country. The early epics of Greece, Germany, and the far North may indeed have been slowly evolved during the more tranquil and fortunate moments of many stormy centuries; but the features which we have enumerated are common, more or less, to the days of the first Ionic and Æolian minstrelsy; to those of the poets of Athens, Alexandria, and Rome; to the territories in which Dante and Petrarch, Ariosto and Tasso, spent their youth or their later years; to the Spain of Calderon, and the Germany of the poets between Wieland and Heine. Allowance made for the strange unlikeness of Oriental and Western civilization, the remark may, we believe, be extended to the age of Kalidas in India, of Firdusi and of Hafiz in Persia; of those writers, lastly, whose language, unfamiliar to European ears, is said by competent judges to conceal treasures of song almost worthy of the Paradise which tradition once placed within Arabia the Happy.

Whilst, however, a similarity exists between these poetical periods, a difference may be noted, dividing them in a certain degree

degree into classes which we might call Creative and Retrospective. Human nature and human history never indeed really present broad lines of distinction: one age is always intertwined with the past, and prophetic of the coming; the old ever blended in the new, and the new anticipated in the old. But there have been creative ages, producing poets like Sophocles or Shakespeare; and ages like those to which Virgil and Horace, Tasso and Calderon belonged: when poets looked back with regret to the brilliant time that had preceded them, and to models from which they were unwilling to depart.

Applying these remarks to England, we think that Chaucer, rightly termed often the Morning Star of our poetical literature, towards his own age stood in an inverse relation. Before his own death in 1400, he had seen the succession to the Crown, so splendid and so secure at the era of Poitiers, first shaken by the premature death of the Prince, then destroyed by his son's incapacity; he had seen what he must have considered the virtual close of English sovereignty in western France; he had seen the first outbreak of that spirit of religious change which was hardly to sleep again until the gentle Prioress, who,

‘ Full well sang the service divine
Entuned in hire nose full sweetely,’

—with monk and pardoner, and the whole ‘rule of Saint Maure and of Saint Beneit,’ were to become a tale that is told, and alive only in the brilliant colours of his immortal narrative. The reign of his great patron Edward III. was in fact the turning-point of the middle ages in England; the half-artificial splendours of chivalry which emblazon it, and are reflected in the pages of his ambassador, stand in strange contrast, we know not whether more pathetic or more pitiful, with the stern questions raised, within a few months of the dreary death of the King in deserted Eltham, by the claims of Religion and of Labour—claims now first heard of together within the country which they have never since ceased to stir. That the poet shared in some portion of these new interests we know from the tradition which connects him with the Wickliffite tendencies of John of Gaunt. But his poetry embodies almost exclusively the spirit of his own younger days. The Anglo-French dialect of Chaucer, interspersed with Latinisms, which, like Milton, he failed to naturalize, was not aptly described as a ‘well of English undefiled.’ It is rather such chivalric English as Froissart might have employed, and within a century it was obsolete. Except in the rare passages of humour and of vivid description, which in style belong to no special age, the substance of his bulky volume refers as closely

to

to the mediæval times, as Homer's to the heroic. Chaucer's longest production is his translation of the once-famous 'Roman de la Rose'—that singular summary of the licensed and unlicensed feelings and speculations current in feudal Europe, far more spoken of than known, and which, if known, would surprise many who have praised it. He seems to have been wanting in a certain lightness of touch, conciseness, and melody; and hence the lyrical manner of the Troubadours and of the early poets of Italy and Swabia is unrepresented in his collection. But, this excepted, he has given admirable specimens of every form of poetical literature then practised; closing in his old age with that magnificent Prologue to the Pilgrimage which gives intimations of a vast advance in nature and invention. Blake, the painter,* finely said of this poem, 'As Linnæus numbered the plants, so Chaucer numbered the classes of men.' But, amongst the crowd of characters presented, the heart of the noble poet was clearly not with monk or merchant, priest or ploughman, but with the 'very parfit gentle knight,'

'That fro the time that he first began
To riden out, loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour, freedom and curtesie.'

His poems neither were, nor could be, precursors or models in any strict sense for the poets of modern England. Chaucer is the Hesperus of what, in absence of a better term, we must call our Feudal Ages.

The world was changed when poetry reappeared amongst us. A revolution had passed over Europe, almost as striking as that revolution which substituted the rule of the Teutonic races for the Roman. And at that earlier period, in no country was the contrast between old and new so abrupt as in our own. England under Edward III., all things considered, stood highest in arts, arms, and letters in European Christendom. But England under Henry VIII. was, at the moment, below France, Italy, and Germany in literature; and below France, Germany, and Spain in power. For the last time, the far west had to look eastward for the renewal of its civilization. In poetry, as in architecture, what men at first borrowed thus was rather form than substance; and the forms naturally selected in each case were taken from Italy—the only country which, in 1500, supplied living examples of both. The Earl of Surrey—a man of fine genius, though the state of

* We are glad to learn that Messrs. Macmillan are about to publish an Illustrated Life of this great artist, which has been for some time in preparation under the careful and competent editorship of Mr. A. Gilchrist.

our language and literature prevented him from becoming a great poet—like those early travellers who carried home from Athens imperfect drawings from the masterworks of Phidias and Ictinus, brought before his countrymen some resemblance of the grace of Petrarch, some fragments from the art of Virgil and of Horace. Here is a specimen of his art.

'The soote* season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale,
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make† hath told her tale.

Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes fleet with new repaired scale;

The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;‡
The busy bee her honey now she mings;§
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.

And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays,—and yet my sorrow springs.'

We have quoted this perhaps familiar sonnet (exceptional to Surrey's general manner in its naturalism), to point out that, whilst imitative on the whole of Petrarch's 'Zefiro torna,' in the attempt at a closer painting from nature it connects Surrey with our earlier poets, and foreshadows a style which has been since eminently characteristic of English poetry. How rapidly this style was taken up may be seen in a poem published a few years after Surrey's death, and (although we are convinced without foundation) sometimes ascribed to him.

'The restless state of the Lover when absent from the Mistress of his heart.

'The sun, when he hath spread his rays,
And show'd his face ten thousand ways,
Ten thousand things do then begin
To show the life that they are in.
The heaven shows lively art and hue
Of sundry shapes and colours new,
And laughs upon the earth; anon
The earth, as cold as any stone,
Wet in the tears of her own kind,
'Gins then to take a joyful mind.
For well she feels that out and out
The sun doth warm her right about,
And dries her children tenderly,
And shows them forth full orderly.
The mountains high, and how they stand!
The valleys, and the great main land!

The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,
The castles, and the rivers long!
The hunter then sounds out his horn,
And rangeth straight through wood and corn.
On hills then show the ewe and lamb,
And every young one with his dam.
Then lovers walk and tell their tale
Both of their bliss and of their bale,
And how they serve, and how they do,
And how their lady loves them too.
Then tune the birds their harmony,
Then flock the fowls in company,
Then everything doth pleasure find
In that, that comforts all their kind.
No dreams do drench them of the night
Of foes, that would them slay or bite,

* Sweet.

† Mate.

‡ Small.

§ Mingles.

As hounds, to hunt them at the tail,
Or men force them through hill and dale.
The sheep then dreams not of the wolf,
The shipman forces not the gulf;
The lamb thinks not the butcher's knife
Should then bereave him of his life.
For when the sun doth once run in,
Then all their gladness doth begin;
And then their skips, and then their play,
So falls their sadness then away.

And thus all things have comforting
In that which doth them comfort bring;
Save I, alas! whom neither sun
Nor aught that God hath wrought and done
May comfort aught; as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here.
For being absent from your sight,
Which are my joy and whole delight,
My comfort and my pleasure too,
How can I joy? how should I do? &c.

The phases and fancies of passion are very skilfully and simply described, until Hope solves the argument by one of those pictures which so far surpass reality:—assuring the lover—

‘That she is one of the worthiest,
The truest, and the faithfulest,
The gentlest and the meekest of mind,
That here on earth a man may find;
And if that love and truth were gone,
In her it might be found alone.
For in her mind no thought there is
But how she might be true, I wis;
And tenders thee, and all thy heal,*
And wisheth both thy health and weal,
And loves thee even as far-forth than
As any woman may a man;
And is thine own, and so she says,
And cares for thee ten thousand ways.

On thee she speaks, on thee she thinks,
With thee she eats, with thee she drinks,
With thee she talks, with thee she moans,
With thee she sighs, with thee she groans,
With thee she says, “Farewell, mine own,”
When thou, God knows, full far art gone.
And even, to tell thee all aright,
To thee she says full oft, “Good night,”
And names thee oft her own most dear,
Her comfort, weal, and all her cheer;
And tells her pillow all the tale
How thou hast done her woe and bale,
And how she longs and plains for thee,
And says, “Why art thou so from me?”’

We have noticed Lord Surrey before Sir T. Wyatt; but it is probable that Surrey's rank and early violent death have led critics to invert the influence really exercised over English poetry by these remarkable men. Surrey's epitaph on his friend, praising

‘The hand that taught what might be said in rhyme,
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit,’

—marks at least his own opinion: and Wyatt's remaining poems exhibit a calm and sustained strength which, we think, no writer possessed between Chaucer and Spenser. It is true that he adopts often those false ornaments of conceit and fantastic idea which are often the besetting sin of genius: that his poetry, like all that of his century (Shakespeare excepted), falls within certain limitations of thought which we shall presently notice; that in grace and lightness he yields to the Elizabethan poets. Any one who will compare his translations from Petrarch with the original, *e. g.* the translation of the sonnet beginning—

‘S’ una fede amorosa, un cor non finto,’

will see at once how far Wyatt is from the celestial grace, the sweet solemnity of his model! Take him, however, on Eng-

* Happiness.

lish ground, and we shall find many instances of simplicity and seriousness, and many lines of natural elegance: nor must the variety and frequent excellence of the metres which he has tried or invented be overlooked. Wyat, in short, though not of commanding genius, affords clear anticipations of much that in later days was to raise English lyric poetry to its peculiar excellence. We give one specimen of this quality:—

'Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since when
The suit, the service none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved—
Forget not this!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not, O, forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss—
Forget not this!

Upon the whole, it must be allowed that the success actually achieved was very moderate before the 'Faery Queen' first proved modern England capable of a great poem. But before we quit this part of the subject, we must notice the curious fact that the style followed by Wyat and Surrey in the first quarter of the sixteenth century was brought to perfection in Scotland a hundred years later. Drummond of Hawthornden, a poet little known in proportion to his merits, is in most respects the lineal representative of those early amouirists, although his models appear to have been Petrarch and his own contemporaries. His translations, for instance, that of—

'Vago angelletto, che cantando vai,'

though not absolutely successful, show a great advance upon Wyat; and here also the poet's original compositions best display his natural force.

'Madrigal.'

'This Life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere,
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.
And though it sometimes seem of its own might
Like to an eye of gold to be fix'd there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is, because it is so light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,
Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.'

This

This fine poem, expressing a sentiment which we have noticed as common in the ante-Elizabethan writers, though rarely versified with such skill, may be followed by a sonnet in a still more striking key, and analogous to more than one of those which dye with the deepest tints the pages of Shakespeare's collection.

'The World's Way.'

'Doth then the world go thus, doth all thus move?
Is this the justice which on earth we find?
Is this that firm decree which all doth bind?
Are these your influences, Powers above?
Those souls which vice's moody mists most blind,
Blind Fortune, blindly, most their friend doth prove;
And they who thee, poor idol Virtue! love,
Ply like a feather toss'd by storm and wind.
Ah! if a Providence doth sway this all,
Why should best minds groan under most distress?
Or why should pride humility make thrall,
And injuries the innocent oppress?
Heavens! hinder, stop this fate! or grant a time
When Good may have, as well as Bad, their prime.'

There is a common and very natural illusion, by which those who have real interest in any human art attribute to its beginnings a large portion of the glory which surrounds its triumph. More especially has this been exemplified in the case of sculpture and painting. Men look on the groups from Ægina, or the frescoes of Assisi and of Pisa, and imagine that the perfect form or the truthful expression of Phidias and of Leonardo were in some way inherent in the heart, if not in the hand, of their predecessors. But, allowing fully that the tentative steps of intelligence upward are more delightful and interesting than the feebleness of declining maturity, we doubt much whether the excellence of any perfect art is implicitly involved in work which is not perfect. The favourite analogy from the vegetable kingdom of bud and flower and falling leaf has very little meaning when applied to successive human creatures. Excellence in all the higher spheres of man's labour is in truth (after the animating influence of high example) so greatly due to simple steady cultivation and experience, to the widening process of the years, and to inherited gifts and graces, that we are rather disposed to expect greater realized merit about the last days of Poetry than about her infancy. Our early poetry, from Chaucer to Spenser, cannot be regarded as an altogether spontaneous effort of the national spirit; in its formation influences not only foreign, but derived from an earlier and in many ways a far

far higher period, were largely intermingled with native elements : much in it was rather recovery than creation ; and the contrast often drawn, since the present tone of criticism was established, between Elizabethan writers as natural, and their successors after 1660 as artificial, like most good epigrammatic judgments, is far too clever and definite for the facts. Nothing is further from our intention than to discourage what scanty relics exist of study and reverence for our earlier literature. But to study and reverence few enemies are finally so fatal as partisanship.

Viewed in this light, we are not disposed to dissent from the opinion of a writer, few of whose judgments, indeed, are open to reversal. 'Any comparison of the Elizabethan poetry,' Mr. Hallam observes, speaking of non-dramatic writers, 'save Spenser's alone, with that of the nineteenth century, would show an extravagant predilection for the mere name or dress of antiquity.' It is more in place here, and on many accounts more desirable, to compare with an earlier standard of excellence the four great collections of the period : Tottel's (1557), Edwards's 'Paradise' (1576), 'England's Helicon' (1600), Davison's 'Rhapsody' (last edition, 1621). Horace has never ranked high amongst *original* lyric poets. Catullus wasted a large measure of his splendid faculty on dirt and trifles. Both lived at the beginning of Roman poetical literature. Yet readers may search in vain through the vast body of verse contained in these collections for any one single poem (Shakespeare's song in the 'Helicon' perhaps excepted) equal to the sad and sustained beauty of the short ode 'To Ligurinus'—to the grace, nature, and earnest playfulness of 'Sirmio' and the 'Sparrow.' What, then, the verdict, were reference made even to the scanty relics of Hellenic song—to the *Immortal Aphrodite* of Sappho, to the *Danaë Deserted* of Simonides?—trophies of spontaneous and unassisted Æolian and Ionic genius, and produced, it should be observed, during an age somewhat analogous in its circumstances to the Elizabethan. When we consider what the Greeks did, with what means and within how brief a period, indebted for so little, and creators of so much, it would be enough to make a thoughtful man, at this point of our survey, despair of human genius, but for the charm that lies in the names of William Shakespeare and Francis Bacon.

Familiarity with the four collections named is indispensable to a true knowledge of the poetry of the sixteenth century ; and, though all reprinted within our own, it is to be regretted that all are not easily accessible. The specimens given by Ellis and Campbell—on the whole admirably chosen with regard to excellence—hardly afford fair materials to estimate the tone of that age, far less to
measure

measure the general results attained. Taking the volumes in their order of date, we observe a curious progress from the mournful passion and gloomy cast of thought which reflect the troubled times of early reformation to the festive gaiety of Elizabeth's reign, whilst the latest series reverts again to greater seriousness. In the collections of Tottel and Edwards, besides penitential hymns of a directly religious character, we find that the poems which are not concerned with mere passion turn ordinarily on the wrongs and vexations of life, the *totus mundus in maligno positus*, as one writer has named some striking stanzas; whilst the tone of passion itself is austere and sad, and 'childhood and youth are vanity,' a moral everywhere predominant. Some titles from the 'Paradise of Dainty Devices' will indicate that its quality hardly corresponds with its designation: 'Of Fortune's Power;' 'Of perfect Wisdom;' 'A friendly Admonition;' 'Time gives Experience;' 'Of Sufferance cometh Ease;' 'Being trapped in Love, he complaineth;' 'Amantium iræ Amoris redintegratio.' The language is generally simple, and would probably be found nearer that of the English Bible than any other poetry; but it is rather a prosaic than a poetical simplicity, grave, earnest, and unfantastic. In 'England's Helicon' we enter a new world of a more festive and jubilant character. There is, indeed, serious and statesmanlike thought (though the somewhat heavy and querulous pieces ascribed to Raleigh do not support the high expectations with which modern views of his character would lead us to approach them); there is truth to passion and to nature; but these qualities are generally veiled beneath that dress of Pastoralism which in those days divided public favour with Allegory. Sidney's 'Arcadia' is the prose correlative to Spenser's 'Faery Queen.' Hallam's judgment on these styles of writing, so far more weighty than the violence of Hazlitt or the brilliant partisanship of Coleridge, is an adequate reply to the criticism of former times, which condemned them as insipid, and to the prevalent tone of our own, which condemns them as unreal. Yet, after allowing all we justly can to the 'mask and the mantle in which great poets walk through eternity enveloped and disguised,' it would be untrue not to acknowledge that every conventional form involves loss of power, more than equal to the gain in grace or vivacity. It is hence not surprising that amongst these writers the conceits and the fancifulness which appeared in Surrey and Wyatt break out with greater violence. Yet, besides Marlowe's well-known 'Come live with me,' and Shakespeare's 'On a day, alack the day,' the Helicon contains an amount of genuine poetry which it would have been difficult to match by the

the fugitive or miscellaneous verses of the two following centuries. We give two specimens—the first by Henry Constable, the latter by a writer who signs only ‘The Shepherd Tonie:’—

‘*Diaphenia.*

‘*Diaphenia like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho ! how I do love thee !
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams :
How blest were I if thou wouldst
prove me !*

*Diaphenia like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee !
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power ;
For, dead, thy breath to life might
move me.*

*Diaphenia like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
Dear joy, how I do love thee !
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king :
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me !’*

This charming ditty might have been in Shakespeare's mind when he makes the Duke in ‘*Twelfth Night*’ speak of one ‘old and plain, and that dallies with the innocence of love like the old age.’ The next is of a more modern style in finish and melody:—

‘*Beauty sat bathing by a spring
Where fairest shades did hide her ;
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
To see what was forbidden ;
But better memory said Fie,
So vain desire was chidden.
Hey nonny, nonny !*

*Into a slumber then I fell,
When fond imagination
Seem'd to see, but could not tell
Her feature or her fashion.
But even as babes in dreams do smile,
And sometimes fall a-weeping,
So I awaked—as wise this while
As when I fell asleeping.
Hey nonny, nonny !’*

Immediately after these take one from Shakespeare, and the vast eminence which he preserves above his contemporaries, not less in the song than in the drama, will be felt at once:—

‘*Blow, blow, thou winter wind ;
Thou art not so unkind*

As man's ingratitude ;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly :

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :

Then heigh ho ! the holly !

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky ;

Thou dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot :

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly :

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.’

How

How deeply inwoven are the harmonies in this little song—what a play of fancy is here, what a force of imagination, what a sad serenity of insight into human nature! Spenser's 'Epithalamion'—the most splendid strain of nuptial ecstasy which we possess—is, in truth, the only song of Elizabeth's reign which can be matched with Shakespeare's lyrics.

There are many small poems (passing by works of such compass as Spenser's romance, the 'Mirror of Magistrates,' the 'Purple Island,' the historico-descriptive productions of Brown, Warner, Drayton, and Daniel) not included in the collections we have named; but so strongly did the national taste run in the established channels, that nearly all those mentioned may be classed as Pastoral or Allegorical. A few mediocre attempts at Satire close the catalogue of original works. The *Draina*, as many indications show, was then hardly reckoned poetry proper—it was a thing to be heard and seen, not read.

There is one principle which the early Greek poetry has in common with the English—the concentration of interest on man and his passions. This character, in fact, pervades our literature to a period far beyond Elizabeth's. Man in his personality is always before us. Hence even didactic poetry, pure, scantily occurs—the poetry of description or of Nature, in the philosophical sense, never. We think that the love for such poetry, which has grown upon us so powerfully during the last hundred years, requires no such elaborate theories as have been set forth by Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin to explain or to justify it: that it is simply a conquest over 'fresh woods and pastures new;' and to be deduced, in the main, from the supposed exhaustion of prior themes, from the securities and facilities of travel, from the love of variety, from the always increasing refinement of social life, the popularization of painting, the invention of watercolours, and other quite mundane causes not dreamt of in their high philosophy. But whether this extension of range be the 'glorious gain' we think it or no, it had indubitably no existence in the age of Elizabeth. From the 'Venus and Adonis,' and from passages in his plays, we know, indeed, that Shakespeare could have rivalled the descriptive faculty of Keats or Wordsworth; but such touches, like the backgrounds of early art, are invariably subordinate to the human passion, and do not exceed those glimpses of equally splendid description in Pindar and the tragedians of Athens, which every reader lingers over and wishes less unfrequent. More of landscape appears in the 'Faery Queen' and in such poetry as Sidney's, but modified always in the latter by the mirage of the pastoral, in Spenser by the *Fata Morgana* of his splendid allegory. A still more curious proof of the irresistible force exercised by the idea of humanity may be found

in

in a work professedly dedicated to local description—Drayton's 'Polyolbion': for whilst cities and villages are faintly traceable on the vast canvas, every brook and river between Hayle and Eden is made the subject of awkward personification, and county contends with county, mountain with mountain, like the monstrous struggles of the Indian mythology, through thirty tedious cantos. Readers may remember, in Milton's earlier work, instances proving how long this personifying tendency lasted. Parts of 'Comus' are like Drayton's manner transfigured into the seventh heaven of poetry.

The mighty contrast between ancient and modern tone in reference to nature may be set forth by the juxtaposition of three specimens (to which should be added the sonnet already quoted from Surrey), exhibiting the thoughts called out by the presence of Spring from English poets of different ages. We should premise that the author of the first, Browne, was by his contemporaries under Charles I. placed beside or above all other writers of pastoral, and that much true poetry is scattered through his unequal writings. Willie the Shepherd thus encourages his companion:—

'Roget, droop not; see the spring
Is the earth enamelling,
And the birds on every tree
Greet this morn with melody;
Hark how yonder throstle chants it,
And her mate as proudly vaunts it;
See how every stream is drest
By her margin with the best
Of Flora's gifts; she seems glad
For such brooks such flowers she had;
All the trees are quaintly tired *
With green buds, of all desired;
And the hawthorn, every day,
Spreads some little show of May:

See the primrose sweetly set
By the much-loved violet,
All the banks do sweetly cover
As they would invite a lover,
With his lass, to see their dressing,
And to grace them by their pressing.
Yet in all this merry tide,
When all cares are laid aside,
Roget sits as if his blood
Had not felt the quickening good
Of the sun, nor cares to play,
Or with songs to pass the day.'

Compare with this Gray's celebrated 'Ode on the Spring,'—

'Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,'—

(which we will not reprint, as it is fresh in everybody's mind,) and the following poem of Wordsworth's:—

'Lines written in early Spring.'

'I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood, when pleasant
thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me
ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What Man has made of Man.

* Attired.

Through primrose-tufts, in that green tower,	The budding leaves spread out their fan
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths :	To catch the breezy air ;
'And 'tis my faith that every flower	And I must think, do all I can,
Enjoys the air it breathea.	That there was pleasure there.
The birds around me hopp'd and play'd ;	If this belief from Heaven be sent—
Their thoughts I cannot measure ;	If this be Nature's holy plan—
But the least motion which they made,	Have I not reason to lament
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.	What Man has made of Man ?'

Without invidiously comparing the poetical merit of these eminent men, it may be remarked that, whilst in each case natural description is used both as the vehicle and the foil to human feeling, that feeling gradually extends itself, from the personality of the writer in Surrey, to the sympathies of the person addressed in Browne. Intermediate links, for which we have no space, may be found in Milton and Thomson,—till in Gray the landscape element becomes dominant, and what may be called without offence the *obvious* moral suggested by the course of nature and the course of life is presented in language of the most exquisite finish, and adorned with images of mythological personification. In Wordsworth, lastly, individual passion disappears, and the mind of the poet, as if the *anima mundi* had found an organ of conscious utterance, draws a picture in which the simplest and closest delineation of the scene is connected with a moral embracing all humankind. It is this enlargement of 'the vision and the faculty' which, to our thinking, is the marked, and at the same time the most animating characteristic of our modern Muses :—

'Largior hic campos æther, et lumine vestit
Purpureo.'

Returning now to the treatment of human passion and character in our older poetry, we observe many strange limitations which men of even the highest genius appear unable to overpass. Thus the faculty of telling any short tale of incident or feeling, the power of drawing a picture of character, was, we believe, totally wanting. The early writers appear hardly capable of viewing anything except reflectively, and with reference to their own feeling. So far is this 'subjectivity' from characterizing especially modern days, that we doubt whether any series of songs collected in the present century contain nearly so many of this class as are found in the four early miscellanies. What there was of story and of action (the drama, of course, always excluded) is exhibited in the immeasurable tedium of Drayton's 'Barons' Wars,' Sackville's 'Mirrour,' and similar 'heroical' chronicles ; and is seen at its best in the 'Faery Queen,' to which, however, no one would give the praise of terse and rapid narration.

narration. How large a field of what we find most interesting in poetry is thus excluded! We know that in fact many stories in verse then existed in Ballad literature, and are perhaps apt to say with Keats, when wearied with modern moralization, 'Let us have the old poets and Robin Hood.' But these stories existed only as the traditional treasures of districts scarcely more familiar to civilized man than Finland, and they hardly formed an available, far less an influential element in our literature. For a long period, in this direction we find only such poems as 'Hudibras,' Dryden's Reproductions from Chaucer, Fables, and Moral Tales: until in the hands of Tickell, Mallet, and Goldsmith the ballad reasserts itself; though it is the ballad in court dress, and much artifice is combined with its grace and pathos. Meanwhile such real masterpieces as 'Black-eyed Susan' and 'Sally in our Alley' in England, 'Auld Robin Gray' and 'There's nae luck about the house' in Scotland, were produced with apology and welcomed with hesitation: and many years more had to pass before Cowper and Scott, Wordsworth and Coleridge, showed Englishmen that the purest passion and the most perfect music might be united to striking narrative and entrancing picture in 'Toll for the Brave' and 'Marmion,' and the Lyrical Ballads,—which included 'Ruth,' and 'Lucy,' and the 'Ancient Mariner.' Poems like 'Parisina' or the 'Lady of the Lake,' songs like Wolfe's 'Burial of Moore' or Campbell's 'Hohenlinden,' have no place in our earlier literature; not from want of poetical power, but from the laws, irresistible as those to which we arbitrarily confine the name of laws of nature, which forbade the human mind to conceive of their existence. It is true that, mediately through the ballads, the poets of this century are connected with the Elizabethan; it is true also that in a richer diction and a deeper flow of melody than their predecessors, in a certain freedom and simplicity of pathos, they resemble what Dryden called the 'giant race before the flood:'—but in essential characteristics we think it clear that a wider interval separates Wordsworth and Keats, Shelley and Byron, from Spenser and his contemporaries, than lies between them and the so-called artificial poets of the eighteenth century. That it should be otherwise would contradict all we know of the development of human faculties.

Readers who have heard our early poetry specially noted for the qualities of freshness and simplicity, and are familiar with the common specimens, will have been often surprised when they turned to the original authors in their integrity. The style which Shakespeare has dramatised in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' the far-sought conceits and allusions, the strange contorted phraseology,

ology, are no peculiarities of Donne and Cowley, but more or less mark English poetry from Surrey to Herbert and Crashaw.* The powerful effort which freed our literature from a disguise above all others fitted to conceal want of thought and poetic fancy (although worn by many who needed no such disguise), has been but scantily appreciated in modern times, and a great deal of criticism, often unjust, has been directed against the poetry of the hundred years following 1660. But of the meaning and the results of the change begun by Dryden and consummated in Gray we hope to speak hereafter. Reverting, meanwhile, to the antecedent period,—there is a sense in which it is characterized by simplicity, though not the pure simplicity of the ancients. It is a simplicity less of words than of ideas. For the subjects then treated are not only limited in range, but in conception; it is in the drama only that a wider sweep is taken, and there, obviously, under very different conditions. Love, as the passion best suited for song, is of course prominent; but it is love in its elementary aspects, and rarely carried into any subtlety of analysis. We have despair and triumph and jealousy, passionate pleading, and proud renunciation; but except in Shakespeare's sonnets we look in vain for those finer aspects and remoter links of feeling which Wordsworth, Shelley, and Tennyson have in our own days shown in co-existence with a simplicity and natural strength rarely found in their predecessors. A very small gallery of pictures of a mistress will exemplify our argument. We begin with the Earl of Oxford's graceful verses in the 'Helicon.'

'What shepherd can express
The favour of her face,
To whom in this distress
I do appeal for grace?
A thousand Cupids fly
About her gentle eye:

From which each throws a dart
That kindleth soft sweet fire
Within my sighing heart
Possessed by desire.
No sweeter life I try
Than in her love to die.

The lily in the field
That glories in his white,
For pureness now must yield,
And render up his right.
Heaven pictured in her face
Doth promise joy and grace.

Fair Cynthia's silver light,
That beats on running streams,
Compares not with her white,
Whose hairs are all sun-beams:
So bright my nymph doth shine
As day unto my eyne.

* In the able and instructive 'Lectures on Homer,' just published by Mr. M. Arnold, the reader will find some curious examples bearing on this point from Chapman's translation, with much excellent criticism on different poetic styles. Whilst agreeing with the Professor that the true metre for rendering Homer has not hitherto been employed, we doubt much whether the hexameter can be naturalized in England, unless under the observance of strict quantitative rules. We think this by no means an impossibility, but it is as yet the unsolved problem to us, which it was to the Romans before the efforts of Ennius and Lucilius.

With this there is a red
Exceeds the damask-rose;
Which in her cheeks is spread
Where every favour grows:
In sky there is no star
But she surmounts it far!

Habington, we think, has been somewhat overpraised; but the best verses in his 'Castara' may serve to mark one phase of style reached under Charles I.

'Like the violet, which alone
Prosper in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betray'd;
For she's to herself untrue
Who delights i' the public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace.
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood:
She is noblest, being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent.
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tween men no difference makes.

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captives lie;
And each particle of time
Her pure thoughts to Heaven fly;
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.'

Now pass on to later days, beginning with the great master of simple pathos.

'Sweet Stream, that winds through yonder
glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng;

With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes;
Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass,
And Heaven reflected in her face.'

We need here only refer to the incomparable—

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,' &c.

The early writers could not anticipate their own age, or build Thebes in one day to the sound even of Shakespeare's or Spenser's music. Yet our first poets did their work nobly at that early period. For if we look at Europe, which everywhere commenced its modern life within that one century, we shall find,—and we should confess it with a modest pride—that in England, and England alone, was the new world of Society and Politics inaugurated and accompanied by a new world of Poetry. France, to take first the least poetical of European nations, at that time produced only the pedantic school of Ronsard and his followers,—writers not only unintelligible to the people at large, but destined to give that bent towards 'the most factitious literature that ever befooled men of genius, which was consummated in the Gallo-Grecism of the age of Louis XIV. Italy, graced by two great poets, yet possessed rather the last echoes of romance in the 'Orlando,' and of chivalry in the 'Gerusalemme,' than a poetry for the days to come. Poetry in Spain remained either

within the limits of a lovely though conventional pastoralism, or of a religious creed which had lost at once its life and its loveliness. The great German race, lastly, distracted by its religious troubles, was unable to seize the spontaneous moment, and has never yet reached the place to which a nation so highly gifted for poetry appeared naturally entitled. Splendid as are the achievements of Goethe and Schiller, they do not stand in that intimate relation to the mind of Germany at large which our great poets occupy towards Englishmen. But in England, as amongst that race to which, on the whole, ours offers the nearest, though a faint, resemblance, all that was highest in the new order of things, and noblest in the old, passed at once into poetry. What the Lyric poets were to the youthful energies of Asiatic and Insular Hellas, what the great dramatists were to Athens in her glory, the poets from Spenser to Milton were to us. In their works we see England, from Elizabeth to Cromwell, interpreted to herself.

We would sum up the contrast of the old and the new by saying that poetry is now an instrument of greater depth, finish, and compass; that a stronger hand is required to do justice to its music; but that, when touched with sufficient ability, poetry speaks a more universal language, and gives back the age to itself with a completer utterance, than in the days of Allegory, and Pastoral, and Drama. The earliest writers, it should be remembered, found no native model for style or manner. They had to frame a language free from prosaic associations, to tune it to melodies hitherto unheard, and to find what themes fell within the limits of poetical treatment. Hence the four great collections bear witness to many struggles, to attempts in wrong directions, to an inexhaustible patience in the pursuit of greater perfection. And so the works of Spenser and Shakespeare bear no few traces of the youth and inexperience of our literature, in the fanciful spelling and change of verbal structure which have so much impeded the popularity of the 'Faerie Queen,' and the many tentative new words in the plays which have not rooted themselves in our language. Again, reverting to what we have said of the greater subtlety of modern analysis in feeling and expression, it should be observed that, in absence of this, our earlier poets produce effects analogous by the simple *juxtaposition* of thoughts and images which it is our habit to unite and identify. This aspect of our literature may be exemplified by requesting the reader to compare one or two cantos of the 'Faerie Queen' with Tennyson's latest work. Spenser gives the allegory, and leaves us to identify the characters with real life—in the Idylls the moral is concealed beneath living characters. In one, we are in
a land

a land more visionary and unsubstantial than the sea-sunk Lyonesse, which we yet know is in another sense Elizabeth's England; we read of enchanters and giants, yet, as in Bunyan's allegory, the second and truer intention is always latent in or beside the outward form. We are never perplexed, as in Ariosto, with uncertainty whether the incredible wonders described are set forth in jest or in earnestness. In the modern work, the marvellous, though hinted at here and there, is but once directly introduced in scenes where we should at first have everywhere expected it,—and then with such subtle skill that the enthralment of Merlin appears rather another mode of stating the result of man's folly and the force of woman's craft, than a fact, even of legendary tradition. And throughout, the delineation of heroic times is blended with lessons for our own by the close adherence to what underlies all ages,—that human nature which, as Thucydides remarked of old, is everywhere similar.

From a play by T. Killigrew, written probably about 1625, we will quote a beautiful song, spoken over a sleeping and disinherited Prince by his Attendant Spirit. Whilst this is a more direct lyrical picture of dramatic incident than we should find in Elizabethan writers, a modern writer would have undoubtedly interfused, as his leading motive, the *sentiment* of the situation, which is here almost excluded by the directness of the description.

'While Morpheus thus does gently lay
His powerful charge upon each part,
Making thy spirits e'en obey
The silver charms of his dull art;
I, thy good Angel, from thy side—
As smoke doth from the altar rise,
Making no noise as it doth glide—
Will leave thee in this soft surprise;

And from the clouds will fetch thee down
A holy Vision, to express
Thy right unto an earthly crown;
No power can make this kingdom less.
But gently, gently, lest I bring
A start in sleep by sudden fright,
Playing aloof and hovering
Till I am lost unto the sight.

This is a motion still and soft,
So free from noise and cry
That Jove himself, who hears a thought,
Knows not when we pass by.'

Our early poets, strong men as they were, were unable fully to master their materials, or to make their verse a complete expression of their ideas. They know not when they have spoken their thought; they are without moderation; they render simple things in language too fanciful or too prosaic; they grasp at much by figure and simile. Then, as the years advanced, freeing men from the bonds of inexperience and conventionality, in the consummate art of Milton was reached what we regard as the final type of the whole first cycle of our poetry. A few aspects of the period between Shakespeare and Milton—or, from
the

the beginning of the reign of Charles I. to his son's restoration—remain for notice.

It would require an essay, and one on which few could venture, to analyse the share of Shakespeare in the progress then made. But turning to more definable aspects of literature, under the first James and Charles we find the 'pastoral and the allegorical styles rapidly losing ground, or retaining it only in the form of direct imitation of Spenser in his *Eclogues* or his *Epic Romance*: Browne (1613) representing the first style, and the brothers Fletcher (1610-1633) the allegory. Indeed the tone of Davison's '*Rhapsody*' (1602-1621) is already far less pastoral than the '*Helicon*,' and in a certain sober seriousness reminds us of the collection made in Mary's reign. A character more austere and terse, less musical and festive, appears; a reflection, no doubt, though often unconscious, of the political struggles of the time and of the gathering gloom of Puritanism. We give two noble specimens; the first from the '*Rhapsody*,' the second from Sir H. Wotton:—

'Present, in Absence.'

'Absence, hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance, and length;
Do what thou canst for alteration:
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join, and Time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
He soon hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To hearts that cannot vary
Absence is Presence, Time doth tarry.'

'The Character of a Happy Life.'

'How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!
Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath:
Who envies none that chance doth raise
Or vice: who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great:
Who late and early doth God pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.
This man is freed from servile bands
Of hopes to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.'

Readers may see an advance in art between these poems and those quoted from earlier writers. They may feel also in them a certain tendency to didactic heaviness, a quality, like the tendency to the fantastic already noticed, far more consistent with true poetical power than is recognized by those to whom poetry is only one means for making idle hours idler. Cowley and Davenant are striking instances in point; whilst in another direction

direction the thoughtfulness of the time issued in the directly religious verse of Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan, and Quarles; writers whose fame in this century (we may observe in passing) curiously exemplifies the vagueness of popular estimate; the first having been justly valued, the last much overpraised; whilst Vaughan and Crashaw, in style so dissimilar, have alike failed to obtain their due share of study. We must find space for one pleasing specimen by the last-named, sent to a lady with Herbert's sacred poems:—

'Know you, Fair, on what you look?
 Divinest Love lies in this book,
 Expecting fire from your eyes
 To kindle this his sacrifice.
 When your hands untie these strings,
 Think you've an angel by the wings;
 One that gladly will be nigh
 To wait upon each morning sigh,
 To flutter in the balmy air
 Of your well-perfumèd prayer.
 These white plumes of his he'll lend you,
 Which every day to heaven will send you
 To take acquaintance of the sphere,
 And all the smooth-faced kindred there.'

Meanwhile the Muses of England were learning modes of expression hitherto scarcely attempted. Comic songs and satire on subjects of the day, before almost confined to the drama, became the separate pursuit of Corbet, Suckling, Cartwright, Donne, and Jonson. And, as in the days of Horace, in connection with satire, appear poetical epistles (the first specimen of which is stated to be one given by Hall in 1613) on a vast variety of subjects. Few of these forms of poetry produced much that is valuable except historically, yet it would be an unjust opinion which, from the nature of their themes, ranked them below the narratives and pastorals, in which so much ordinary verse under Elizabeth displayed itself. Their aim indeed is less distinctly poetical; but their result was to bring poetry into vital connection with real life in all its phases; thus commencing those lessons of sobriety and simplicity in thought which the English mind so eminently needed. Even the rank luxuriance then displayed in the qualities most opposed to these—conceit and affectation—of which Johnson, in his *Life of Cowley*, has given excellent specimens, tended in the same direction. For the earlier conceits lie more in imaginative embroidery—those of Cowley, Donne, and Cartwright in fanciful and overstrained thought. By this change the disease reached the last stage of its

its career, and, by seizing on the intellect rather than the imagination, worked itself out of poetry. Compare two imitations of Marlowe's well-known song:—

'Come live with me, and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.

There shall you have the beauteous pine,
The cedar, and the spreading vine,
And all the woods to be a screen,
Lest Phœbus kiss my summer's green.

The seat at your disposal shall be
Over some river, in a tree,
Where silver sands and pebbles sing
Eternal ditties with the spring.

There shall you see the Nymphs at play,
And how the Satyrs spend the day,
The flakes gliding on the sands,
Offering their bellies to your hands.'

Sir W. Raleigh.

'Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasure prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run,
Warm'd by thine eyes more than the sun;
And there th' enamoured fish will play,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so seen art loth
By sun or moon, thou darkenest both;
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.'

Dr. Donne.

Here the fancies of Raleigh, his nymphs and satyrs, his 'summer's green' for the girl's complexion, and 'eternal ditties' for the spring, are all imaginative conceits and fallacies; Donne's the frostwork ingenuities of the intellect. Lodge's noble *Description of Rosaline*, glowing with the colours of Tintoret or Veronese, might be similarly compared with Cowley's *Clad all in White*.

Meanwhile, the imaginative and the passionate forms of our poetry show greater clearness and condensation. One specimen from Herrick, in whom the pastoralism of Elizabeth's age is united to closer natural description; one from Waller, in which the fancy of Sidney is united with a simplicity in which he is wanting, must suffice; nor indeed does this point seem to require more minute elucidation:—

'Daffodils.

'Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

'On a Girdle.

'That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer,
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow

A narrow compass! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
 Give me but what this riband bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round!

There is of course a sense in which it would be almost ludicrous to say that poetry such as this culminated in Milton. Between the art of English writers in general and that of Milton lies the most insuperable of human barriers—the immeasurable space between every other poetical gift and the gift of Sublimity. Nobleness is the rarest and highest imaginative excellence; it is also the most personal and incommunicable. Men like Phidias, Pindar, Tacitus, Dante, or Michelangelo, appear to have no ancestors and no successors. So with Milton: whatever the poetical cultivation of his countrymen, the way to one of the solitary thrones of excellence would, we cannot but think, have been infallibly trod by that imperial intellect. But we cannot here discuss the question how far minds of this order are independent of their age; nor point out how much, especially in what Milton gained from the ancients, is peculiar to him. What we wish rather to dwell on is the general fact, that in Milton's style is concentrated the best essence of the early poetry; music, manly strength and freshness, combined commonly with a directness and simplicity of language hitherto unattained; whilst the main feature of ancient style, as compared with modern—juxtaposition of thought and image with the view to effects of passion or vividness in picture—is presented with a perfection and a nobleness of which the 'Divina Commedia' had given the only earlier example to Christendom.

We had hoped to give this point full examination, but, in the phrase of Socrates, 'the Dæmon warns us' that there is risk of irreverence and error in the attempt to define the attributes of one among the Greater Gods. Let us conclude our task by remarking the splendid consummation of some special pre-existing tendencies afforded by the author of 'Paradise Lost.' It is impossible to compare a short drama such as 'Comus' with the 'sweetness long drawn out' of the 'Faerie Queen;' yet, where 'Comus' is allegorical, we think the allegory treated with more force and beauty than Spenser's; nor, his excepted, can any be named in rivalry. Admirable as are Virgil's early poems, yet it must be acknowledged that, since the days when Theocritus wrote his 'Thalysia,' pastoral poetry had produced nothing equal to 'Lycidas.' We have already classed the 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso' under the ancient descriptive style, in which the poet paints Nature as viewed by and in connection with man, not Nature

as she teaches and personifies herself in man. But these marvellous poems so far transcend all former attempts in description in any literature, that it is not surprising they should be popularly reckoned as rather the first works in the modern manner than (what we certainly think them) the glorified idea of the older. If any think this classification arbitrary, we would allow, as before stated, that no line can be drawn here with severity, and that Milton may be rightly placed last of the ancients, or earliest of the moderns; as the goal of one age is often the starting-point of the succeeding. But, in illustration of our own view, we will direct our readers to one contrast more; choosing our modern specimen from the too scanty and imperfect works of one who, if from the promise we may infer the fulfilment, would have ranked, had life been permitted to him, with the greatest poets of England. The pleasures of Imagination, Keats has been saying, transcend at times the enjoyments of reality: summer passes, but the pictures drawn by the imaginative memory are a consolation, when

'The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the night doth meet the noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad
With a mind self-overawed
Fancy, high-commissioned:—send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth.
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt
hear.
Distant harvest-carols clear;

Bustle of the reaped corn,
Sweet birds antheming the morn;
And in the same moment, hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf and every flower
Pearled with the selfsame shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep;
And the snake, all winter thin,
Cast on sunny bank its skin:
Froekled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the beehive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering
While the autumn breezes sing.'

Now take the elder poet's work, not in the narrow spirit of rivalry with that of his youthful successor; but to note how, whilst in Keats the landscape consoles and absorbs the spectator (though deriving meanwhile its power from the subtle contrast between the variety of nature and the monotony of life), in Milton it is
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the human element which gives 'its splendour to the grass, its glory to the flower;' how the later picture is more minutely and curiously true, the earlier the more equally balanced:—

'If I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew;' &c.

which, though so well known, we can hardly refrain from quoting at length.

That the curious phases of the human mind, reflected in the poetry which we have thus imperfectly and briefly surveyed, might be brought with more vividness before the reader, we have ventured on quotations often long and sometimes familiar. But we think their length will not be regretted by those to whom they are best known; and such—and we hope there will be many such—we regard as our fittest audience.

ART. VI.—*Plutarch's Lives. The Translation called Dryden's, corrected from the Greek and revised by A. W. Clough, sometime Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College, Oxford, and late Professor of the English Language and Literature at University College, London. In 5 volumes. 1859.*

THE appearance of a new version—as in some sort this is—of the 'Lives' of Plutarch, is not only a literary event, but one of no little historical importance. For Plutarch is not merely the first of biographers by right of having produced a great number of biographies of the first class, but he holds a position unique, peculiar, and entirely his own, in modern Europe. We have all 'naturalized' the old gentleman, and admitted him to the rights of citizenship, from the Baltic to the Pillars of Hercules. He was a Greek, to be sure, and a Greek no doubt he is still. But as when we think of a Devereux or a Stanley we call him an Englishman, and not a Norman, so, who among the reading public troubles himself to reflect that Plutarch wrote Attic prose of such or such a quality? Scholars know all about it to be sure, as they know that the turkeys of our farmyards came originally from Mexico. Plutarch, however, is not a scholar's author, but is popular everywhere, as if he were a native. It is as though the drachmas which he carried in his purse on his travels were still current coin in the public markets and Exchanges.

Now this, we repeat, is a unique phenomenon. There is no other case of an ancient writer—whether Greek or Latin—becoming as well known in translations as he was in the classical world,

world, or as great modern writers are in the modern one. Neither is there another case of the world's accepting—as it does with Plutarch's *Lives*—all translations with more or less thankfulness. Nor, again, will another instance be found of an ancient writer's forming so curious a link between his world of thought and those who care for nothing else but what he tells them about or in that world. It is, indeed, wonderful how little translators have yet achieved for the classical men; and this fact might well deserve serious consideration in our age. Pope's 'Homer' is, perhaps, our most popular translation. But is there any other version of an ancient much read? Some are read, no doubt, as aids to the study of the originals; and some—like our 'Horaces'—for the pleasure of seeing how far a delicate and difficult task has been overcome. We have plenty of 'cribs,' and we have a few works of art, of which last the *Aristophanes* of Mr. Frere is (as far as it goes) an unrivalled specimen. Where, however, is the mere stranger to look for translations which shall justify to him the tantalizing and provoking praise he hears on all hands of the antique men? They are not to be found.

We are told by the literary historians that Plutarch was translated into modern Greek in the fourteenth century; and a pious archbishop of Heleno-Pontus had, three centuries earlier, expressed a hope of his eternal salvation conjointly with Plato.* But we do not find him quoted by our own chroniclers, as the Latin poets and Cicero sometimes are. His real glory begins with the revival of letters, when *Latin* versions of his 'Lives' first appeared, and were followed by Greek editions (though not till early in the sixteenth century) both of the 'Lives' and the 'Morals.' Plutarch, however, was destined to be famous through translations chiefly. The folios of Venice and Florence would get abroad, no doubt, and obtain their share of notice from the scholars who were now labouring like miners in the long-buried cities of antiquity. But the important day for Plutarch and the modern world was that on which the eyes of Jacques Amyot, a French churchman, first fell upon his text. Amyot was born at Melun, of humble parents, in 1513 (just four years before the appearance of the *editio princeps* of the 'Lives,' in Greek, at Florence), and studied at Melun, Paris, and Bourges. He held a chair in the last-named town—thanks to the kindness of Margaret, sister of Francis I.; and some early versions which he made from the 'Lives' induced that 'humane great monarch' to present him to the Abbaye of Bellozane. He went to Venice, attached to an ambassador, where he had no

* Fabricius, *Bibl. Græc.*, ed. Harles, v. 156.

doubt access to important MSS. of his favourite author. He was for some time at the Council of Trent. He received something from each of several successive kings of France, and died a bishop, rich and renowned, in 1583. Such is a brief summary of the career of a man to whom Plutarch owes his modern fame, and to whom the modern world owes Plutarch. But Amyot's literary merits do not even stop here. He was one of the earliest writers of attractive French prose. He had an immense influence on Montaigne; and, what is still more important, our own countryman, Sir Thomas North, translated from Amyot's translation, and supplied Shakspeare with the groundwork of his 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Cæsar,' and 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Very few men of letters have done so much for the world as Jacques Amyot, Bishop of Auxerre.

Amyot finished the 'Lives' before the 'Morals,' and published them in 1559. It was the year that Mary Stuart's first husband died; and Montaigne was a young gentleman of twenty-six. By-and-by the 'Morals' appeared, and made Montaigne an essayist—so at least he tells us himself; for Plutarch and Seneca, he says, formed him, and he preferred Plutarch of the two. 'I draw from them,' are his words, 'like the Danaides, filling and emptying, *sans cesse*.' He read no books so much as Plutarch's 'Lives' and 'Morals,' and especially admired the 'Comparisons' in the 'Lives,' 'the fidelity and sincerity of which equal their profundity and weight.' And he further expressly tells us that he read them in Amyot, 'to whom I give the palm over all our French writers, not only for the *naïveté* and purity of his language, but for having had the wisdom to select so worthy a book.' Montaigne had, indeed, some personal acquaintance with Amyot; and it is a fact that he quotes Plutarch no less than two hundred times. As every essayist traces his pedigree to Montaigne, what a noble, flourishing tree must that be esteemed which rooted itself and spread its healthy green leaves in Chæroneia in the first century!

Amyot's folios were popular—strange as *popular folio* sounds to us. The fact is, that this was the first time that the gentlemen of feudal Europe made the personal acquaintance of the gentlemen of classical Europe. Of course there had always been a vague traditionary knowledge of the Roman and Greek heroes. Niebuhr remarks that stories about them used to be read out of Valerius Maximus to the German knights as they sat at dinner; and the mediæval chroniclers frequently garnish their descriptions with allusions to their mighty names. But all was dark and shadowy about them, and they wore always a *quasi-feudal* garb, just as the Virgin Mary was spoken of as '*a Princess of*
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coat-armour' by our countrywoman Dame Juliana Berners. In Shakespeare's 'Troilus and Cressida,' with its 'Lord Æneas,' we see the influence of the mediæval view of the ancients; but when he writes from Plutarch, they become different men. It was Amyot that worked this change, by showing them in their real characters as described by an ancient in a civilised age.

We must not be surprised then to hear that Amyot's 'Plutarch' was the favourite reading of Henri Quatre, nor that De Retz found only among the 'men of Plutarch' parallels to the heroic Montrose.—*Homme de Plutarque* became indeed a typical description in France, as we name plants after their discoverers and classifiers. Amyot might be superseded by Dacier, but Plutarch was still read by the generation of Rousseau, who himself sat up till sunrise over the old Boeotian's page. Later still, whatever varnish of classicality adorned the heads of the 'revolutionary heroes' seems to have come from the same inexhaustible source. We know that this has been urged against the Plutarchian influence. But the answer is, that without it the 'heroes' would have been still more brutal and vulgar than some of them were. The 'Gracchus' and 'Hampden' of our own Sunday papers are very unlike the children of Cornelia or the landholder of Bucks; they bear the names with much the same appropriateness that negroes do Caesar and Pompey. It would, however, be too extravagant, we venture to think, to decline studying on that account the historians of the Roman Republic or the English Civil War.

Amyot's folios, we say, were popular; and in time it occurred to an Elizabethan knight, Sir Thomas North, to translate them. Sir Thomas was a collateral ancestor of the Guildford family, being a younger son of Edward, the first Lord North, and studied at Lincoln's Inn in the reign of Philip and Mary. But this is nearly all we know of his personal history. In a late edition of his 'Plutarch's Lives,' dedicating afresh to Queen Elizabeth, he speaks of 'the princely bounties of your blessed hand . . . comforting and supporting my poor old decaying life'—which looks as if he had not prospered in the world. He made no secret of the source of his translation of the 'Lives,' which he first published in 1579, for his title-page runs thus: 'The Lives of the noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by that grave, learned philosopher and historiographer Plutarch of Chæroneæ; translated out of Greeke into French by James Amiot, Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre; . . . and out of French into English by Sir Thomas North, Knight.' This was honest in Sir Thomas, and is also a sign how highly esteemed Amyot's work had become within twenty years from its publication.

tion. He laid the book at the feet of Queen Elizabeth in an epistle breathing all the high-flown and stately loyalty of the day. Some expressions of his testify that he knew the value of biography—that he looked on it as an art preserving the record of great men's lives—that such record may help to produce other great men.

North's 'Plutarch' was successful in England, as Amyot's had been in France; and this though (as Mr. Payne Collier remarks) each copy sold for more than five pounds of our money. The first edition, we have said, appeared in 1579; and editions are known of 1595, 1612, and 1631. Who can estimate the influence of such a book on the education of the leading men of the kingdom in those gallant old ages?—or guess how often the growing young cavaliers of the country turned over its venerable pages in the big bay-windows of English country-houses during the warm summer afternoons? The heroes were pagans to be sure—not equal in type to the Christian chivalry, 'tender and true,' of the northern lands. But in valour—in patriotism—in noble manliness of intellect—in a deep sense of the value of friendship—'Plutarch's men' were not unworthy the cordial study of the descendants of the Crusaders; and besides, such study widened the views of our ancestors, and enlarged their knowledge of politics and society. Other classical authors taught the principles of antiquity—Plutarch showed the persons. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that he has done more than any one writer to create that sort of personal *affection* for the best men of the antique world which has always been so common among people of good culture.

Though we cannot expect to enjoy North's 'Plutarch' as it was enjoyed in his own time, we cannot open it without perfectly understanding why it was esteemed and liked; and there are men even now who use it in preference to modern translations. Of course, its style is stiff and what we commonly call quaint—with an odd familiar homeliness running through—now its stateliness, and now its pathos. But there is great directness of picturesque force sometimes; and we find not a few touches of that *naïveté* which our French neighbours have so long agreed to assign to Amyot. We might quote the death of Demosthenes, the interview between Augustus and Cleopatra, the last hours of Cicero, as good specimens of North's manner. But a briefer passage shall introduce the worthy old Knight to a generation which has forgotten him. It is from the 'Pericles,' and describes how the cultivated fortitude of the refined Athenian statesman at last 'broke down' as he stood beside the corpse of his beloved son;—

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‘Moreover he lost at that time by the plague the more part of his friends and kinsfolkes, and those specially that did him the greatest pleasure in governing of the State. But all this did never put down his countenance, nor anything abate the greatnesse of his mind, what misfortune soever he had sustained. Neither saw they him weep at any time, nor mourne at the funerals of any of his kinsmen or friends, but at the death of *Paralus*, his yongest and lawfull begotten sonne: for the loss of him alone did onely melt his heart. But as he would have put a garland of flowers upon his head, sorrow did so pierce his heart when he saw his face, that then he burst out in teares and cried amaine: which they never saw him do before all the days of his life.’

There is something very affecting in the forcible simplicity of the last sentence. Sometimes this same simplicity has a comic effect;—as when Amyot telling that Cicero was ‘fort maigre,’ North renders it ‘dog-lean;’ or when he narrates that Clodius ‘had a sight of rascals and knaves with him.’ His use, too, of modern equivalents for the ancient distinctions of rank has a quaint look. Plutarch mentions that Cicero’s mother was of good birth, . . . τὴν μὲν μητέρα . . . γεγονέναι καλῶς . . . on which Amyot describes her as of noble family, and North as ‘a Gentlewoman born.’ Historians of the language might pick a good deal illustrative of its progress out of this translation.

But we must come to what gives, after all, the greatest hold on posterity to Sir Thomas North—the relation between him and Shakspeare. There is now no doubt of the fact, which Farmer and Warton in the last century helped to make certain and known—which Mr. Knight in our own times judiciously turned to account in his edition—that to North’s ‘Plutarch’ we owe Shakspeare’s Roman Plays. Just as we have taken ships from the French, and used them as models in our dock-yards, so we took ‘Plutarch’s Lives’ from them, and used them to enrich our Drama! It is one of the most curious chapters in our literary history.

The dates of these Plays, as everybody knows, are uncertain, though there seems no doubt that they belong to the later period of the great poet’s life. But that Shakspeare employed the ‘Plutarch’ of North, the reader shall here see for himself. We transcribe for his perusal a certain portion of North’s ‘Antony,’ which we have also compared with the corresponding portion of Amyot, whom he closely follows. Let the reader then imagine Shakspeare reading the following passages in his folio North (perhaps, as Mr. Collier suggests, the edition of 1595)—if his veneration will allow him to look over the shoulders of such a man:—

‘Therefore when she [Cleopatra] was sent unto by diverse letters both

both from *Antonius* himself and also from his friends, she made so light of it and mocked *Antonius* so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise but to take her barge in the river of *Cydnus*, the poop whereof was of gold, the sailes of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, hordboyes, cithernes, vials, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe—she was layed under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddesse *Venus* commonly drawne in pictures; and hard by her on either hand of her, pretie, fair boyes apparelled as Painters do set foorth god *Cupid*, with little fans in their hands, with which they fanned wind upon her. Her Ladies and Gentlewomen, also the fairest of them, were apparelled like the Nymphes *Nereides* (which are the *Myrmaides* of the waters), and like the *Graces*; some stearing the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of which there came a wonderful passing sweete savour of perfumes that perfumed the wharfe's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river side, others also ran out of the citie to see her coming in. So that, in the end, there ranne such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that *Antonius* was left quite alone in the market-place, in his Imperial seat, to give audience; and there went a rumour in the people's mouthe that the goddesse *Venus* was come to play with the god *Bacchus*, for the generall good of all Asia.

This description—which, by the way, is a good deal expanded from the conciseness of the Greek—is surely a very striking one, and could not but make an impression on Shakspeare's imagination. Now turn to 'Antony and Cleopatra,' Act 2, Scene 2, and see how he glorifies it with poetry and music, and yet how substantially he adheres to his author:—

ENOBARBUS.

'The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her silk eyes,
 And made their bends adornings : at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air.'

A curious little detail of proof, were such needed, that North suggested to Shakspeare this delicious painting, is supplied by the poet's mention of 'mermaids.' Of these Gothic personages of course the Greek knew and said nothing,—the modern translators added them to show what the Nereides were. Dryden in his 'All for Love' made an unlucky attempt to improve on this same ancient picture; and Mr. Tennyson's Cleopatra in the 'Dream of Fair Women' is still the Cleopatra of Plutarch. Three of our greatest poets—imitating while depicting her—have thrown that pearl into their poetic wine.

In 'Antony and Cleopatra' Shakspeare has followed Plutarch more exactly (Mr. Hallam thought too exactly) than in the other Roman plays. But whole speeches in 'Coriolanus' are directly rendered from North's prose. What, however, is more important is, that the characters are Plutarch's men—how handled we need not say, but still taken from the old biographer, whose biographical instinct (as we shall presently see) was poetic genius in its way. Hence that air of classicality, of genuine antiquity, breathing about these plays, and distinguishing them indefinitely, though really, from 'Troilus and Cressida.' There the material was chivalrous fiction; and Nestor and Lord Æneas defy each other to prove their mistresses worthy the 'splinter of a lance.'

We may safely assume that North's was the 'Plutarch' of such men as Falkland, Clarendon, and Sydney, whether they could read him with pleasure in the original or not; and that it did no little to form the peculiar classical party which was one element in the Long Parliament. But as the literary school of the Restoration formed itself, and as our prose grew modern, familiar, and more colloquial, North's 'Plutarch' went out of fashion. We find editions mentioned in 1657 and 1676; but, a few years afterwards, old Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, thinking that the time had come for a new translation, began his arrangements for one, and announced its approach under the presidency of the great name of Dryden.

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He had obtained, he said, the assistance of 'persons equal to the enterprise, and not only critics in the tongues, but men of known fame and abilities *for style and ornament*.' This, we suspect, was a side-blow at the memory of the worthy Sir Thomas North, Knight—as a 'dry, old-fashioned wit'—a sentence passed upon CHAUCER in that period by the ingenious Mr. Cowley! The literary fashion then was to sneer at the elder writers of the country much as Horace did at Plautus; and the age, pluming itself on many things, especially plumed itself on being 'polite.' 'Polite Letters'—that was the phrase of our ancestors about this time for what we call light literature.

The great Dryden having hoisted his banner, men were not wanting to serve under it. 'His reputation,' says Johnson, 'was such, that his name was thought necessary to every poetical or literary performance.' There worked under the protection of it now several writers whom the world still remembers, including a few whom it still honours. Somers undertook the 'Life of Alcibiades,' and Evelyn of 'Alexander;' 'Otho' was translated by Garth; 'Solon' and 'Pelopidas' by Creech; Charles Boyle, afterwards the unlucky antagonist of Bentley, did 'Lysander.' The list further comprises the names of Rycaut, and Rymer, Dr. Stephen Waller (the poet's fourth son and executor), and Dr. Smalridge. But of the others—though Duke has a page or two in Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets'—all memory has, generally speaking, vanished. One name, indeed, has provoked some speculation in the journals of the day since Mr. Clough's new edition appeared. Mr. Clough, in his Appendix to volume fifth, ascribes the 'Life of Cicero' to 'Thomas Fuller, D.D.' Can this have been, a contemporary has asked, the celebrated wit and scholar? There need be no mystery on the subject, for the real name of the translator was 'Samuel Fuller, D.D.,' as a reference to the original edition will show. He was evidently the Dr. Samuel Fuller of whom there is still extant 'A Sermon preached before the King, June 25th, 1682,' and the error is one of those not easy to avoid in producing five considerable octavos.

The first volume of Dryden's 'Plutarch' appeared in 1683, and the work was completed in 1686. But what Dryden did towards the heavy part of the labour, was little more than a potentate does now-a-days when he turns up the first sod of a new railway. He left to the young Templars and wits about town—the university-men and physicians of literary taste, who made up his *corps*—the task of translation, and himself achieved only the Epistle-Dedicatory to the Duke of Ormond and the Life of the old biographer. Indeed, while preparing these for the first volume, he was immersed in controversy political and personal—

sonal—deep in the muddy sea of agitation of Charles II.'s latter years; and, no doubt, only regarded his 'Plutarch' as task-work to be executed for so much money.

But, whatever Dryden did, he did with some at least of the characteristics of real power. On the copper coinage, as on the gold coinage of his brain, there is still the head of a king. The *Dedication* and *Life* are still Drydenian—hasty, but full of easy, rapid, and careless vigour. In the first he besprinkles the great Tory chief of the Butlers from a perfect fountain of delicious flattery. In the second he shows a real insight into Plutarch's character, which in its kindliness and humanity was akin to his own. 'There is an air of goodness about him,' says Dryden; and makes many acute remarks on biography, which were not, so easy to make then as now.

The translation itself has a certain piebald look, the result of its being done by so many 'hands' (to use the established term); is less poetical than North's, and is studded with the colloquialisms, and sometimes even slang expressions, of Charles II.'s time. Probably, too, the Langhorne's were right, when it came to their turn, in doubting whether all the translators translated from the original, and in impugning the accuracy of many parts of their work. We shall have to praise our new editor, Mr. Clough, a little further on, for the careful winnowing—the thorough washing, so to speak—which he has bestowed upon it. But still the book is modern English, and has a certain ease and flow about it which it would be absurd to seek in that of the Elizabethan knight, whose fashion of writing has for ever passed away. One might prefer the elder version, but it would not the less be impossible to adopt it, even as the basis of a version for general use in our time. The Drydenian one, meanwhile, with less picturesqueness and pathos than North's, is free from the conventional, artificial tone of the Langhorne one. With all its faults, coarseness included, it has the manly freedom and some of the careless graces of that loose-talking, wine-bibbing generation.

Dryden's 'Plutarch' now took its turn of popularity, and became the standing English 'Plutarch' for nearly a century. There was a second edition in 1716, from old Jacob's shop, the 'Shakspeare's Head;' and another (touched up with the help of Dacier's new French version according to the Langhorne's) in 1727, which was again supplanted by a third, in 1758. These facts surely indicate a great interest in this writer, whose influence must thus have sunk very generally into the English mind. But in truth, our countrymen appear to have never tired of him, for the same prosperity attended the labours of the brothers Langhorne, whose 'Plutarch,' published in 1770, ran through edition after
edition;

edition; latterly, under the editorial care of the accomplished Archdeacon Wrangham. Langhorne's 'Plutarch' we may safely pronounce to have been an article of furniture in every decent British household, these three generations back. The brothers, John and William Langhorne, have long been forgotten in any other association, though John passed for a poet in his day, when that title was more readily conceded than it is now.

A sentiment of gratitude, mixing itself up with boyish recollections, will prevent most of us from doing any injustice to the Langhorne,—whose book has no doubt been the first classical book read by many from real spontaneous curiosity and interest. Mr. Clough, we think, goes too far in summarily characterising it as 'dull and heavy.' But it was quite time, nevertheless, that it should be superseded by something better. Besides requiring much correction in particular passages, it is certainly not written in a good style, and we assent to the new editor when he pronounces it 'inferior in liveliness' to that predecessor. What an irreverent critic has called a 'priggish' look marks it; an air of the lecture-room, less suited to the genial nature of Plutarch himself, than the rival air of the coffee-house. To show how the picturesque element is apt to disappear under such treatment, let us once more turn to the memorable Cleopatra chapter in the Antony. This is what the Langhorne made of the scene on the Cydnus:—

'Though she had received many pressing letters of invitation from Antony and his friends, she held him in such contempt, that she by no means took the most expeditious method of travelling. She sailed down the river Cydnus in a most magnificent galley. The stern was covered with gold, the sails were of purple, and the oars were silver. These in their motions kept time to the music of flutes, pipes, and harps. The queen, in the dress and character of Venus, lay under a canopy embroidered with gold of the most exquisite workmanship; while boys, like painted Cupids, stood fanning her on each side of the sofa. Her maids were of the most distinguished beauty, and, habited like Nereids and Graces, assisted in the steerage and management of this vessel. The fragrance of burning incense was diffused along the shores, which were covered with multitudes of people. Some followed the procession, and such numbers went down, from the city to see it, that Antony was at last left alone on the tribunal. A rumour was soon spread, that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus for the benefit of Asia.'

What a contrast, this description, with its roundabout amplifications and 'genteel' conventional phraseology, to that of the quaint, forcible, pictorial Sir Thomas North! All the oriental splendour is tamed and toned down into the effeminate glitter of a modern drawing-room in a novel. It really reads like an account of the expedition from the reporter of a fashionable newspaper.

In

In spite, then, of the undoubted merits of the Langhorne version, a livelier and more accurate one has long been a *desideratum*.* But how was the want to be supplied? Mr. Clough, we may suppose, felt that the labour of a translation entirely new was uncalled for, so long as any existing one supplied the materials of a better and more graceful edifice. So he sought and found these in the Drydenian version, of which our opinion has been already given. But any reader who chooses to compare the original form of that version with that which it bears in the work before us, will see that Mr. Clough's has been no trifling labour. He has rebuilt it, so to speak—and with a constant eye to the edifice of the Greek architect of which it is a copy—cleaning here, restoring there, and touching up everywhere. He has improved the 'Alcibiades' of Somers, though the style of Somers was praised in its day by Addison. He has chastened down the exuberant *joyeuseté* (to borrow a favourite word from the patriarch Amyot) of the Restoration, without sacrificing flow or ease. He has, throughout, employed the best recent texts, to secure the exactness of meaning dear to scholarship. And he does not the less deserve to have such labours recognised, because they are labours of a kind which would appear exceedingly distasteful to many men (if many such there were) who had given proofs so decided, as Mr. Clough has, of the possession of original literary genius.

Let us now, however, turn our attention to Plutarch himself. What is known of his personal history is known from incidental notices of himself and his affairs, scattered up and down the voluminous and miscellaneous writings which constitute what are called his Moral Works. These notices have been picked out, like grains of gold, from the mass by many scholars—from 'Rualdus' to Donaldson. He was of a good old family in Chæronea; a family not only respectable in local rank, but marked by a turn for letters and philosophy. The year when he first drew breath in the moist Boeotian air is uncertain. But it must have been from A.D. 40 to A.D. 50, for he was a student of philosophy in A.D. 66, when Nero was in Greece, and he talks in the 'Antony' of that emperor's having lived in his time. He visited Egypt—he visited Italy, residing for some time and lecturing at Rome. He settled finally at his birth-place, where he spent his old age in literature, philosophy,

* Mr. George Long published, in 1848, a new translation of thirteen of the *Roman Lives* of Plutarch, selected for their bearing on the later history of the Republic. A detailed notice of these does not fall within our plan; but we gladly testify to the point and spirit which mark them, in common with all the writings of this scholar. Some of the notes are especially curious and suggestive: see particularly those on the *Brutus*.

and the discharge of local duties as archon and priest of Apollo. He lived as long as to A.D. 106—the eighth year of the reign of Trajan, but how much longer is uncertain. He was married happily to a wife of the name of Timoxena, and had several sons who attained manhood and left descendants. On the whole, then, we know more about Plutarch's personal history and surroundings than we do about those of many of his famous contemporaries in literature—Martial, Juvenal, Quintilian, or Suetonius. Excepting the younger Pliny, indeed, there is not a man of letters who flourished during Plutarch's long life, so familiarly known to us,—the great Tacitus himself, the sovereign of them all in genius, included.

For the truth is, that though the mere facts which we learn about our biographer are few, they are suggestive ones; while the setting in which we find them—the way in which we are told them—give us really important information about his character and disposition. There was a dash of our modern Pepyses and Boswells about Plutarch—a good-natured egotism and turn for gossip and anecdote. He likes to bring in a story told him by his grandfather Lamprias, or a piece of advice given him by his father, or an adventure of his own; which tendency helped him no doubt to the friendship of Montaigne. He left on record a letter of consolation to his wife on the death of their daughter, little Timoxena, and a very charming and tender letter it is. He tells the world not only that he lived at Chæronea, but why—because he did not wish his own small birthplace to become smaller, ‘even by one inhabitant.’ So too as to the fact of his discharging the office of local magistrate. He dares say people laugh when they see him busy about its details; but these must not be sneered at, says he, if useful to the commonwealth. He had, in fact, all the local, hereditary, family, and personal instincts very strong. He clearly also had a sweet and cheerful temper—eminently social and domestic. He must have been a notable talker; and we should say too did not object to a cup of wine. Accordingly he much loved the dialogue as a literary form; and he was so inveterate a collector of table-talk, apophthegms, and ana, that many of the stories and sayings of heroes which he gives in the ‘Lives’ had previously done service, and are met with in his other works. It is impossible not to picture him to oneself crowned with a festal garland, and telling these to his friends—say on Plato's birthday, for instance, which he always kept as a day at once sacred and joyful. He was abundantly learned in philosophy, of course; but above all, he was rich in the philosophic temper; and had that quick and wide sympathy with all things human which is the right basis of

of character for a true biographer. Without that, he would never have succeeded equally well in drawing Antony and Coriolanus,—the brilliant Athenian Alcibiades, and the shrewd old Roman of the antique school, the first Cato.

This unabated cheerfulness of Plutarch—in such an age—is a very noteworthy phenomenon. For we are to remember that he was old enough to know, and even to see, the abominable life of Rome during the worst part of the first century. He was a student under Nero—seems to have been in Rome itself under Domitian—and, whether or no, was certainly contemporary, during the freshest part of his life, with that splendid, ghastly, sinful society, of which the Roman writers have left a picture so brilliant and so terrible. The martyrdom of the Stoic philosophers—the exile and murder of the brave and wise—the bloody spectacles of the Circus, with its shivering wretches flung in among wild beasts—the prosperous scoundrels of servile birth carried by in their rich litters—the imperial harlots drawn by silver-shod mules—all such things as these were to Plutarch what to our generation were the Reform Bill, the first appearance of Mr. Dickens's novels, or the opening of the new Italian Opera in Covent Garden. All that darkened the soul of Tacitus and maddened the heart of Juvenal presented itself to the young Chæronean on his first Italian tour. And then too he was a Greek—a native of that rich old Bæotia which (let the Attic wits laugh as they pleased) had produced Pindar and Epaminondas, but where now the meanest tool of the Roman despot was more potent than the descendant of native heroes and gods. He was a man of letters and a philosopher also; and in these capacities were there not some additional miseries for him? Was there not the misery of witnessing the degradation of such of his own countrymen (and they were many) as profaned those titles—*aretalogi*, diners-out, buffoons, legacy-hunters, parasites, who lived on the corruption of the city's luxury like the baser fish of the Tiber? Was there not too the hack jeer of the upstarts of the time at all Greeks as 'Greeklings,' and all philosophers as babblers, to be borne? Yet Plutarch lived through whatever of public or private wickedness and wretchedness he saw, with unspoiled temper, and the absence of any deep tinge of melancholy from his writings makes itself markedly felt. He lived as completely under the influence of books as the Younger Pliny, and was for ever thinking of the Past, without being made miserable by the contrasts which it forced upon him. Indeed, in his 'Political Precepts,' he indulges in a dry little laugh at those among his Greek contemporaries who kept harping on old Greek glories which they could never imitate. He wishes that they

they would try to renew some of the better qualities of the ancients—their moderation and self-denial, for instance—but thinks that Marathon and Plataea may at this time of day be left to the schools of the Sophists. The passage is worth remembering,* since one charge against Plutarch has been an undue and mistaken admiration of antiquity to the exclusion of all sense of the difference of conditions between different ages.†

Mr. Clough has some observations, in his Preface, on Plutarch's relation to the bad imperial reigns, which the reader will find especially interesting at this particular point which we have reached:—

'It may be said, too, perhaps not untruly, that the Latin, the metropolitan writers less faithfully represent the general spirit and character of the times, than what came from the pen of a simple Boeotian provincial, writing in a more universal language, and unwarped by the strong local reminiscences of the old home of the Senate and the Republic. Tacitus and Juvenal have more, perhaps, of the "antique Roman" than of the citizen of the great Mediterranean Empire. The evils of the imperial government, as felt in the capital city, are depicted in the Roman prose and verse more vividly and more vehemently than suits a general representation of the state of the imperial world, even under the rule of Domitian himself.'

With Plutarch's philosophy, as a system, we are not particularly concerned on this occasion. He takes his proper place among the Neo-Platonists, and has been defined as 'a Platonist tinged with Orientalism.'‡ But it does behove us to know that, though philosophy did not give him his genius for biography, it gave him the motive for applying it, and that there is much in his philosophy which is noble and wise. He believed with all his heart—and it was a warm heart—in the Divine government of the world, in Providence, and in Immortality. He believed most fervently that, in the long run, Good triumphed in the universe; and that, relying on so mighty a truth, a man ought ever to be ready to bear all and lose all for the sake of what his conscience and knowledge taught him to be right. Here, then, are the moral bases of Plutarch as a historian of the doings of men. That he knew anything of Christianity there is no evidence, but he preached the best principles accessible to human reason before Christianity was revealed. He rejected the more superstitious parts of his own faith, and detested the foreign additions which made it worse; and, if he officiated as a

* See it in the *Παλαιὰ Παραγγέλματα*, Op., ed. Reiske, ix, 243.

† Lord Macaulay pushes this too far in his Essay (not reprinted) on 'History.'—*Edinburgh Review*, 1828.

‡ Donaldson's 'History of Greek Literature,' iii. 178-182.

priest of Apollo, we know that he would do this in no blind, grovelling way. He loved Grecian traditions too well not to respect the old ceremonies of Grecian worship, and these would symbolise to him the higher ideas which his philosophy taught him, besides serving him as means for keeping alive in the people that reverence for the Unseen and Eternal without which man is meaner than the brutes. No generous reader but will think kindly of the old philosopher, the child of an age of buffoons and revellers, when he pictures him far away from the hum and splendour of Rome, going through the antique rites of the temple at Delphi, in the rocky and secluded valley which still thrills the traveller with its loneliness. Without a kindly heart for such things, would he ever have represented so well to us the older Greek life at all?

There is no doubt, we repeat, that it was a philosophical motive which first set Plutarch writing 'Lives.' 'I began them,' he says *more suo*, 'for the benefit of others, and continue them for my own' (*Timoleon*). 'I am not writing histories,' he tells us, in a more famous passage, 'but Lives.' He meant, in fact, to exhibit the great men of the old times and preach upon them: to point a moral upon their virtues or their shortcomings for the benefit of well-meaning people generally. He had no literary object in view, strictly speaking, but one which he thought much higher. The philosophical schools of antiquity did not esteem literature, *as such*, so greatly as some may think. In the opening of his 'Pericles,' Plutarch lets us see very clearly his feeling on the point. He observes there that—

'No generous or ingenuous young man "would" feel induced by his pleasure in their poems to wish to be an Anacreon, or Philætas, or Archilochus. For it does not necessarily follow,' he proceeds, 'that if a piece of work please for its gracefulness, therefore he that wrought it deserves our admiration. . . . But virtue, by the bare statement of its actions, can so affect men's minds as to create at once both admiration of the things done and desire to imitate them. . . . And so, we have thought fit to spend our time and pains in writing of the lives of famous persons.'—(*Clough*, i. 320.)

In order to do justice to our biographer, then, we must always remember that this was his point of view, and that he would have esteemed criticism of his mere execution a very secondary matter. We must remember, also, that the writing his Lives in parallels was an essential part of his moral plan, and that the ancients, in quoting him, quoted the parallels and not the single Lives: talking of Plutarch's 'Pelopidas and Marcellus,' Plutarch's 'Aristides and Cato' (each of which made a book), and so with the rest. Obviously, when there were two persons to compare,

compare, a moral could be twice as well pointed and enforced, —not to mention that the opportunity was excellent of reviving the glory of the old Greeks by placing them on an equality with the men whose race still governed the world in the writer's time. Again, the classifying and coupling men in this way implied a previous conception of the character common to both: the conception of an idea or whole as material for each 'book,' to form which was evidently a philosopher's task. Hence the *unity* of Plutarch's great work, one of its chief titles to immortality. Every hero is at once measured by a moral standard and put in relation with some other hero. Over the whole performance a planning, creating spirit moves and breathes. Every Life helps you to understand and appreciate every other Life; each Greek is a Greek, and each Roman a Roman, but both are more perfectly understood by the opposition. The value of this use of parallelism—which Plutarch has contrived to identify with his name—extends over many fields of intellectual inquiry, and might, we think, be beneficially employed still.

We cannot indeed assert that equal judgment is shown by Plutarch in all his selections of men for comparison. Sometimes he chooses a pair for their resemblance of character, and sometimes rather for a similarity in their destinies. Thus he joins Pelopidas and Marcellus because they were 'both great men who fell by their own rashness'—the common quality of these warriors. But surely his motive for coupling Alcibiades and Coriolanus was only that both quarrelled with their own States, since they were quite unlike in disposition, and belonged to totally different kinds of life and civilisation. Cæsar and Alexander came naturally together to him, each being a conqueror representing also the cultivated intellect and ripe or over-ripe development of his time. Demosthenes and Cicero met by an irresistible affinity—in endowments, position, and fate—for his purposes. But if he was not always so happy, we must remember the difficulty of his task, seeing that, besides the infinite variety of human character, every man is more or less at the mercy of the conditions under which he finds himself placed. All things considered—his comparative unacquaintance with things Roman included—we are rather surprised that Plutarch has done so wonderfully well. How happily the austere virtue of Aristides sets off that of Cato the Elder! How well Phocion and the Younger Cato—the two un-genially virtuous men (so to speak) of decadent ages, both sarcastic reformers, and failing in their reforms—suit each other!

Of course we must say something here of the ancient charge against Plutarch, that in working out these parallels he is unduly

duly favourable to his countrymen. Who can help liking his own people better than those of another country? But try Plutarch fairly. Compare his treatment of the Romans with that of the English by the French, or the French by the English writers—nay, with that of a Tory hero by a Whig historian, and *vice versâ*! Consider the circumstances under which his judgments had to be delivered, subject as he was to any *proconsul* or *procurator* appointed by a Roman emperor! We are pretty confident that from such a thorough-going examination Plutarch would emerge not only an honest but a generous man. In his ‘Comparison of Fabius with Pericles,’ he says, ‘No action of Pericles can be compared to that memorable rescue of Minucius.’ In ‘Demosthenes and Cicero’ he gives Cicero the preference in almost every point of character, except where he rebukes his vanity. In ‘Lysander and Sylla’ he frankly pronounces the achievements of Sylla ‘beyond compare.’ He condemns the private life of Alcibiades, yet is not harsh in his narrative of that of Antony. And, when he ‘sums up’ between Cimon and Lucullus, he even goes so far as to say that if Cimon had lived to retire into an easy old age, *he* might have been luxurious and self-indulgent, too!

Has he not, we would now ask, been hardly dealt with in the matter of his authority as an historian? Critics have handled him very roughly on this score. They say that he contradicts himself sometimes; that he is too fond of a good story (Mitford’s standing objection); that his military narratives are incorrect or imperfect; that he is not, in short, a severe, elaborate, and perfectly trustworthy historical writer. Now, considering that he has left fifty biographies,* ranging over the events of some thirteen hundred years—from Theseus downwards,—it would indeed be madness to expect from him unvarying accuracy of detail. Nor did he ever intend to be an original historian, like his contemporary Tacitus—to be a fountain of authority, that is, to succeeding ages. He assumes that you know the general facts, and only aspires to show you the men, in his capacity of a didactic and moralising biographer. He draws you the figures and actions of history, as it were, in the Bayeux tapestry, with running titles more copious and instructive than those of that quaint old work of art, but he does not pretend to supersede the chroniclers. These are his portraits with his remarks; are they

* Forty-six arranged in ‘parallels, and four (*Artaxerxes, Aratus, Galba, Otho*) which stand by themselves, and did not originally belong to this collection. Several parallel lives are lost, of which Epaminondas and Scipio the Younger must be deeply regretted. Eight ‘Comparisons’ are missing, and the order in which the lives now stand is not the original one.

like? We take it that *that* is the question for the critic of Plutarch. He is vague in his accounts of Sertorius's campaigns. Very true. But does he not, in spite of this, delineate the man Sertorius faithfully? He repeats some dubious anecdotes of Pericles; yet, may we not suppose that Pericles was much such a person as he, *on the whole*, would have us think him to be? Observe, too, that there is never a trace of malignity perceptible in Plutarch, whatever anecdotes he may be telling. If he errs, it is from overfondness for stories. He knew that they illustrated character, and did not, perhaps, always sufficiently remember that no stories at all about a man would be better than inexact ones. Yet he constantly shows his honesty of intention by qualifying them with, 'as Hermippus says,'—or, 'so Theopompus reports,' &c. And this way he has of making a confidant of the reader helps to cement his familiarity with one. We get to know, and even to relish his weak points, just as we are rather amused than bored by the occasional digressions on physics and such subjects, which he winds up so naïvely with, 'but enough of this'—or, 'this, however, rather belongs to another occasion!' The fact is that he wrote the 'Lives' in his latter years, under the mild sway of Trajan, and that he must be excused for occasional garburity. It was a Greek weakness from which not even philosophers were exempt.

But we must not fancy either that the 'Lives' have not high historical value apart from their biographical charm. Do we ever meet a modern work on Greece or Rome for some part of which Plutarch is not a leading authority? If, as Byron says,—

'Mitford in the nineteenth century,
Gives, with Greek truth, the good old Greek the lie,'

—does not his frequent reference to him betray his sense of his importance? We encounter his name in the foot-notes of the lucid page of Grote, and Bishop Thirlwall says that he is always entitled to attention. His reading is admitted by all men (Niebuhr included, though his tone is patronising) to have been immense. Parts of 'Antony'—one of his best biographies—are indispensable to Roman history. He used and he quotes many a work which sunk long ago under the waves of time—the *Memoirs of Sylla*, and *Augustus*, and *Dellius* (our old friend '*moriture Dellii*') included,—for, as Heeren remarks in his valuable treatise,* he seems always to have used autobiographical works when he had an opportunity. Now, if being—as he admits—no first-rate Latin scholar, he still refers to so many Latin authors as we find him citing, what may we not suppose to

* *De Fontibus et Auctoritate Vit. Par. Plutarchi.* Göttingen, 1820.

have been his general information? Undoubtedly we are not always in a position to test him. But in some cases we are. We have, for example, as abundant material for judging of Cicero's real character as that of any great historical personage. Now, we are among those who think with respect and kindness of that great man; and we should be quite content to accept, generally and substantially, Plutarch's account of his career and disposition.

Suppose, however, that we now turn to that feature of Plutarch which admits of less controversy—to which he owes his peculiar moral value and wide-spread European fame—to his genius as a biographer. *There* he reigns supreme. A certain eye for the seizure and presentation in a 'Life' of a great personality was to him what dramatic genius was to Shakspeare, or the faculty for telling a story to Livy. It was an instinct, working in him all his days, and finding him incessant employment in his old age. He fancied—the good man—that he was only a philosophical teacher, helping the new generation to be good boys. In reality he was as much a genius and an artist as any of his countrymen who helped to build or adorn the Parthenon. Perhaps he was in great measure unconscious of this—and so much the better.

All genius of course rests on a moral basis, and is mixed up for good or evil with the personal character. In Plutarch's case a heart-felt reverence for the great and the good was blended with a human sympathy which made him long to know great and good men familiarly—long to be able to connect that which was transcendent and heroic in them with that which they shared with every-day mankind. Here was Plutarch's object—not to recognise nobleness only, which all healthy, clear-sighted minds do—not to gather personal and private details only, which the tattler and gossip do after their kind—no, but to seize the relation between them! He wanted to make the little things about a hero throw light on the great things about him. He yearned to know him in his entirety. Why he should have been able to achieve the result he arrived at in literature is Nature's secret, very jealously kept. But this was his ideal; and this constitutes his originality. There are biographers who deal with the hero, and biographers who deal with the man. But Plutarch is the representative of ideal biography, for he delineates both in one. Even if a writer should appear who did the work better, he could not improve on the thought—which ought to secure Plutarch a place among the creative spirits of the world. It is no exaggeration to say, that his faculty was Shakspearian in kind, if not in degree; and when Shakspeare went, as we have seen, to the old Greek for material, he did not only find marble there,

there, he found statues ready hewn. The poet owes nearly as much to the biographer as the biographer to the poet.

The next thing we would point out is, that Plutarch keeps his familiar details in subordination. He first thinks of his great man as a great man before busying himself with the domestic touches (highly as he values them) necessary to the full portraiture. So his hero's dignity loses nothing, which is a very important consideration. A writer of mean parts may be 'graphic' by working up little items of description with care; but to seize a character or event as a whole, and only use details as accessories, requires high intellect. When you close your 'Plutarch,' after reading, say his 'Themistocles,' your first thought is of the complete character—daring, subtle, generous, but with a dash of something ostentatious or theatrical about it. You do not reflect how skilfully this is done, but how life-like it is. Only afterwards, and on further examination, do you perceive how admirably the *minutiae*—trifling each in itself—have fallen into their proper places. That as a schoolboy he was ambitious and prominent among his fellows—that 'the trophy of Miltiades would not let him sleep'—his pointed sayings—the dog that swims alongside one of the galleys when Athens takes to the sea—Xerxes' gold chair—and such things, are distributed so judiciously through the narrative that they give it animation and reality without being obtrusive.

When once, however, we have recognised his grasp of character in all its width and variety, we may indulge ourselves, not improperly, in studying the charm of his handling of details. The quantity of anecdotes and *bons-mots* which he has accumulated in these 'Lives' is wonderful. He had a passion for them, and occasionally (with a weakness seen in other old gentlemen) tells them over and over again. He follows his heroes from school to public life, and home again—peeps into their family circle, tarries with them over the wine, watches how they bear prosperity and misfortune, and lingers by their death-beds, or bends down to them as they lie dying on the battle-field, to catch their last words, and see how they face their last trial. Everything, he thinks, that a man can say or do shows character; and why write biography if not completely? As he is always reverent and kindly, he never offends by this copiousness; while his subjects are personages of such historical importance, that hardly anything they do or say can seem quite trivial.

The sayings which Plutarch records are even more welcome than his anecdotes, and have many of them passed into familiar use in modern times. It completes the character of a great man if he talks greatly, as many of Plutarch's men did; and, whether

or no, we are better acquainted with him by having specimens of his familiar speech. It is worth remarking too that the men of action have usually been better talkers than the men of letters—or were so at least in antiquity. The latter might *discourse* more richly in conversation, but did not equal the soldiers and statesmen in those brief, terse, solid *dicta* which strike like cannon-shot, being propelled indeed by the explosive force of a great individuality. Pompey's exclamation that if he stamped his foot in any part of Italy troops would spring up, and the '*Cæsarem vehis!*' of his greater rival and conqueror, affect one more than those brilliant pleasantries of Cicero's, which Plutarch has preserved to the number, if we recollect right, of nineteen. We would note too that the sayings attributed to his heroes by Plutarch, generally bear intrinsic evidence of their genuineness, and harmonise with the descriptions he gives of their habits of mind and thought. Thus, those of Themistocles are showy and splendid; of Phocion, curt and sharp; of the Elder Cato, grave and shrewdly humorous. Plutarch is indeed, here and elsewhere, one of our chief authorities for the table-talk of the ancients.

While his attention to the particulars just mentioned does much for the fulness and richness, the body and colour, of his portraiture, Plutarch is equally to be praised for his backgrounds—for the scenery and accessories of his art. He gives fine delineations of the circumstances under which his men acted or suffered, and so stamps the reality of his narrative on the reader's imagination and memory. As specimens of these, we would point to the rejoicings at Naples when Pompey recovered from his illness; but especially to the death-scenes of Demosthenes, Cicero, and the younger Cato. The figure of the Greek orator staggering from the altar of the Temple of Neptune, with the poison seizing his vitals, haunts the memory like a ghost. That of the Roman orator, trying, while he is being hunted for his life, to snatch a little rest, and the story how the crows swarmed ominously round the house and into the very chamber, are not less impressive; while, whose feelings are not stirred strangely, on reading of the last night which the stoic of Utica spent alive, and how 'the birds began to sing' as he rose to bare his breast to the sword? A gentle sensibility to all that is picturesque, and especially to whatever is tender and melancholy, makes much of the charm of Plutarch. He is not a writer who owes much to *style* in its strict and limited sense, or who is ever compared in that respect to the masters of Attic prose. The old critics seem all agreed that his '*dictio*' is '*duriuscula*.' Dr. Donaldson (lately lost, alas! from our scanty band of real scholars) pronounces that 'he is not a good

good writer of Greek.' His handling of admirable material on a free broad scale is his great merit, though of course there are flashes of genius where the expression, too, makes itself remarkable. He was a philosopher with his head full of great ideas, and an artist with his heart full of the images of mighty men—men who were the flower of two great races.* Nothing tawdry, nothing effeminate, nothing petty attracted him. If he liked trifles, it was only when they were characteristic of men about whom everything was interesting, or when their mention relieved his sunny and affectionate nature after those serious and lofty studies which were the business of his life.

Vivid moral portraiture—this was Plutarch's great object and his successful achievement. We do not think he aimed at any special triumph as a writer, with this or the other political view. He wanted great men with marked characters, that they might illustrate general moral ideas—the best a pagan knew. He found them in different countries, and in different causes.

The superiority of Plutarch as a writer of 'Lives' over any surviving classic is undoubted. Cornelius Nepos is an acute and elegant biographer, but his 'Lives' are not portraits. Suetonius, who flourished in Plutarch's old age, has likewise high merit. He is a lively and forcible narrator, and brings together an immense deal of material, not only solid and valuable, but curious, minute, and piquant, about his Cæsars. Yet the inferiority of his method—of classing successively by themselves the wars, political acts, tastes, or personal habits of the men—is very marked. His 'Lives' lack unity, and the writer himself lacked the eye for dramatic character and poetic delineation of Plutarch. We know, in short, only one ancient biography with which it would not be a kind of degradation to Plutarch to compel him to compete. Of course, we are thinking of the 'Agricola' of his great contemporary Tacitus. The profundity and subtlety, the deep tragic pathos relieved by the most brilliant and piercing wit of that immortal historian, must undoubtedly place him above the mark of the humbler though not less genuine artist of Chæronea. He is a more potent nature altogether, as wine is stronger than milk; and Plutarch must give way before him, as his countrymen in that age before the eagles of the empire. But though there is a condensed force about the 'Agricola,' with its weighty aphorisms and burning epigrams, which Plutarch cannot rival, we may still doubt if he is not as successful

* Of forty-nine Greeks and Romans (the entire number of *Lives*, excluding *Artaxerxes*) whom he has celebrated, at least thirty-nine were of the royal, noble, or ancient families of their respective countries; a strong testimony to the worth of the classic aristocracies.

in his portraiture as Tacitus, though in a less impressive and, on the whole, inferior style: at all events, he is infinitely more fit for popular reading. His amiability gives him a hold on the general heart like Goldsmith. He is above no reader, and below no reader. And as he connects the studies of the public with those of the scholar, so he brings together the modern and ancient worlds by showing how much that is good and noble is common to both.

The time is now come to consider how the example of Plutarch as a biographer has affected the art of biography in modern times. His general influence, allowing for the many successful translations of his 'Lives,' has, no doubt, been very great on the English as on other literatures. Probably every English biographer has known something of him, and learned something from him. And it is a singular testimony to his merit, that so few should have produced any 'Lives' that will bear the least comparison with his.

It is not a hopeful sign for our Biography that every dunce should think himself entitled to sneer at Boswell for no other reason than that he had a transcendent veneration for one of the greatest and best men this country ever produced. Boswell was, no doubt, an inferior man to Plutarch, but he had quite enough in common with him to deserve that the likeness between them should be pointed out. A hearty reverence for worth was the *primum mobile* of literary exertions in both. The virtues of these great men, Plutarch says—

'Serve me as a sort of looking-glass, in which I may see how to adjust and adorn my own life. Indeed, it can be compared to nothing but daily living and associating together; we receive, as it were, in our inquiry, and entertain each successive guest . . . and select from their actions all that is noblest and worthiest to know.

"Ah, and what greater pleasure could one have?"

or, what more effective means to one's moral improvement? Democritus tells us we ought to pray that of the phantasms appearing in the circumambient air, such may present themselves to us as are propitious, and that we may rather see those that are agreeable to our natures and are good, than the evil and unfortunate; which is simply introducing into philosophy a doctrine untrue in itself, and leading to endless superstitions. My method, on the contrary, is, by the study of history, and by the familiarity acquired in writing, to habituate my memory to receive and retain images of the best and worthiest characters.

Boswell, with all his weaknesses, might honestly have professed as true a love of greatness as the Greek. But their resemblance was more marked in the homelier qualities. They both loved talk

talk and stories, and had strong personal and local attachments. A writer might have greater parts than either of them, and not produce half their effect, just for want of their peculiar disposition. And we may be perfectly sure of one thing, that the kind of man utterly unfit for biography is the model 'clever man,' full of the 'enlightened epoch' notions, so fashionable just now. The whole moral being of such a man would have to be changed before he could loyally picture, at once in its majesty and its simplicity, a great character of the past. Fulke Greville's romantic friendship, Izaak Walton's old-fashioned tenderness, are out of his range. But there will be no high things done in biography till we learn to revive that gentle old spirit, and apply it in forms suitable to our own age. Talent alone never produced a great 'Life,' and never will. The 'Agricola' ends in a burst of passionate affection like a choral wail. Johnson's 'Life of Savage' is full of his friendship for the unlucky reprobate whose society had cheered his solitude and poverty in his early London days.

Hoping, however, that the truths here expressed may one day bear literary fruit, what else may we learn in biography from Plutarch's example? His method of writing lives in 'parallels' it would be very difficult to imitate, though that feature of his plan should not be abandoned without reluctance. His copious employment of detail there is a growing disposition to appreciate, to an extent which we perceive is already producing a reaction. Ever since the 'Waverley Novels' appeared there has been a set in favour of a dramatic and picturesque treatment of history. There was nothing new in the tendency, as the superiority of the older over the newer translations of Plutarch, in such respect, might alone serve to convince us. The feeling for reality and completeness in literary art is, of course, substantially sound. Let us, by all means, have past ages reproduced with all their circumstances and conditions if possible, not only their principles and ideas and actions, but manners, costume, furniture, and ornaments. Let the classic man sacrifice in his garland, and the feudal man bear mass in his mail. On all this, it is, in the present temper of the reading world, superfluous to insist. But let us bear in mind also, that Plutarch never overdoes it, and yet that it may be overdone. It is not the deepest fact about the seventeenth century that people wore steeple-hats, and went out to fight in buff jerkins, though such details assist one in getting familiar with things more important.

Again, we may learn from Plutarch that good biographies are not necessarily long. Nine or ten of his go conveniently into an octavo volume. This merit he shared with the ancients generally. The 'Agricola' is a pretty little pamphlet. The

'Cæsars,' in Suetonius, are as portable as a handful of their coins. Now, this is a mighty advantage, for a good book that is short, will be read far oftener than a good book that is long. Our own earlier 'Lives'—those, for instance, which Wordsworth calls

'Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory,'

are of moderate as well as graceful proportions. The bulk of Middleton's 'Cicero' is accounted for by the extent of the subject. Johnson is uniformly reasonable;—his 'Milton' occupies eighty-five and his 'Dryden' a hundred and eighteen pages. But it would not be difficult to point to 'Lives' of men as inferior to Milton or Dryden as the biographers themselves to Johnson, filling six and ten times the space.

But, after all, Plutarch will be read by thousands who care nothing for the art of biography, and to whom critical disquisitions on the subject can be little attractive. It is time to return to them, before bidding him farewell. There is now no danger of his influence being otherwise than good. The 'classical republican' is extinct, or, where he survives, begins, we suspect, to see that there were nobler things in antiquity than the dagger of Brutus. We now learn from classical history just the opposite lessons to those which it was once thought to teach; while the revolutionary movement in Europe has thrown off the toga, finally, and sticks to the blouse, which is its more appropriate garment. On the other hand, a growing sense among the best English youth of the value of our history as the basis of our political liberties prevents us from apprehending any spurious classicism from the influence of the ancients. Much as there is to learn from the Greeks and Romans, their special influence is not likely to disturb the minds of statesmen and potentates again. Meanwhile, the charm of Plutarch as a writer remains unbroken. He will be read for many an age, under the influence of that 'nature' which makes Greek and Roman 'kin' to Englishman and Scot. Many a reader will secretly ask himself what *he*—living in a brighter light of knowledge—ought to be, when antique 'heathens' and 'pagans' could live and die like Plutarch's men. Nor will he forget to thank the memory of the wise, kind-hearted old biographer himself.

Plutarch, we repeat, will be read, and read, we think, among ourselves, for the future, in the version of Mr. Clough. We have given that version our cordial praise before, and shall only add that it is brought before the world in a way which fits it admirably for general use. The print is clear and large; the paper good; and there are excellent and copious indexes.

- ART. VII.—1. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State of Popular Education in England.* London, 1861.
2. *Communications from E. Chadwick, Esq., C.B., respecting Half-Time, and Military and Naval Drill, and on the Time and Cost of Popular Education on a Large and on a Small Scale.* 1861.
3. *A Letter to N. W. Senior, Esq., Explanatory of Communications, &c.* By Edwin Chadwick, Esq., C.B. 1861.
4. *Suggestions on Popular Education.* By Nassau W. Senior. London, 1861.
5. *Sunshine in the Workhouse.* By Mrs. G. W. Sheppard. London, 1861.
6. *The Workhouse Orphan.* By the Author of 'A Plea for the Helpless.' London, 1861.
7. *On Girls' Industrial Training.* By Rev. J. P. Norris, late Fellow of Sion College, Cambridge, and one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. London, 1860.
8. *Two Letters on Girls' Schools, and on the Training of Working Women.* By Mrs. Austen. London, 1857.
9. *The Claims of Ragged Schools to Pecuniary Educational Aid from the Annual Parliamentary Grant, as an integral part of the Educational Movement of the Country.* By Mary Carpenter. London and Bristol.
10. *Report on the Education of Destitute Children.* July, 1861.

IN dealing with the question of popular education, our legislators and philanthropists are sorely puzzled to lay down any theory of the duties of the State as to the education of its subjects which is applicable to our anomalous system, combined as it is of voluntary effort, private charity, and public aid.

Mr. Senior, by an ascending climax of 'Resolutions,' arrives at the proposition that education is as much the right of the infant as bread, and that if the State is unable to compel the parent to give either the one or the other, it must constitute itself 'in loco parentis,' and perform the duty which it has failed to enforce. But instead of deducing from these broad premises their legitimate conclusion that the State is bound to provide all the necessary machinery of coercion and of education, he contents himself with the narrow inference that 'the State is bound to aid private charity in providing the sum that is not obtainable from the parent.'* He doubtless gives the reader credit for

* 'Suggestions,' p. 2.

appreciating the resistances which make fact and theory at variance. To compel education would require a power which the law scarcely claims, and an amount of interference which is repugnant to the feelings, and hardly compatible with the institutions of the country. At all events, the House of Commons has positively declared itself against compulsory education, and any perceptible approach to it is resisted. The result is a complication of anomalies. The Government, in advance of popular feeling, forces its way in promoting education as it can, rather than as it would; and in making its encroachments, as they may be called rather than advances, it has not always regarded consistency, nor even justice. As occasion serves from time to time, it imposes previous education as a condition on the employment of children in certain trades; glad to weaken opposition by attacking the manufacturers in detail, and careless how much the trade so restricted suffers by competition in the labour-market with trades where no restriction is imposed; and when at last, by making education compulsory on all trades, this injustice shall have been removed, the absurdity will yet remain, that the child who is willing to work for his bread with his hands is forbidden to do so till he has qualified himself by intellectual cultivation, while he whose parents are content to 'mar him with idleness,' is

‘free as Nature first made man,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran,’

and now in streets the ignoble savage runs. To save the credit of the Legislature it has been suggested that the relation between employer and employed is a public one, which the State may regulate, while that between parent and child is a private one, with which it does not care to meddle. The distinction is scarcely sound, and was probably an after-thought. On whom presses the double burden of educating the child and of losing its earnings but on its parent or guardian? The plain truth was, the Legislature found it could get at the employer without raising a formidable outcry, and without much cost or difficulty. The parent it could not reach without a degree of despotism it could not exercise, and an organization of schools and police which it does not possess.

The expenses of popular education in this country are mainly defrayed by private charity, the most gigantic effort ever made by private charity to perform a public duty. But the State, through the agency of a Committee of Privy Council, contributes its aid on condition of the fulfilment of certain requirements; and thus it exercises an indirect control over the national education hardly less

less complete than would be conferred by the avowed direction of the whole scheme. One principal objection to this plan is that it throws too much of the burden on the willing horse, a difficulty which constantly presents itself in working the system, and which threatens its ultimate failure when we arrive at the point when the willing horse can no longer be found, or is unable to do all the work that is required of him. Yet with all its defects the present is the only scheme which could have been introduced into our free, tolerant, dissentient, and jealous country, or, being introduced, could have been worked at all. It has grown up gradually, the creation of circumstances, and has adapted itself to them; like some tree self-sown on a rock, whose misshapen but healthy roots bear the impress of the fissures from whence they spring. It has unquestionably done much good: whether it has done all the good it might have done, and whether any change in its constitution or machinery is desirable, remains to be considered. The Report of the Royal Commission which was appointed to inquire into the state of popular education, brings the whole subject before the bar of public opinion. The mass of evidence which the Commission has collected in its three years' labours gives the fullest and most important information on the subject of education ever presented to the public, and the Report, coupled with the able volume of 'Suggestions' by Mr. Senior, who differed on some important points from his colleagues, puts us in possession of all that the Commissioners singly and collectively have to suggest for the advancement of national education. The subject is too vast and too various to be fairly dealt with in such space as we can now allot to it. For the present we propose to confine our attention to the training of pauper children, and the matters more immediately connected with it; a portion of the system which most urgently calls for reform, and which can without disadvantage be considered separately from the rest. The suggestions of the Commissioners on this point are such as may be and ought to be carried into effect with the least possible delay, and independently of any other changes that may be thought advisable.

Of children to whom the denomination of paupers legally belongs, as being wholly or in part supported by parochial aid, there were in 1859, according to the Poor-law Report of that year, upwards of 336,500, and of these nearly 45,000 were inmates of the workhouse, and therefore completely within the paternal and absolute control of the State. But, unhappily in the education of pauper children the new Poor-law has signally failed. The blame, indeed, cannot fairly be imputed to the framers of the measure. The Poor-Law Amendment Act is the
first

first that makes any mention of the education of paupers. In pursuance of its provisions the Poor-law Commissioners ordered, that 'for three working hours at least of every day the boys and girls who are inmates of a workhouse shall receive instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the principles of the Christian religion; and such other instruction shall be imparted to them as may train them in habits of usefulness, industry, and virtue.' But the quality of the instruction provided by the rate-paying guardians was such as to neutralize this well-meant regulation. 'In 1846,' says Mr. Senior, 'Government seems to have despaired of persuading the guardians to pay adequate salaries to schoolmasters, and to have been afraid to compel them. It granted 30,000*l.* a year, to be applied in payment of teachers, and the Privy Council engaged to inspect the schools.'—(P. 91.)

The tuition in the workhouse schools was accordingly much improved. The testimony of the Report on this point is remarkable, and suggests an inference to which we shall advert presently; at present, we adduce it here only to prove that improved tuition is no antidote to the moral poison of the workhouse. The contaminating intercourse of the adults is so fatal that, even of the orphans, who have no parents to misguide them, and who accordingly are observed to form, as a class, the best conducted portion of the schools, scarcely one in three, according to the most favourable calculations, does tolerably well in after-life. No love of independence, no self-relying energy, no decent self-respect, can spring to life in this chilling atmosphere. The young grow up with few to respect and none to love—unsoftened by kindness, uncheered by hope. Having never known anything better than the dreary monotony of the workhouse, they can entertain no dread of that with which from their earliest days they have been familiar; they cannot attach the idea of disgrace to an abode which represents all they have ever known of home; they are ever drawn back to it, in after life, by some irresistible attraction, unless they rather gravitate to the gaol. The girls, more especially, return to it as to their only assured asylum, bringing with them, for the most part, fatherless children to perpetuate the race of hereditary paupers. We need not enlarge on this painful subject. The evidence on this point is overwhelming:—'To the modern workhouse school attaches the curse which was inherent in the old Poor-law system altogether. It was not only an evil in itself, but it was so carried out as to perpetuate the evil it was designed to prevent.' Moreover, a considerable percentage of the children are the orphans of honest and industrious parents who have deserved of the community that their children should be taught to earn and not to beg their bread.

And

And these too form an annual increment to the increasing mass of pauperism and vice.

‘*Servitus crescit nova, nec priores
... tectum . . . relinquant.*’

The Commissioners have cited the following passages from Dr. Temple’s Report:—

‘The workhouses are such as to ruin the effect of most of their teaching. “I think,” writes one of the teachers, “the boys in this union will never be dispauperised; they have to mix with the men, most of whom are ‘gaol birds.’ I have found them talking to the boys about the gaol, and of ‘bright fellows finding their way to the gaol.” Another says, “I really can do nothing of any good in this place; the guardians will not give any land to be cultivated, and the dull, deadening wool-picking goes on, and I have to sit sucking my fingers. What shall I do, Sir? I cannot *train* the children. It appears to me to be absurd to tell these boys to be industrious, and to cultivate a proper spirit of independence; and then, after they have done schooling, to turn them adrift, with no chance whatever of being able to earn an honest living. I should be glad, Sir, if you could place me in some station where there is some real work to be done, I do not care of how rough a character.” “Nothing can be done while the boys are in the union,” says another. “The common topic of conversation among the children is the arrival of the women of the town to be confined here,” says another. Another, writing from a union where the boys work in the field with the men, remarks, “My work of three weeks is ruined in as many minutes.”’—(p. 354.)

Miss Twining says,—

‘A good schoolmistress was asked why she seemed so depressed and spiritless about her work in a workhouse school; and she said it was because she felt she was training up the girls for a life of vice and depravity; it was impossible under existing circumstances that it should be otherwise; one after another went out to carry on the lessons she had learnt from the adults, and she returned like them, ruined and degraded, to be a life-long pauper.’—(p. 355.)

Mr. Cumin says,—

‘It seems impossible to exaggerate the spirit of lying, low cunning, laziness, insubordination, and profligacy which characterize the pauper class in workhouses; and this spirit naturally infects the mass of poor children who are born and bred up in so pestilential an atmosphere. The master of the Bedminster union, where old and young work together in the garden, told me that he could observe a marked deterioration in them after they come away from such out-door work. Moreover, I had a list furnished to me by the master and the mistress of the Plymouth workhouse of boys and girls who had left the union. This return, as far as possible, showed what had become of each individual child. Of 74 girls, I found that no fewer than 37 had returned to the workhouse; and of 56 boys, 10 or 12 had returned, many of them
several

several times. Lastly, I find upon looking over the list furnished, that out of the 74 girls, only 13 are known to be doing well, and of the 56 boys, only 18. It may be observed in passing, that this confirms the general evidence, which goes to prove that the condition of the girls is worse than that of the boys.'—(pp. 355, 6.)

It is true that by a more careful classification, a better enforcement of discipline, and more discriminating regulations, much may be done, and ought to be done, to soften the rigour of the workhouse to the deserving poor. The leading idea of its founders was to make it a place of penance and degradation to scare away the sturdy vagrant. But a large proportion of its inmates are there without fault, or at least by no choice of their own. We rejoice that the improvement of Workhouses has attracted the attention of the humane, and we earnestly recommend to the notice of the reader Mrs. Sheppard's charming little volume, equally distinguished for its good sense and good feeling, entitled '*Sunshine in the Workhouse.*' We may perhaps return to the subject on some future occasion; we advert to it now only to protest against the notion that any change which has hitherto been effected, or can be contemplated as possible in future, can purify the workhouse school so long as it is held within the baleful precincts of the workhouse.

What, then, is to be done with those whom the poverty or the vice, the civil or the actual death of their parents, has thrown, in the age of helplessness, on the wide world? Private charity, the mainspring of all our social ameliorations, has done much to mitigate the evil. The benevolent authoress of '*The Workhouse Orphan*' seems to think that by further exertions private charity may obviate it altogether. And in truth she would lay on others no heavier burden than she has shown herself willing to take upon herself. At the '*Brockham Home and Industrial Training School*,' where fifteen children, rescued from the workhouse, are brought up to be useful members of society, may be seen an example of what judicious kindness and careful teaching can do to resuscitate the sparks of human feeling and human intelligence in the chilled heart and stupified head of the little pauper. Many similar institutions have been established in different parts of the kingdom, and all the evidence which is contained in the volumes before us, as well as that which we have been able to collect from other sources, attests their complete success. Many of these are certified as industrial schools under Mr. Adderley's Act: but instead of receiving, as they ought, every encouragement from the Legislature, they have encountered what might be called persecution, if it did not arise from haste and inadvertence rather than intention. After several alterations of the Act, it remains doubtful

doubtful whether guardians are empowered to pay for the maintenance and education of the pauper children received at these Homes; and in 1860, schools which came within the intention of this Act were transferred from the Privy Council to the Home Office, on the ground that 'free schools are of a penal and reformatory nature.' This sweeping generalization may suit official convenience, but it is at variance with fact. The Brockham Home and many others are *not* of a reformatory, and still less of penal, character, and no schools to which guardians are empowered to send paupers should be contaminated by the admission of criminals. Poverty is indeed too closely connected with crime, but it is the interest of society to distinguish and not to confound them. What is wanted is a short Act to the effect that pauper industrial schools may be certified simply as such, and that Poor-law Guardians may be empowered to pay for the maintenance and education of pauper children *in such Homes and Schools as are free from the liability to receive criminal children.*

But admirable as are the results of these charitable efforts, the evil is of a magnitude which cannot adequately be met by private charity. There are on an average between fifty and sixty children in every union workhouse in England and Wales, and to afford a sufficient supply of 'Homes' for indoor paupers alone, we must suppose that in every union district there are three or four persons who have the heart to engage in this self-sacrificing labour, the head to conduct the work wisely, and the means and the time to do it thoroughly. And before we tax private charity to this enormous amount, we must consider whether this duty falls within charity's legitimate province. We must first ascertain what the law can do. It is unfair, it is impolitic to exhaust the resources of the benevolent few by laying on them alone the burdens which belong to them in common with the careless many. Charity should be called in only as an auxiliary to remove or palliate the ills which the Legislature cannot reach.

The New Poor-law Amendment Act ventured as far in providing education as would have been permitted at the time, and as far as seemed necessary. The failure of workhouse schools was a discovery which could be made only by experience. But it was made soon. As early as 1837, a committee which was appointed to consider the working of the Poor-law, recommended that the Poor-law Commissioners be empowered, *with the consent of Guardians*, to combine parishes or unions for the support and management of district schools, and to regulate the distribution of the expenses of such establishments.

In 1841 the Poor-law Commissioners published a Report on the training of pauper children, in which the same recommendation

was

was forcibly urged; and finally, in 1845, an Act was passed which gave them the necessary powers to make a combination of such Unions as should desire it for the purpose of making a district school common to them all, to which might be sent the orphans and deserted children, and 'those whose parents or guardians are consenting to the placing of such children in the school of such district.' The Act at first contained limitations as to distance and as to the expense of buildings, which had been introduced to disarm opposition, but which were subsequently found to be unnecessary and inexpedient, and were removed. The clause which makes the parent's consent necessary is still in force, and the Act is permissive only, and not imperative. This was no oversight or miscalculation on the part of the framers of the Bill. In no other form could it have been passed. The plan was an experiment of doubtful issue, involving a considerable expense, and highly unpopular with the guardians generally and with that large portion of the public who had given the subject no attention. In consequence of this want of coercive power, the Act has remained practically inoperative; only six district schools up to the present time have been established in England and Wales, and thus far it may be said to have failed. But in another point of view the success has been complete. The experiment has been conducted with a degree of prudence and caution which would not have been called into action if it had been enforced by authority. Individuals of earnest convictions and untiring zeal have exerted themselves to overcome the objections of guardians, to diminish expense, and by their personal superintendence to promote in every detail the welfare and efficiency of the infant establishments. The evidence collected by the Commissioners, as to the success of these schools in withdrawing their pupils from the class of paupers and turning them into useful and respectable members of society, is full and convincing. Instead of loading our pages with quotations from the Report, which the reader may more satisfactorily consult for himself, we will draw his attention to a single specimen which has more especially been brought within our notice.

These schools, in their details and their management, vary, of course, as they are situated in thickly or thinly peopled, in manufacturing or rural neighbourhoods. The school in question belongs to a district where, on the whole, the agricultural character predominates. It was established, about twelve years ago, by Mr. Wolryche Whitmore,* now, alas! no more, whose unwearied exertions,

* Whatever merit may be claimed for opposition to the corn laws, that merit is due to Mr. Whitmore beyond all others. More than twenty years before their repeal

exertions, both in and out of Parliament, in the cause of social improvement have entitled him to a more widely-spread fame than in this forthsetting age falls to the lot of merit when clogged with modesty and an unselfish indifference to applause. By his personal influence he induced four Unions—Bridgnorth, Cleobury Mortimer, Seisdon, and Madeley—to coalesce and form 'The South-East Shropshire School District.' On the removal of the limitations as to distance, other Unions were invited to join them. But the efforts of the gentry to effect this junction were defeated by the farmers, who formed the majority at the Boards. It is very much to the credit of these same Boards, and it speaks volumes in favour of the school, that these Unions, though they have now no longer the option of forming an integral part of the district, avail themselves of the permission to ally themselves as 'foreign Unions' and to send their children to the school at a stipulated rate of payment. At that time we did not possess the evidence which is now before us (and to which we shall advert presently) to prove that mental labour cannot with advantage be imposed on young children for more than three or four hours a day. It was not then, nor is it now, generally acknowledged that schools for the working classes, if they are to impart the full benefit derivable from education, should be of an industrial character. But the founders of industrial schools, among the first of whom was Mr. Whitmore, anticipated both these discoveries. He hired a house, at a very moderate rent, which was adapted to the purpose of its new inhabitants at the reasonable cost of 1000*l.*, to which the sum of 300*l.* was subsequently added for further enlargements. It was situated in the village of Quatt, near enough to his own residence to enable him to give the establishment the benefit of his own frequent and vigilant inspection. Adjoining it he leased to the district Union, at a fair rent, a plot of twelve acres to be cultivated by the boys, under the direction of a bailiff. A quarter of an acre was allotted to the garden, a little less than ten to spade and fork husbandry, and nearly two to pasture. At the present time the farm is in excellent condition, and the live stock consists of one horse, four cows, and a few pigs. This part of his plan encountered much opposition as being expensive, and not a little ridicule as being visionary. However, from the first he was able to show that the farm paid its own expenses. By the neigh-

repeal he published his first pamphlet in favour of 'free trade.' He was scouted as a visionary by statesmen of all parties, and by none more contemptuously than by the leaders of the Whigs. His annual motion on the subject had no effect but to lower his reputation as a statesman, and to send the House to dinner. Free trade was at last established, and no tribute was paid to its (we may almost say) only consistent and disinterested champion. *Tulit alter honores!*

bouring

bouring ratepayers, and the many sceptics by whom every attempt at improvement is jealously scrutinized, the tiny farm and its boy cultivators were treated as a philanthropist's toy, and the favourable balance-sheets were attributed to Mr. Whitmore's benevolence, who made up from his own 'home-farm' the deficiencies of the crops or the casualties of the stock. Whether in any instance these surmises were just we have not been informed, but the farm continues to prosper, though its humane and generous patron is gone to his rest, and sleeps in the churchyard within the shadow of the school-walls. The balance-sheet for the half-year ending Lady Day, 1861, gives a net profit of 37*l.* 2*s.* 5*d.*

The salaries are such as to attract a very superior class of teachers. The schoolmaster and superintendent has 105*l.* a year, of which 55*l.* is paid by Government; the matron (his wife) 50*l.*; a schoolmistress 50*l.*, of which Government gives 36*l.*; a man to direct and assist in the cultivation of the land is paid 20*l.* a year, half of which is given by Government, by whom also is wholly paid a female industrial teacher; the medical officer receives 35*l.* a year, of which Government pays half; the chaplain 25*l.*

By the financial statement of the last year it appears that, deducting the Government allowances and the farm receipts—

		Per Week,
		<i>£</i> <i>d.</i>
Food, firing, and necessaries cost, per head		2 8½
Clothing		0 7
Common charges and repayment of loan ..		1 10½
Total		5 2½

We do not give these expenses as remarkable for their smallness or incapable of diminution; nor shall we endeavour to reconcile the discordant statements we have seen as to the comparative expenses of district and workhouse schools. From a careful examination of the subject, we are led to believe that, if the comparison is carefully and candidly made, the difference will very little exceed the interest and repayment of the loan which, in the first instance, has been borrowed for the outfit. But were the expense much heavier, it would be cheap in the end to give the child an education which is to keep him from the workhouse and the gaol, in either of which his detention is only less costly to the public than his freedom as a vagrant or a thief. Every able-bodied pauper, Mr. Chadwick calculates (p. 17), who enters on life without the will or the power to earn a living, must cost the community, at the lowest estimate, 400*l.*, at the rate

rate of 10*l.* a year for the 40 years which the Insurance Tables give as the probable duration of his life from the adolescent stage. The value of his wages for the same period would, at the average rate of 30*l.* a year, be 1200*l.* Thus, between the productive labourer, and one of the class for whom Mr. Chadwick revives the expressive old English word of 'wastrels,' there is a difference of 1600*l.* If the pauper turns vagrant, he will levy contributions in a different manner, but to a still greater extent. If he turns thief, there is no assigning their limit. We desire no better than to leave the establishment of district schools to be judged as a financial operation.

The distribution of time is probably much alike in all similar institutions, but it may be interesting to those who have not entered into the details of the subject to hear how the little pauper spends his day. Two boys in turn rise at five with the farming-man to feed, clean, and milk the cows. The general hour is half-past five, and at six all the children, except those who are too young and weak, are ready for work, which is continued till a quarter to eight. The girls are engaged in making the beds, cleaning the rooms, assisting in the bakery, and the preparations for breakfast; the boys on the farm, or in cleaning knives, forks, and shoes. At eight, breakfast; at nine, prayers and school till twelve; at one, dinner; at two the boys go to work on the farm, and the girls to their needlework; at half-past five they leave off; at six, go to supper; at half-past six, prayers. In the intervals between half-past six and eight, as at all others where no special employment is marked, some of the boys and girls will necessarily be employed in domestic work; the others are at play. There is a half-holiday on Saturday; on fine evenings the boys are allowed to play at cricket in the park of their benefactor, and for those who are weary or studious there is a small library, to which at any time they may have access. For one night in each week, the hour from seven to eight is employed in practising singing.

The dietary is simple, but amply sufficient. We quite agree with Mrs. Austen (from whose admirable pamphlet, replete with benevolence, good sense, and knowledge of the world, we shall often have occasion to make extracts) that there is much of ostentation and little true charity in surrounding children with luxuries which they will hereafter be compelled to forego, and to which they ought to feel they have no just claim.* The appearance of the children is healthy, and their manner alert and intelligent. The reports of the inspectors as to their progress in

* 'Letters,' p. 44.

their school-work and in sound religious knowledge are highly favourable, and not less so is the testimony of the many persons, well known for their zeal in the cause of education, who have visited the school. As soon as the pupils are of an age to work, they readily find good places. There is especially a great demand for the boys among the class of employers who require intelligent and educated workmen. By far the greater part of those who have left the school are known to be doing well, and but a very small percentage have found their way back to the workhouses.

It is obvious that one of the first measures for extending the benefits of the district schools must be to repeal the clause which makes the parents' consent necessary. It is impossible to imagine one good or reasonable motive for a parent's withholding that consent. The true mother at Solomon's judgment-seat was willing to part with her child for ever to save its life, and a temporary separation must be submitted to by mothers of every class for the purposes of education. Mr. Senior urges truly that the pauper parent has forfeited the status of independence. In the Union-house the family is broken up, the wife is separated from the husband. But even in the highest ranks of society the State reserves to itself the power of depriving the parent of his natural right if, in the judgment of the High Court of Equity, he has rendered himself unworthy of the trust. The truth is, that the parents are the persons from whom, beyond all others, it is necessary to separate the pauper child. We have already adverted to the fact, which is attested by many witnesses, that in workhouses it is the orphans who most frequently turn out well, and that, of those who on leaving school have fallen into vicious courses, the majority have been seduced by their own parents. But, in fact, the principle for which we contend has already been conceded. No consent of the parents is needed to enable the guardians to remove a child to a 'separate' school, where, for all practical purposes, the separation from the parents is as complete as at the district school.

Wherever the guardians have been induced to establish separate schools at a sufficient distance from the workhouse, their working has been not less satisfactory than that of the district schools. But unhappily, in most instances, the dread of additional expense has prevailed, and but few of the separate schools have been set on foot—not more, indeed, than three times the number of the district schools, admitting in the aggregate about twice the number of children. But let us not be too severe on the guardians. When the Poor-law Amendment Act was passed parsimony was the one merit in its administration which the Legislature was anxious to secure at any sacrifice, and for that purpose

purpose it threw the preponderance at the Boards into the hands of the ratepaying farmers. The great object for which the Boards of Guardians were first constituted was to avert the gigantic and imminent evil of general pauperism; and when we consider the impulsion which was given to their endeavours in the first instance and the views with which they are now elected by the ratepayers, we may rather admire the humanity with which they have tempered the severity of the Poor-law than complain of their slowness to promote social progress.

The most interesting and remarkable of the separate schools which have fallen within our notice are those which are known as the 'Norwich Homes.' In the Norwich Union workhouse, which was singularly ill-contrived for the purposes of classification, the evils which arose from the association of the children with the adult paupers had risen to such a height that, according to the testimony of Mr. Brown, the chaplain, the school was a 'mere hotbed of pauperism and moral corruption.' But, as early as 1845, 'a few of the elder boys were removed to a separate Home occupied by the schoolmaster, and were employed by various masters in the city. The guardians received their wages on behalf of the ratepayers, and, in return, supplied the youths with board, clothing, and lodging.' And thus a valuable discovery in the management of pauper children—for such we think the employment of them in paid labour contemporaneously with their schooling will prove—was made, as many other discoveries have been made, by accident. Imperfect as were the arrangements of this 'Home,' Mr. Brown continues—

'Yet the manifest difference between these lads and those who were employed in the workhouse soon convinced me of the great good which might be effected by a more complete organisation of the same system, and particularly, how important it would be to possess a similar institution for girls. Many of the guardians viewed the subject in the same light, and in July, 1850, a second Home was established, into which the elder girls who were orphans or permanent paupers were removed, instead of being drafted into the workhouse or laundry to associate with the vicious characters there assembled.

'In June, 1853, the boys' school was united with the previously established Home, and both were removed to the more convenient premises which they now occupy. . . . The boys were removed in a body from the workhouse, bringing with them all their thievish and evil propensities to a place where there was far greater scope for their development. And most discouraging was the prospect for the first year.' *

* 'Journal of the Workhouse Visiting Society,' No. VIII., p. 238.
Vol. 110.—No. 220.

But an excellent master was appointed, and so rapid was the progress made that in two years Mr. Bowyer, H. M.'s Inspector, reports that the condition of the children 'is as much above, as it had been previously below, that of other Unions.' Since that time a still more important progress has been made, and so much is the tone of moral feeling improved, that a return to the House is deprecated as the severest of punishments, to be inflicted only in very rare and desperate cases; and the boys, of their own accord, denounce any misconduct which, in their opinion, is a 'disgrace to the Home.'

'Great care,' says the same authority, 'is taken to ascertain the respectability of the employers, and the exact value of the children's service. The boy's own choice of occupation is consulted as far as circumstances allow. The feeling that he is worth something to himself is permitted to grow spontaneously into a principle, and the best stimulus to honest labour is practically established' (p. 241). 'The demand, both for boys and girls, has always been far greater than the supply.' Mr. Brown gives a list of 125 boys who have left the Home from 1845 to 1859: they have embraced almost every variety of occupation, and are all now doing well, with the exception of one idiotic, nine dead, and sixteen of whom nothing is known; but of these only two belong to the period when the Home was in its present state of discipline. Of eighty girls who, from the foundation of the Girls' Home up to the same date, had been sent into service, only two were living disreputable lives. Only twelve had ever returned to the workhouse. The financial statement as regards these Homes is so satisfactory that Mr. Brown seems, not unreasonably, to expect it may excite doubt. 'I subjoin,' he says, 'an account of the cost of the boys' and girls' Homes, as compared with the workhouse, calculated from the half-yearly printed statements of receipts and disbursements, which are circulated among the guardians after every item has been examined and passed by the Poor-law Auditor, and which embrace all expenses whatever incurred by each establishment.' And by this it appears that, while the cost of every inmate in the workhouse is 12*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* per annum, the cost of each boy at the Home (deducting the boys' earnings) is 10*l.* 19*s.* 1*d.*, and of each girl 12*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.*

After these statements, it is with no small surprise, and quite as much regret, that we hear that in the present year the guardians have prepared accommodation for the children at the workhouse, and threaten their speedy removal. What are the local circumstances that have brought about this change of feeling, and induce the guardians to undo their own beneficent work, we do not know. That it is no failure on the part of the Homes, we believe, is admitted;

admitted; and the change is loudly deprecated by the many benevolent persons who have interested themselves in the progress of these institutions.

Nothing, however, can prove more strongly than what has happened at these Norwich Homes that the time has come when the Legislature must no longer hesitate to act. The experiment has succeeded; the time for caution is past. A total and complete separation between the children and the adults of the workhouse must be effected. We do not think the Legislature is bound to decide absolutely in favour either of district or of separate schools. Both seem to do their duty well, and each has its peculiar advantages. In favour of district schools it may be said that large schools are the cheapest, inasmuch as the general charges are spread over a wider surface, and also the most efficient, for they can afford appliances of various kinds which are beyond the means of small schools; and they admit of a better classification of the pupils, whereby to a great extent the time both of teachers and learners may be economized. It is also worth considering that the future improvements of our system will clearly take the direction of what Mr. Chadwick calls administrative consolidation. On the other hand, in a small school home influences may be supposed to be more readily exerted; and, by establishing separate schools, all collisions are avoided between the guardians of different unions, who are said, by one of the Commissioners' witnesses, to hate each other with an intensity of the *odium vicinorum* beyond that of conterminous nations. We think it may safely be left to the local authorities and the Poor-law Commissioners to decide according to the circumstances of each case which form should be adopted. Where a separate school has already been built, and is doing well, it would be hard to order its destruction. Where the population is very dense, a separate school may perhaps be most convenient; where it is very thin, a district union may be almost necessary. But one or the other, it is agreed on all hands, the guardians should be compelled to establish. In some cases, where expense has been recently incurred to enlarge the workhouse for the reception of the children, the alteration of the law will be felt as a hardship. But in each several case it is probable that by the exertion of a little thought and ingenuity some means may be found of turning the additional buildings to account; and, at all events, the objection is too trifling to be allowed to stand in the way of so important an improvement. Such as it is, it gains strength every year that the reform is delayed and fresh expenses are incurred under the present law. Thus the objection itself furnishes an additional argument for despatch.

But, in making the Act imperative, it is very desirable that the experience should not be thrown away which has been gained when it was only permissive. Every check on expense should be contrived to prevent the triumphant philanthropist from dipping his hand too deeply into his less liberal neighbour's pocket. It is remarked by the Commissioners that, if the formation of parochial unions had been left to depend on the will of guardians, no such unions would be now in existence. This is true; but on the other hand, if the coalition of parishes had been voluntary their proceedings would have been much more economical, and we should not have for poor-houses such a multitude of ill-contrived and expensive palaces, of county surveyors' 'neogothic' architecture. It is a good sign that the Commissioners recommend hiring and adapting houses rather than building them for the new schools which will be required.*

The infant school should in all cases, as it is now in some, be removed from the workhouse to the district or separate school. We believe there is no sound practical objection to this. Whatever staff is provided at the workhouse, to teach or take care of the infants, might be removed to the school; and to assist in taking care of the little ones is a valuable part of the training of the elder girls. The testimony of the Report as to the value of early training is convincing, and proves clearly that well-managed infant-schools will go far to obviate the great evil which has hitherto been combated in vain—the early removal of the children from all places of education. This part of the Report should not be lost upon those of the wealthier classes who are tempted to countenance the fancy that early instruction cramps the development of the intellect. It is true that, imperceptibly and unconsciously, the children of refined homes acquire much which the child of the cottage must be laboriously taught. But to rich and poor the early awakening of the powers of observation, of attention and application, is of the utmost value. And though the young patrician is not taken from school to follow the plough, he can ill afford to lose the first years of his education.

But when all is done that can be devised for the inmates of the workhouse, there are still beyond its walls upwards of 288,000 pauper children receiving out-door relief. This class was left in a perfectly hopeless condition previously to the passing of Mr. Denison's Act, by which 'guardians are permitted, *if they deem it proper*, to grant relief to enable out-door paupers to provide education for their children, provided always it shall not be

* Report, p. 377.

lawful for the guardians to impose as a condition of relief that such education shall be given.' Thus the education of these children depends on the co-existence of zeal for education on the part of the guardians, and a desire for it on the part of the parents. Under the head of out-door paupers, as Mr. Ruddock observes in his Report, are ranged two very different classes—those who are the victims of chronic pauperism, receiving relief each winter, or on every accidental failure of employment or increase of the price of food; and secondly, those who have fallen into accidental pauperism from sudden causes, such as death, contagious disease, total cessation of a branch of industry, or any of the many breaks to which social economy is exposed.* In habits and feelings these two classes are essentially different, the one being scarcely depressed below the level of the independent labourer, the other hardly raised above that of the workhouse pauper. Yet neither can be expected to co-operate very heartily with the efforts of the Legislature for the education of their children. There seems to be much uncertainty as to the number of children receiving education under this Act; but, on the most favourable supposition, there are at least 100,000 who attend no schools whatever; and there is strong evidence to prove that the 'education of those who do attend school is most deplorable.'†

The remedy recommended by the Commissioners, and by almost all the witnesses whom they have examined, is to make the Act imperative, and to trust its execution to the Poor-law Board. It is not proposed that that Board should provide schools, but that they should enforce attendance at some school (under Government inspection, if possible). It is, we think, a good suggestion, that the district schools might in many instances be made available for the out-door pauper also. But there are not a few practical difficulties. 'It would not be sufficient,' says Mr. Lingen in his examination before the Ragged Schools' Committee, 'to make Mr. Denison's Act compulsory; it would also require a carefully-devised code of rules' to regulate its operation.‡ It may not perhaps be easy to fix the limits of age before and after which education ceases to be compulsory; and there is some difficulty in the case of a child who is earning money in aid of its parents' support. But this, we think, may be obviated by allowing a discretionary power to the Poor-law Inspector, and also by the plans for combining a certain amount of education with remunerative labour, which the example of the 'Norwich Homes' has brought into notice, and for which

* Mr. Ruddock's Report, quoted by Mr. Senior, p. 135.

† Report, p. 381.

‡ Committee on Education of Destitute Children, 3990.

the half-time system (hereafter to be mentioned) affords great facilities. The committee above referred to seem also to fear that this alteration of the Act would be considered as a step towards compulsory education. But if education has already been made the condition of a boy's earning his bread, where is the hardship of making it the condition of his eating the bread of the public? However ill compulsory education may sound in the ears of the House of Commons, there is no doubt that when they by law enforced education on any class, they did, in fact, assert the principle; and how far it shall be carried out is merely a question of policy and expediency. One great obstacle to making the Act imperative is the same which has paralysed its operation while only permissive. Guardians are reluctant to clog with conditions their scanty measure of out-door relief, and still more reluctant to raise it so as to send the children properly to school. But in spite of these, and other objections which may be raised, it seems scarcely possible to propose any remedy for this enormous evil that does not, in the first instance, involve the amendment of Mr. Denison's Act. The law has for some time, we are told, been voluntarily carried out at Reading with great success; and we do not doubt that when its working is superintended and supplemented by private benevolence—and to no more useful object can private benevolence apply itself—as much will be effected as at present is possible to improve the education of the out-door pauper.

The objection to the establishment of good schools for pauper children, which operates most strongly, though it is more frequently felt than stated, is, that it gives the pauper an advantage over the independent labourer. We are not of those stern moralists who would visit on the children the sins of the fathers. That such is the course of Providence none who look on the world around them can doubt. But it is not laid upon man to be consciously and intentionally the executor of the decree. It is rather his duty and his privilege to do all in his power to lighten its severity. But great care must be taken in our zeal for the unfortunate not to hold out rewards to the guilty; and this makes the act of 'doing good,' of all others, the most difficult. We do not desire that the idler and the drunkard should be enabled to provide for his offspring the benefits of an affectionate home and 'voluntary guardianship,' by living a life of vice and dying a death of shame in the workhouse or gaol. But we would save the child from the necessity of following the father's steps. We can only strive to steer a middle course. Such-like objections never can be fully answered. We must give the criminal in his cell a better meal than many an honest man can

earn for himself, or he would die of gaol fever. We must educate the pauper 'above his station'—that is to say, above his station of pauper—for the object is to prevent his ever being a pauper again. The best practical answer to these objections is to raise the standard of education generally; and not merely for the children of the independent labourer, but for those of the farmer and the tradesman—a most important part of the subject, which we must reserve for future consideration.

The great obstacle to improvement is the want of hearty and intelligent sympathy with the advancement of education on the part of a large portion of the public. It is easy to account for the lukewarmness of landed proprietors and the hostility of farmers, by attributing an extraordinary degree of narrow-mindedness to the possession or occupation of land; but in truth by the passive and inert public at large, the present system has been accepted rather than approved, and is tolerated rather than supported. Even by the promoters of education the Privy Council's arrangements are less generally applauded than Inspectors are apt to suppose. 'Certificated teachers are popular,' but it must be remembered that part of their salaries is paid by the public; and it is only because they hold the purse-strings that their Lordships have been enabled to impose, if not without murmurs, at least without resistance, not only their whole scheme of education, but every crotchet which they were pleased to embody in their code of rules. In fact, the supposed enemies of education have a better case than they always have the skill to make good. Neither the scheme itself, nor the manner of its execution, is above exception.

The Commissioners' Report startles us with the information that three-fourths of the children 'do not learn, or learn imperfectly, the most necessary part of what they come to learn—reading, writing, and arithmetic.'* And it further attests a still more lamentable failure in imparting sound religious knowledge. Too much is attempted; and what ought in the first place to be made sure is neglected. This unfavourable statement, we own, takes us by surprise; but it is the part of wisdom to inquire not how far it may be denied, but how far it must in candour be admitted. If, upon a fair view of the whole country, it should happily prove that a more satisfactory account would be justified, still the present Report is valuable, as pointing out the faults which the Privy Council scheme has a tendency to encourage. Unsoundness in teaching the elements is, indeed, the besetting sin of all places of education, especially

* Report, p. 148.

for the poor. An educated person, when speaking to the very ignorant, has a difficulty in fully realizing to himself that he is almost in the position of a Frenchman who speaks no English, and is teaching an Englishman who understands no French. The Report contains some ludicrous answers to the Questions of the Catechism, which were given in writing by school children, and prove—not that they had learnt it by rote, but that they had never learnt even its words, and, instead of them, had been accustomed to repeat a senseless gabble which might be mistaken for them by a master who did not take pains to make his pupils pronounce audibly and distinctly. But the root of the evil is that, in the laudable endeavour to raise the standard of education, the Privy Council make the mistake of grasping too much. No doubt the examination papers quoted by Mr. Senior (p. 323), and the many others we have seen, would lose much of their apparent absurdity if we knew the class-books on which they are grounded. But the range of information required is such as in the time can be mastered only by the help of ‘cram.’ And the masters, having been crammed themselves, are apt to cram their scholars. Instances are mentioned of children who were scarcely acquainted with the great elementary truths of the Gospel, but could answer questions on the succession of the kings of Judah, the names of the minor prophets, and the geography of Asia Minor. Contrast this state of religious knowledge with the answers of the little boy mentioned (we think) by Mr. Chadwick—answers not learnt by rote, but suggested by his own reflection. Having said that he believed a waterman’s was the state of life to which he expected to be called, he was asked how he would do his duty in it. In the first place, ‘he would not take more than his licence allowed.’ ‘Anything else?’—‘Land the passengers dry on the other side.’ ‘Anything else?’—‘Behave civil to them.’ ‘Anything else?’—‘Not ask more than the fare.’ ‘Anything else?’—‘Live a good and sober life.’ This is the practical application of Scriptural truth, which it is the business of religious training to teach. An Inspector told Mr. Foster, one of the Assistant Commissioners, that, ‘if he found an acquaintance with the minutæ of Scriptural history and geography, he inferred a general knowledge of religious truths.’* And perhaps, if he were questioning the child of one of his own colleagues, he might be right. But let him think of the dense ignorance of the little pauper; how much is to be done, and how short is the time! Before he is eleven or twelve years of age, such a knowledge of the great truths of

* ‘Suggestions,’ p. 323.

Christianity is to be impressed as the toils and trials of the world may not afterwards obliterate. Conscience is to be awakened, strengthened, and enlightened, to guide him, it is to be hoped; or it may be to punish, and in the end to reclaim. A seed is to be sown, which, even if long smothered, as is too probable, may always be ready when occasion serves to spring to life. There is barely time to learn as much history and geography as may give life and reality to the page of Scripture. So far is a knowledge of minutiae from implying an acquaintance with Scripture truth in such a case as this, that the one excludes the other. And the Inspector forgets that the 'course of his examinations must,' if the schoolmaster is human, 'give the direction to the daily teaching of the schools.'

One of the principal remedies suggested by the Commissioners is to appoint Sub-inspectors of inferior grade and qualifications, who will ascertain that the children have acquired those inferior attainments which have escaped the superior Inspector's notice. This is doubtless an imitation of the philosopher's alleged scheme of cutting a small hole for the egress of the kitten by the side of the larger hole for the cat. Mr. Senior, on the contrary, would prefer the appointment of one or two commanding officers, like the generals in command of an army, to drill the present Inspectors, and reduce them by the effects of subordination to the level of the task they have to perform. This is indeed a mountain in labour. More machinery, more expense, more places, more correspondence,—and all this array of disciplined intelligence to ascertain whether little children have or have not learned to read, write, and cipher! Much less energy and talent than is possessed by the present Inspectors, we are sure, would suffice for such a task. But if not, the system of inspection must be radically unsound. It cannot be patched—it must be changed.

For some time past we believe a conviction has been growing up amongst the Inspectors themselves, that their system was overstrained; and in fact in not a few particulars it has been relaxed. Many of the most important admissions as to the faults of the present plan, and many of the best suggestions for its improvement, are to be found in the evidence of the Inspectors. But as a body they are fettered by their own traditions, the regulations of the office, and the instructions of their employers. 'The Privy Council,' says Mr. Senior (p. 322), 'virtually regulates the instruction given,' and no adequate remedy can be applied till the fault is acknowledged in the high quarter where it originated. It requires no small exertion of courage and candour to admit the faults of a plan which has been sedulously pursued for so many years; and till public opinion is very loudly expressed on the

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the subject we despair of any adequate reformation. In the mean time the managers of schools must exert themselves by vigilant superintendence to counteract the faulty tendency of the system. Above all, in establishing district schools, the utmost care must be taken to secure sound religious training. In this point it is obvious that 'homes' superintended by private benevolence have the advantage, and to raise the district schools to the same level no pains should be spared.

We deny that if we could make schools and their teachers what we desire, we should 'lower the standard of education.' The old schools were bad, not because they taught only reading, writing, arithmetic, and English, but because they taught them badly. General information is valuable, because it implies extensive reading and reflection. Minute knowledge of the names and facts of Scripture is prized, because it implies familiarity with the sacred text; but when the results of long study are given in compendiums and got by heart, they are utterly worthless. It is not by inspecting the schoolmasters more vigilantly that the change can be effected, but by training them more judiciously. The Privy Council have been long manufacturing razors for the purpose of cutting blocks, and in future the instrument must be better adapted for its purpose. We must defer the further discussion of this subject for the present; but one piece of evidence, undesignedly given, the Report contains, to which we beg to draw the reader's attention. After giving many excellent reasons why one of the first-class schoolmasters cannot be induced to teach in the workhouse—reasons which we have not discussed because if separate schools are established, teaching in the workhouse is at an end—the Commissioners candidly admit that the tuition in these schools is unaccountably good; and this they attribute, among other reasons, to 'the unambitious character of the instruction given, which gives time for what is taught being taught thoroughly.* We will not weaken this admission by any comment of our own.

But as the first great preliminary to all improvement, the public mind must be impressed with clearer notions as to the meaning of the word education.

'By every speaker at the Conference,' says Mrs. Austen, 'the word education was used to denote solely school learning. . . . The main object of all education is, or should be, the cultivation and development of the intellectual faculties and the moral perceptions. On this we are probably all agreed. But the direction given to these faculties, and the application of these perceptions, are not less im-

* Commissioners' Report, p. 365.

portant, since upon them it depends whether the mental and moral culture shall have any direct bearing upon actual life, or shall remain something foreign to its daily demands, soon to be effaced by the rude hand of necessity and by contact with a hard and corrupting world. It is worse than useless to give acquirements which have no tendency to quicken or strengthen the intelligence for the performance of the imperative duties of life.'—p. 4.

That education in this, as we think, its truest sense, has not been adequately advanced by the efforts of late years, is the conclusion to which the candid perusal of the Commissioners' Report cannot fail to lead. The fault has long been perceived by some of the eminent persons who were the first leaders of what is called the educational movement—and the community at large more or less distinctly feel this to be the case. Hence it is that thirty years have not sufficed to dispel what are called the 'prejudices against education.' We quote again from Mrs. Austen's admirable 'Two Letters.' What she says of farm maid-servants may be transferred, *mutatis mutandis*, to the other sex. 'While the wives of small farmers and tradesmen find the girls furnished them by the national schools so useless and insubordinate, so ignorant of every useful work, and so little inclined to be taught as they declare them to be, it is not likely that they will be very enthusiastic in favour of the establishments which supply so worthless an article.'*

The experience gained in the management of the industrial schools points strongly to the conclusion that no education will be really serviceable for the working classes that is not in some degree industrial; and that, if the education of paupers is industrial, while that of the independent poor remains as it is, the paupers must have the advantage. Against the industrial training of girls we have heard it urged that young women brought up as servants in private families do not make the best wives for working men. This brings us to the evil which lies at the root of the matter.

'The whole current of modern society,' says Mrs. Austen, p. 26, 'appears to set in against the formation of that consummation of womanhood—the housewife. In domestic service, the negligence, profusion, and absence of vigilant supervision on the part of the employers; out of it, the factory and the various ways in which girls are taught to earn rather than to distribute or to save money; in all conditions, the delusive and corrupting cheapness, and the preposterous style, of dress, which afford every possible discouragement to neat and frugal habits of conservation and repair—all these influences, and many more, are directly hostile to the formation of the

* 'Two Letters,' p. 21.

domestic virtues and talents in the lower classes. In the higher, luxury, the affectation of superiority to domestic employment, and the preference for public and showy over private and obscure duties, which characterise our age, are no less fatal to the cultivation of the homely but venerable accomplishments which distinguished those illustrious ladies of former times who governed their households with calm vigilance and intelligent authority.*

Service with high or low is not the training school it was; and the least ill consequence of this is that the race of servants is grievously deteriorated. 'There is no longer,' says Mrs. Austen, quoting the remark of an intelligent foreman, 'such a thing now as a poor man's wife. His helpmate is a bad economist, a bad cook; she cannot make his home comfortable to him; and the consequences are that want, debt, and disorder, and all that can make a man's home comfortless and irritating, take from him all hope of improvement in his condition, all regard for so useless a partner, and drive him to the alehouse. Cooking with the working classes is not a matter of luxury, it is a question of health or disease, and of plenty or of want.' The problem to be proposed to the pupil of the training school is, 'Given, such a quantity of the cheapest raw material; in what manner to produce the largest quantity of nutritious and agreeable food.' Mrs. Austen notes with reprobation the ill-considered remark of some speaker at the Birmingham Conference, that the working women of this country were not deficient in the art of cooking, but that they had nothing to cook. These sallies are certain to excite a momentary applause in a public assembly, but they do a great deal of harm. Mrs. Austen, whose observation of foreign countries is as accurate as it is extensive, replies, with great truth, that in no country of Europe is so much meat consumed by the working classes as in England. Were the English workman not able to purchase good materials, with such a cook he would be starved. In the south of Europe, she truly says, the working classes eat meat only on the great festivals of the Church, and many, she might add, do not taste it from year's end to year's end.

The natural training of the housewife is the house; but as the house no longer supplies the training, we must find it or make it at the school. But how is this to be done? The best hints we have seen on the subject are contained in Mr. Norris's clever and interesting little pamphlet on *Girls' Industrial Schools*; but unluckily, no cut and dried receipt can be given for turning an ordinary day school into an industrial one. Charity moves easily

* 'Two Letters,' p. 21.

in its accustomed groove, but in none other. If a house were to be built, or half the kingdom to be importuned with begging letters, the thing would be done at once; but in order to add industrial training to a village school, much thought, much patience, and much dexterity are needed to seize and profit by such helps as in each several case may be offered. The great difficulty is to find a dinner to be practised on. In populous places there is the soup-kitchen; and dinners for the sick, and dinners sold to single men, might be dressed. Mr. Norris suggests that the schoolmistress might take in boarders. To cook the dinner for the school is the most obvious expedient; but the poor, like their betters, prefer money to money's worth. 'At present,' says Mrs. Austen, 'parents seem to prefer sending the girls with more costly and less wholesome cold food to paying a small addition to the weekly sum for which the children would have a wholesome warm meal cooked, under excellent superintendence, by themselves.' Several attempts, however, have been made, and with considerable success. But no doubt there have also been failures, and among them there is none more mortifying than that of Miss Martineau's (not Miss Harriet Martineau) industrial paying school at Norwich, of which Mrs. Austen has given so interesting an account. We cannot applaud the supineness which from such disappointments would draw an argument for inaction. The prejudices of the poor no doubt are strong, but they are by no means everywhere alike; they are not always insuperable, nor are they always without foundation. We have known cases where school-girls, when taken into the 'soup-kitchens' to assist, were immediately set to do all the drudgery of the scullery, and were allowed to see nothing of what was done anywhere else. What wonder if the mothers complained that their girls were fagged with hard work, spoiled their frocks, and learned no cookery nor anything else which they could not learn just as well at home? Mr. Norris rightly lays it down as a rule that the industrial work must be made attractive. The methods he proposes for the purpose are ingenious and well imagined; but the most certain mode of making it attractive is to make the pupils feel that they are learning what is eminently useful, and what they cannot learn elsewhere. If schools to teach the arts of housewifery were multiplied, they would be so many lumps of leaven to give life to the inertness of society. A true housewife is always animated by a missionary spirit, and cannot refrain from trying to make converts. She cannot bear untidiness even when it does not interfere with her own comfort. Private industrial schools have considerable advantages over the district schools. The latter, especially where the establishments are large and well supplied

supplied with all the modern appliances of gas, of 'lifts,' and of water laid on to every part of the house, cannot, without some special machinery for the purpose, be made good training-schools for life in the cottage or for domestic service in humble families. We have heard of a servant taken from a London district school, who broke down on her second day of service on being desired to carry a pail of water upstairs. But before an industrial character can be given to the village schools, we must make some change in the training colleges for schoolmistresses. In most respects they are admirable institutions, but the standard of acquirements is unreasonably high. What has been said of the training-schools for young men applies with still greater force to those for young women, whose sex does not admit of such severe application, and whose position does not require so high a standard of instruction. However, it is wisely arranged that they should do all the work of the house. Books on domestic economy and housewifery are rightly included in the course; but we much wish that matters of matronly management were taught in a more simple and practical manner: a written examination on such points, conducted by the Privy Council, cannot afford any satisfactory test of proficiency; and there is something ludicrous in the contrast presented by the homeliness of the matter with the learned obscurity of the University style of interrogation.* In the midst of all this it is some comfort to hear that the pupils prepare the Inspector's luncheon. We hope it is true, for here, at least, is an intelligible criterion. Mrs. Austen is right in supposing that the young schoolmistresses will not be worse scholars for being better housewives. 'The assumption that the intelligence is more exercised and fortified by learning by rote a vast number of so-called facts, dates, scraps of science, or propositions unintelligible to the learner, than by the exercise of the accurate observation and rapid induction required in household operations, is an entirely false one, and has a very mischievous tendency to exalt the showy above the useful—the superficial above the solid.'†

As combining industrial training with school learning, the district schools by their success confirm the notion that little is lost by shortening the usual hours of attendance in the school-room. For three or four hours a day any child may be profitably engaged in mental labour; beyond that, it depends on the skill of the teacher and the capacity of the pupil how far the lessons may be prolonged with advantage. The instruction that is forced

* The obscurity of the examination papers, as well as their difficulty, was the subject of a remonstrance addressed by the managers of the Warrington Training-school to the Committee of Privy Council in the year 1836.

† 'Two Letters,' p. 21.

on jaded attention and flagging spirits is not remembered, and the power of commanding attention by being overstrained is weakened. At all events, for the children of the working classes the 'half-time system,' as it is called, is probably the best. It virtually prevails in the ragged schools, where the attendance is discretionary on the part of the pupil, and is perhaps to many the chief attraction of those schools. In the girls' schools it has always been pursued (though undesignedly), inasmuch as the afternoons are almost universally allotted to needlework; and with not less benefit, we will add, might a portion of the boys' time be bestowed on learning some sort of sedentary work, such as knitting, plaiting, netting, or even a little tailoring, which might afford no slight comfort in after-days, in times of sickness and privation of work, and might detain many a man in his not very comfortable home, when, if he had nothing to do, he would be driven by ennui to the alehouse. We have not space to dwell on the many facilities which the half-time system affords for combining remunerative labour and industrial training with book-learning, though these supply the most unanswerable arguments in its favour. On these points we refer the reader to Mr. Chadwick's most useful and practical pamphlets; but we cannot omit to notice his suggestions with respect to the naval and military drill, inasmuch as they are especially applicable to the pauper schools, the establishment of which it is our principal object to urge. The practical character, on which as a nation we pride ourselves, makes us so incredulous of projects which promise much, that, if Mr. Chadwick's assurances were not fully supported by the evidence he adduces, we should be afraid to repeat with what benefit to the pupils and advantage to the public service these exercises may be introduced. Not only do they develop the muscles and strengthen the constitution to overcome the seeds of congenital disease, so often lurking in the offspring of pauper parents, but their moral effects in sharpening the attention, quickening the observation, and inspiring a spirit of subordination, are found by experience to be most beneficial. The naval drill is the more effectual and the more popular, and by far the most likely to conduce to the advantage of the service. It is not probable the army can be recruited to any extent from the district schools. The children of pauper parents are usually undersized, and in the interval between leaving school and the time when they could be received into the ranks, they usually apply themselves to some other occupation. But the naval drill may be made a most useful training for actual service. Mr. Tufnell is of opinion that a boy may be made 'almost a seaman' by training in a ship on dry land. Every large pauper school (certainly those

those situated in large towns where there are no facilities for agricultural labour) he thinks should be supplied with a model ship; but in order to bring his plan to bear, the Admiralty must supply the materials gratuitously. The expense of these, he calculates, would not exceed 200*l.*; and the London pauper school alone, he pledges himself, would turn out yearly 500 boys who, 'on first getting on board a sea-going ship, would be able to run aloft, to set and furl sail, and, in fact, to be three parts sailors though they had never seen the sea; and thus, at a trifling expense, the Admiralty might in a great measure dispense with training ships.' This sounds too good to be true. But, at least, let Mr. Tufnell's challenge be accepted. When the project for establishing railways was first broached, the late Mr. George Stephenson was warned not to speak to the House of Commons of a greater speed for his carriages than ten miles per hour, lest he should be 'scouted as a visionary.'

Thus far the direction which improvement must take is tolerably clear, but we are now come to the debateable land between poverty and crime where the scheme of the Privy Council stops—the land where roam the children of the streets, the destitute and unowned, whom benevolence has not yet adopted, nor the law got within its grasp—those, in short, who fill the ragged schools. The Report of the Commissioners on this part of the subject is less strong than that of the Assistant-Commissioner, on which it is based; but we understand them to accept and sanction the statement that the ragged scholars are of precisely the same class as the pupils of the ordinary schools—that they might pay if they would, and would pay if they had no school which dispensed with payment; or that, if it be really true some parents cannot pay, the national schools would receive their children gratuitously, or some good Samaritan would readily be found to give the weekly twopence for their schooling; moreover, that the pupils are allowed to attend irregularly, to appear most filthily, and behave most insubordinately, without any attempt on the part of the teachers to do more than convey literary instruction; that the majority of the children can never be reformed till removed from the influence of their parents; and that the competition of the ragged schools is mischievous to the established and better-ordered schools.

This part of the Commissioners' Report appears to us hasty and ill-considered. They have evidently treated the question of ragged schools as supplementary to their main subject, and have failed to see how important a part ragged schools may be made to play in the scheme of national education. We entirely acquit the Assistant-Commissioner of the intentional unfairness with which

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he is charged in having drawn his conclusions from the inspection of the schools of only two provincial towns; but the candour with which he admits the scantiness of his inductions does not excuse the hastiness of his conclusions. Some angry discussions in Parliament on the Report led to the appointment of a Special Committee to inquire into the Education of Destitute Children. The committee was appointed when the session was far advanced, and their inquiries, they complain, were very much restricted by the want of time. The minutes of evidence taken by them contain much interesting matter; the Report itself, as is usual with Parliamentary reports, says but little. It is on the whole a plea for the *status quo*; and, considering the present state of the question, the disagreement of the managers of ragged schools among themselves as to the propriety of receiving assistance from the State, their disagreements with the Privy Council, and the general ignorance of the public as to the condition and management of ragged schools, no other conclusion could safely be arrived at for the present. But in one respect the Report is most valuable. It establishes the fact which is the pith of the whole question. It admits that, when every deduction is made for the children who ought to be at other schools, '*Still such a residue exists which has not yet been reached by any other machinery.*'

But we should do wrong to admit these deductions to the extent for which the Commissioners contend. They admit, on the evidence of Miss Carpenter, that there are parents too poor to pay for their children's schooling, and it is a mockery to suppose all these cases can be relieved by the national schools, even if they were able to meet this large and sudden demand for gratuitous admissions. How few parents labouring under the pressure of this extreme penury, and all the helplessness and recklessness it entails, would care for the schooling of their famishing children, or, if they did, would know where to look for good Samaritans, or benevolent managers of national schools! No doubt the greater part of the Ragged scholars are, as the Report asserts, the children of vicious parents, whose poverty is of their own making, and who let their children wander in rags while they are getting drunk at the gin-shop. But by what coercion are the children to be brought to school, or the parents made to pay? It is difficult enough to induce parents or children to avail themselves of the education which is gratuitously offered them. In America, where an education at the expense of the State is provided for all who will accept it, there are complaints as loud as in this country of the total ignorance of the lowest classes of the population.

If, indeed, the instruction of the ragged schools were what is
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described by the Assistant Commissioner, if the children who are encouraged to come ragged, dirty, and unruly, were encouraged to remain as filthy in person and as depraved in mind as they came, there would be no need to prolong the discussion. But the whole scheme is of a missionary character. The object of the self-denying persons who attend gratuitously to the instruction of the little savages, is to civilize and Christianize. No doubt great difficulty is often experienced from the influence of vicious parents over their children, but, on the other hand, the instances are numberless where the children have been the instruments of bringing the parents to a better state of feeling. Let those who doubt this visit one of the ragged school-rooms, filled, as they often may be seen for evening service, with crowds of the pupils' parents. Unquestionably great vigilance is needed to prevent abuses; and, in spite of all possible vigilance, abuses will creep in. It must necessarily be that some of the pupils would be fitter inmates of reformatories, some would be better placed in industrial schools, and some ought to be sent to the ordinary schools as soon as they have been cleansed in the temporary quarantine of the ragged school. But the Commissioners speak as if there were an unlimited number of paying, reformatory, and industrial schools to receive all who may be sent, and an absolute power in the law to send all who ought to go. Nevertheless on the whole we agree with what we believe is meant by the Privy Council Circular of January, 1858, in which Mr. Lingen calls these 'provisional institutions, which are constantly tending to become elementary schools of the ordinary kind, or industrial schools certified under Act of Parliament.' Bearing ever in mind that the Ragged Schools' Union is the drag-net which brings up from the muddy depths of society what can be reached by no other means, we would have the miscellaneous fry sorted and separately disposed of; and if the ragged schools could be made to stand in the relation of purveyor (though but to a limited extent) to the other educational institutions of the country, they would hold a place of the greatest importance in our scheme of national education. We believe the same thing is more or less distinctly indicated by those of the witnesses who speak of dividing ragged schools into two classes, the more and less advanced in civilization, and also of establishing cheap ordinary schools in connexion with the ragged schools. The latter we think a most valuable suggestion, which, if adopted, will defer indefinitely the evil day, when our voluntary system will no longer work.

What is to be done, asks Mr. Senior, in the poor or apathetic districts, where people cannot or will not pay for schools? And

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in reply he proposes that where Voluntary effort ends, State compulsion should begin.* That is to say, that a system entirely opposed to the present system should be tacked on to it. And to solder the two together, he can see no expedient but more machinery, more expense, more inspection. Inspectors are to be sent, with despotic and inquisitorial powers, to form districts at their pleasure, 'to ascertain the number of children requiring instruction, to report on the extent of the present school accommodation, and the nature of the instruction, and to inquire the proportion borne by the incomes of the higher and middle classes to the number of persons belonging to the poorer class, in order to ascertain whether the deficiencies arise from poverty or from apathy, or from both, to fix the amount of the rate' (p. 58), and then again, to sink an enormous sum in buildings; and having thus taxed the district at their pleasure, they are to establish 'undenominational schools,' in which none of the subscribers will take any interest; for, as a matter of fact, it is positively laid down by the Report that it is from religious feelings almost exclusively the public interest in schools arises. When a man of Mr. Senior's ability and experience can propose no better means than this, it is a proof that there is something wrong in the original conception of the end. The two things cannot co-exist. Why should charitable people exert themselves to subscribe for education, when, by turning 'apathetic,' they may compel their less liberal neighbours to bear their share of the burden, and they themselves can reserve their own resources for other objects?

Mr. Senior dismisses Sir J. K. Shuttleworth's proposal that the Privy Council should relax its requirements, with the simple assertion that children brought from wretched homes must have the best masters and the best schools. But the most highly paid 'certificated teachers' are not always in the true sense the best; and by many ingenious contrivances which are easily hit on when people are not spending public money, good ventilation may be secured in mean rooms. The ancients are sneered at by many of our modern tourists for supposing that to carry water from one height to another it is necessary to span the intermediate valley with gigantic masses of masonry; and do the Privy Council really think that ventilation cannot be obtained in a room less than eighteen or twenty feet high? Mr. Senior mentions a very poor London parish in which, by intrepid begging and by the aid of enormous grants from the Privy Council, the incumbent contrived to spend first 8000*l.*, and then 10,000*l.*, in the erection of schools. We do not mean to express any opinion on this

* 'Suggestions,' chap. ii.

particular case, of the details of which we know nothing; but, taking the fact as we find it in Mr. Senior's pages, we think the sums thus spent a prodigious waste of public and private funds. The first intention of the Privy Council was by liberal public grants to induce individuals to spend as much as possible in school-buildings and in education. On the former object not less than 3,000,000*l.* have been spent, of which a large portion has been, we will not say wasted, though it has certainly been spent without absolute necessity. But in dealing with the 'poor and apathetic districts' the direction first given to the Privy Council's efforts must be changed; the object is then to ascertain at how small an expense the substantial objects of education can be attained; and if an earnest desire on the part of the Privy Council were shown to disregard appearances and aim only at realities—to forbear making onerous requisitions, and to give an useful education at little cost, we will venture to say that much of the apathy of which they complain would disappear. We wish it were possible for the promoters of education to understand how much of the passive resistance, the *vis inertiae*, which obstructs their progress, is to be attributed to a strong disapprobation of their proceedings; a disapprobation which, though perhaps not very precisely defined nor carefully considered, is nevertheless, as we have shown, far from unreasonable.

We are unable to pursue further this important subject at present; we can only indicate the direction which we believe improvement must take. In treating these subjects of combined charity and political economy, it is impossible to satisfy the aspirations of the benevolent on the one hand, or to silence all the objections of the prudent on the other.

Want of space, and our desire to spare the reader the fatigue of minute details, have obliged us to omit many suggestions for obviating difficulties or improving the efficiency of pauper schools which we had marked for notice. We refer the reader to the evidence collected by the Commissioners on this subject, as the most interesting part of their Report. Their recommendation to establish district and separate schools is one which can raise little difference of opinion among the friends of education, and we trust it will engage the attention of the Legislature before other more doubtful matters are brought into discussion. We venture confidently to point it out as the next stage in advance, which, when gained, will open to our view a clearer prospect of the course of our further labours.

ART. VIII.—*Memoir, Letters, and Remains of Alexis de Tocqueville, Translated from the French by the Translator of Napoleon's Correspondence with King Joseph.* London. 1861.

IN the winter of 1858-9 there were residing in one salubrious spot on the shores of the Mediterranean three remarkable representatives of the intelligence of the great nations of Europe. There was Lord Brougham, the chief citizen and host of the pleasant town of Cannes, and the two visitors seeking for renewed health under that genial sky were Baron de Bunsen and Alexis de Tocqueville. Of these, our countryman alone retains his vitality of thought and action in a wonderful old age. Ere many months had gone by, the abundant heart and unsatiated spirit of the German scholar and diplomatist whom we knew so well, and, amid many differences, so justly esteemed, had ceased to beat and to aspire. A few weeks of struggle and of suffering were sufficient to exhaust what yet remained of the physical energies of the French philosopher and statesman, who, of all his notable contemporaries, perhaps best deserves the interest and admiration of Englishmen. It is to this aspect of the character of M. de Tocqueville that we would mainly direct the attention of our readers, deriving from the work of M. de Beaumont and other accessible materials whatever may seem conducive to this object.

A word as to M. de Beaumont's original work: it consists of a short memoir, of three fragments of travels, of two chapters of the unfinished second volume of the 'Ancien Régime et la Révolution,' and of selected letters. To these the translator has added Mr. John Mill's accurate version of a remarkable article in the 'London and Westminster Review' on 'France before the Revolution,' which may be regarded as the foundation of the later edifice—many letters and parts of letters omitted by M. de Beaumont, either as uninteresting to French readers in their references to English politics or as touching too immediately on the present condition of affairs in France—and several reports of conversations between M. de Tocqueville and Mr. Senior. It is now no secret that the ex-Master in Chancery has taken advantage of the many opportunities he has had of intimate acquaintance with French statesmen and men of letters, to record the most interesting and definite portions of what has fallen from them in the social interchange of thoughts and feelings. In this there has been no breach of confidence, for the dialogues have in most cases been submitted to the criticisms and corrections of the interlocutors, who have gladly availed themselves of an occasion through which they might offer to the world, in a form of auto-biography,

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the frank vindication of past events, and an open expression, otherwise denied to them, of present opinions. Such a facility of communication is no doubt peculiar to a nation which loves, and knows how, to talk, and Mr. Senior might wait long before an English minister, even in obscurity or disgrace, would thus reveal himself to his best-trusted companion; but the documents themselves are none the less valuable, and when varied, as are the conversations before us, with much wisdom and pleasantry on social and historical topics, they afford an illustration of character hardly equalled in importance by the most familiar correspondence. The translation itself, at once faithful and free, is the last act of a long friendship, and betokens a true womanly insight into the spirit of the writer, which no mere scholarship could supply, but which this book especially demands, for it is the story not of a Life, but of a Mind.

There is, indeed, an entire disproportion between the circumstances of this existence and the void occasioned by its loss. Of gentle but not illustrious birth, of independent but moderate means, a traveller in countries already well known, the author of one completed work and one other commenced, an interesting but not effective speaker during some years of indefinite parliamentary opposition to a Government which he generally approved, and a minister for some months of a Republic that he neither assisted nor desired to establish, M. de Tocqueville passes away in the meridian of life, and the event is regarded not only as a national disaster, but as a calamity to the dearest interests of mankind. His name is held up to reverence and his character to admiration, not only by the friends whom his personal fascination and delightful qualities had won and retained, or by the small band of comrades who had shared his doctrines and his fortunes, but by statesmen, whose principles he had condemned, by philosophers, whose authority he had disputed, and by priests, in whose religion he but coldly acquiesced.

We believe the main cause of this result is to be found in the singular unity of purpose which pervaded his whole moral and intellectual being. If a clear and lofty theory of life, to which a man can adapt his duties and his actions, is a comfort and a strength to any one in his march through the world, it is no less desirable for a thinker to possess an object of mental contemplation, around which new experiences and fresh inferences can continually cluster, which will grow with his knowledge and expand with his observation, and which, without disturbing his judgment, may fill him with the powers of a prophet and the ardour of an apostle. Such was to M. de Tocqueville the consciousness of the facts and influences of Democracy in the present and

and future generations of civilised Man, and the effect of this permanent study, discreetly used and sanely regulated, stood out in strange contrast to the diffuse fancies and distracted notions of the political sciolists of our age. France had abounded in men who had been mastered by ideas, but the spectacle was new of a mind replete with a great thought yet entirely free from any concomitant delusion,—at once passionately absorbed and absolutely judicial,—without prejudice either on one side from partiality or on another from fear of its imputation,—labouring for the strictest evidence of truths instinctively apprehended, and seeking for every corroboration of certainties already known.

The phenomenon was all the more surprising, because there was nothing in the early life and associations of De Tocqueville by which this strong impression could naturally have been induced. Although his youth had not, like that of M. Guizot, been impressed with the terrors of flight in the light of burning châteaux, still it was passed amidst the near remembrances of the atrocities and passions of the Revolution. He well knew how, six months after the union of his own house with that of the Lamoignons, his parents had been cast into the Conciergerie, and had only escaped death by the fall of Robespierre. His childhood had listened to the anecdotes of his grandsire, M. de Malesherbes, the veteran of liberty, who died in defence of the sovereign who had banished him from his presence, and whose scaffold, including three generations of victims, touched the hardened conscience of a sanguinary mob, so that no more executions could be ventured upon in that place. Such reflections were assuredly not favourable to an appreciation of freedom or to the perception of political truth; but even these tragic phantoms were less hostile to the development of liberal ideas than the condition into which good society in France had fallen after the violent tension and anxiety of recent years. Hopeless of escape from evil government, men only tried to put it out of sight as much as possible, and pleasure, so long foregone, became the sole occupation of existence. *Seria ludo* was the motto of the wisest and the best: among the most refined of the upper classes the art of conversation was the main criterion of superiority; and the highest faculties found their exercise in private theatricals, family mystifications, and every kind of elaborate amusement. Then the tact and beauty of Madame Récamier sufficed to rule over Parisian life; then no one asked for poetry deeper than Delille's, or for piety more earnest than that of Chateaubriand. In this atmosphere, and with no graver education, grew up young Clérel de Tocqueville. He was free from care as to his future destination, for his father had purchased him a Magistracy, according

according to the customs of the profession, in which his natural acuteness, and still more his judicial turn of mind, would in the ordinary course of events elevate him to the highest dignities of the bench, with no exclusive sacrifice of his tastes or time. If he desired to attain greater wealth or higher social position, few alliances would be inaccessible to a descendant of M. de Malesherbes, endowed with rare natural graces and the most amiable temper. His days might glide by in the domestic enjoyments that so well suited his affectionate and unselfish disposition, and in the performance of interesting duties which he would discharge with ease and satisfaction under a form of procedure where much more depends upon the good sense and equitable disposition of the judge than on technical knowledge or the formalities of law.

But this was not to be: while yet a boy he said to M. de Beaumont, his friend through life, and now his biographer, 'Il n'y a à dire: c'est l'homme politique qu'il faut faire en nous,' and what he meant by this is exhibited by his whole existence. By the dissolution of the Empire, other politics than administration or intrigue had become possible in France; and the experience of some years of profound peace had shown that constitutional institutions were capable of generating the practice and habits of liberty among a people who had lost even the desire to possess it. The organisation which had brought order out of the social chaos of the Consulate, and which Napoleon had so long and so successfully adopted to raise himself and level all about him, had produced a nation incapable of acting or thinking, or even wishing for themselves; and yet, by the time when Tocqueville rose to manhood, France was fully engaged in the problem of free government,—earnestly interested in the play of the new machine,—duly suspicious of monarchical or of democratic encroachment,—conscious that on the issue of this experiment depended the question whether the future of the French people was to be a secure and wholesome progress to the highest civilization or a series of incoherent efforts and reactions, of panics and submissions, of extravagant hopes and ignoble despairs. If these days had not all the exciting ideals and enchanting delusions of those of 1789, of which M. de Talleyrand used to speak as the only ones he had ever known worth living, at any rate they afforded ample materials for the observation of a young and fervid mind. In De Tocqueville the fabric rose with the incidents of every hour, with the last speech, the new book, the newspaper article, the libel, the prosecution, the verdict, the changes of ministers, the menaces of angry authority, and the counter-threats of popular resistance. Besides these a certain instinct

instinct directed his reflective powers to the old enemy, and in one sense the conqueror, of his country, with feelings of more interest than perhaps he liked to own. If the government of France was to rest on representative principles, where could she look for example, for warning, for contrast, for comparison, for illustration, but to England? Thus the very first letter in this correspondence, written at nineteen, contains a project for an adventure to spend 'incognito' two days in London, 'to see those rascally English, who, we are told, are so strong and flourishing;' just as, eighteen years afterwards, he tells the same friend that he finds an attraction even in the history of Smollett, 'the poorest writer the world has produced,' and derives a certain satisfaction from the reflection 'how many great deeds were compatible with so much individual meanness and so much public vice.' And thus too, on to the latest work and to the last moments of his life, there ever seemed to stand before his imagination two great moral figures sufficient to occupy his entire being, ever correlative, continually intermingled: the one, France, her revolution and its consequences; the other, England, her constitutional liberty and its gigantic democratic development in the United States of America.

The worth of this direction given to his early mind can hardly be overrated. That with his ardour for the happiness of humanity, and his devotion to social problems, he should have abstained from all that range of speculation which has been the sole sustenance of German thought in its long political famine, and with which French idealists in all critical times have filled themselves to bursting, is certainly remarkable.

But there was an ethical basis which underlay the whole of his political system, and which, as an expositor of past and present history, he constantly asserted, and in his own practice of statesmanship, with one exception, unswervingly maintained. This principle may be defined as the application, in its fullest sense, of the doctrine of Free Will to the communities of mankind. Liberty, with its duties and responsibilities, seemed to him the necessity of all civil society worth the name, apart from and above all consequences, right or wrong, good or evil. A man or a nation may indeed live without freedom, the slave may be happier than the citizen, and the patriarchal rule more beneficent than the capricious democracy; but such he did not conceive to be the normal condition of the creatures whom God has placed on the earth, endowed with conscience and with reason. Laws, as the expression of that conscience, and Order, as the result of that reason, must be the highest objects of human study and mortal attainment; but, if either the one or the other depend solely on external

external authority, they can hardly occupy the attention or claim the interest of a true politician. Just as the value of education consists in the thing learnt, in the powers developed, in the knowledge assimilated, in the man made, so he considered the art of government to consist in enabling society to understand itself, to submit to its own obligations, to regulate its own affairs, and to work out its own destiny. Only on these conditions did De Tocqueville accept either political science or political action. Of the sentiment of freedom he would attempt no analysis to those who had it not; in his own proud words, 'It enters into the large hearts God has prepared to receive it; it fills them, it enraptures them; but to the meaner minds, which have never felt it, it is past finding out.' Thus it would have been distasteful to him to exercise power for its own sake, and little satisfaction to play the part of Providence even to the advantage of his fellow-men; but he was ambitious to assist, eager to co-operate, and ready at any personal sacrifice to encourage others to produce the greatest possible good for themselves. Thus, while it was his work and delight to trace the wondrous scheme by which the free agency of man was made the instrument of his elevation, he would no more have thought of cramping the moral or physical phenomena that rose before his observation within his own theory, or of submitting them to his own notions, than he would have subjected the popular will to the schemes and machinations of a despot.

Each History assumed for him the character of a Biography, and his interest in it was exactly proportioned to the amount of individuality and the variety of faculty it displayed. The mere adventures of a nation, however exciting or surprising, were to him but as the reading of a child, compared with the absorbing study of the exhibition of passions and of the operations of intellect. He had an indulgence, almost a respect, for passions which he himself never felt; loving, as he said, 'those that are good, and not quite sure that he hated the bad,' for they showed a strength which irresistibly attracted him amid the doubt and languor of modern times. He was ready to recognise the importance of intellectual processes, for which he himself had no inclination. Voltaire, he remarks, might call metaphysics 'the romance of the mind'; but he felt that they penetrated, by means of religious doctrine and moral speculation, into the national character, and both originated and decided many of the most serious movements in the progress of the world. It was the same with the classical writers, in which his education had been imperfect, but in whose records of ancient civilization he took as much interest as if he had been a critical scholar. So too with the character-
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istic talents and forms of genius in other men, which he delighted to examine and appreciate all the more for their dissimilitude to his own: of which there could not be a stronger instance than in his desire faithfully to delineate the personality of Napoleon, which he maintained that M. Thiers had entirely misapprehended.

By this theory and practice of the principles of liberty De Tocqueville was well insured against fanciful or dogmatic conclusions as to modes of government or conditions of society; but it demanded the singular subtlety of his mind and the justice of his apprehensions to follow out as he has done not only the dangers and difficulties of freedom in communities reputed the most free, but also the presence and indirect influences of personal independence in states professedly arbitrary and despotic. But he looked for the springs and sources of politics not only in the physical phenomena of different countries, not only in the requirements of the material interests and sensual comforts of peoples, but in those manifestations of feeling and desire which we comprehend under the name of Manners. Under such an analysis the old definitions of Governments positively disappear; the particles, so to say, that we had looked upon as the most antagonistic are found together in solution, or act on one another so as to produce the most unexpected results. Thus it is shown that it was the centralization of the old monarchy in France which mainly led to its destruction, while in the United States the weakness of the Federal Government is proved to be tending to the dissolution of the Union. Thus is traced the growth of social equality in France, in opposition to every law and every institution; and thus is examined the problem of an aristocracy of intellect and wealth in North America gradually separating itself from the troublesome duties of public life and leaving the destinies of the nation in the hands of the masses, without temperate and foreseeing leaders. Thus M. de Tocqueville, amid the anger of the Assembly, anticipated the revolution of 1848 as about to burst forth, not from any love of licence or popular passion, but from the worse influence of false ideas and erroneous political economy. And thus, in 1849, he quitted official life with so clear a prognostication of the coming Empire, that he hardly expected a *coup d'état* as the instrument of a design which the panic of the nation at itself and its own acts had already made secure.

Regarding, then, the sources of political action as so deep and various, De Tocqueville seems to have acknowledged the element of democracy in modern societies as the inevitable historical consequence of the progress of mankind: and when M. de Ker-
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gorlay and other friends were ready to admit the power as too painfully manifest, but at the same time assumed it to be nothing more than a disease to be checked or a danger to be averted, they shocked his moral convictions quite as much as his political creed. Had the lot of De Tocqueville been cast in Austria or in Russia, he would probably have been content to limit the exercise of his faculties and the sphere of his happiness to domestic affections and the occupations of literature; and while he would not have interfered with the police, and hardly with the administration of affairs, he would never have been a conspirator or a disturber of society. As a citizen however of a state calling itself free, it was essentially repulsive to him to use his own freedom to restrain the desires of other men any further than was needed to ensure the liberty and security of all. He accepted the mediæval distinction of liberty as a privilege, but it was as a privilege which every man might, and indeed ought, to win and to enjoy. He did not shrink from the revolutionary definition of Liberty as an universal right, but it was that he held it to be, as he eloquently describes the right of Life itself, not an object either of pleasure or of pain, but a serious charge which the lowliest, as the highest, is bound to sustain to the last with honour. Besides this, there pervades all De Tocqueville's writings an earnest sense of the moral government of the world by a superior Will directing the inclinations of mankind. The same mental temper which made all despotism odious to him rendered him distrustful of any treatment of history which professed to be purely scientific. With as absolute an assertion of the worthlessness of any moral agencies that do not spring from or correspond with the laws of human nature as Mr. Buckle himself could pronounce, he continually comments on the inability of our reason, at the best, to do more than register the great phenomena as they unfold themselves, and the imperfection of the most acute deduction when compared with the experience of one life of ordinary duration. He forcibly represents this feeling in a late letter, where he adverts to the clearness with which we now perceive that the French Revolution grew out of the evils and discrepancies of the old *régime*, the Empire out of the excesses and follies of the Revolution, the Restoration out of the violences of the Empire, the Revolution of 1830 out of the inconsistencies of the Restoration, the Republic out of the defects of the representative Monarchy, and the Empire again out of the wild hopes and still wilder fears that the Republic engendered; yet all this with how little result in illustrating or pointing out what is now to come! If he had lived a little longer, what an example of the fallacy of man's profoundest thoughts and acutest inferences would he himself have

have mournfully acknowledged in the unnatural and incredible convulsions of the United States of America!

De Tocqueville might well ask those who accused him of fanciful or extravagant opinions—and there were some such among his closest friends—what was there, beyond the presence of imperative facts and the duty of interpreting for the best the obvious designs of Providence, which could induce *him* to show respect to democracy? He had not the robust frame and superabundant activity which give even to gentle natures a delight in popular tumult and infectious excitement, nor had he that half-sensual, half-imaginative temperament, so frequent among his countrymen, which reconciles a taste for licence with pure and generous aims. Whatever might be his views on that unpractical speculation, the ultimate destiny of the human race, he regarded with open contempt all ‘phalansterian’ and similar projects for the immediate or rapid perfectibility of mankind; and while he saw the democratic spirit to be compatible with mental depression and torpid monotony of life in small communities such as the Russian village, he knew it, in the masses of large cities, to be ever tending towards the repression of original thought and a lower standard of intelligence and morality. His own refined and delicate appreciation of imperfection and rudeness, whether in manners, in literature, or in speech, made the intercourse of ordinary persons distasteful to him, and gave a consciousness of effort to his every public appearance and contact with the vulgar majority. And above all he had an abiding sense of reverence which was an impassable bar between him and the chief advocates of liberalism, not only in France, but throughout Europe. It requires to read these letters to feel how heavily the alienation, on the one hand, of the friends of freedom from the religious sentiment, and the formal alliance between despotism and piety on the other, pressed upon a mind that loved to trace the same hand in the undeviating orbits of the planets as in those revolutions of society which advance for centuries through a thousand obstacles, and which are still proceeding in the midst of the ruins they themselves have made. It was hard enough, he thought, for the politician of our times to have to reconcile equality with liberty, without the necessity of identifying the freedom of Man with the negation of God.

Yet it may be that the main zest of the character of De Tocqueville lies in this very contradiction, and herein also the secret of his fame. Now that he is gone to rest, and that we have here before us the chronicle of his thoughts and motives, from youth to death, as he showed them to friends in a country where friendship is the custom of society and the solace of existence,

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we can estimate the constancy of the striver and the nobility of the strife. While the politics of other men are the reflex of their natural dispositions, their inclinations, or their interests, De Tocqueville was always dealing with truths wherein he saw quite as much to repel as to please, and arriving at results more often suggestive of defeat than of victory to the principles he served. Interests in the ordinary sense of the word he could hardly be said to admit into his theory of life. Conscious of his own worth, sensitive to the gratifications of praise, ambitious enough to make any personal sacrifice for the extension of his useful influence or for the honourable connection of his name with the history of his country, he never seems for a moment to have considered his own career as a prime object, or to have let the hopes or fears concerning it weigh with him a grain in comparison with the idea to be realised or the thing to be done. He knew himself to be placed in an age and among a people when and where it became a wise man to be prepared for every eventuality, and in face of such catastrophes as made the consideration of his personal comfort and importance thoroughly insignificant. One only personal feeling appears prominently in these pages—sadness at the inadequacy of his physical powers to sustain him through all he desires to accomplish, and the prescience of the shortness of the time that would be allotted to him. ‘I cannot help thinking,’ he writes, ‘that Providence, who has already bestowed on me so many keenly felt and elevated enjoyments, does not intend my life to be long: I am not strong enough to bear incessant work, yet inactivity kills me.’ In another letter: ‘I own that in one respect my future is clouded; I cannot reckon on the first condition of success, which is life.’ Once more, after a course of severe study: ‘Still to benefit by all this knowledge one must live.’ If he had been left to fight alone against despondency and disease, that conflict would have ended still sooner. ‘Of all the blessings which God has given me,’ he says, ‘the greatest is to have lighted on Marie; she watches over me without my knowing it.’ So again: ‘I think I should have died if Marie had not watched over me, mind and body.’ Happy the recollection for her who still remains on earth that ‘she could soften, calm, and strengthen him in the difficulties which disturbed him, but left her serene;’ that without her even his magnanimous spirit might have sunk yet sooner under the afflictions of his country, which he bore as his own, and that her heart was with him in those latter years of social isolation when he felt himself shut out of the intellectual commonwealth of his age and nation, the hermit and the martyr of liberty. It is pleasant also to remember that this lady is a countrywoman

countrywoman of our own, whom De Tocqueville first met at Versailles in his early practice of the law, and married soon after his return from America. An English alliance was not likely to be very agreeable to his family, but to himself it seems to have been perfectly natural, and hardly to have been regarded as a foreign connection: he would speak of it in relation to the customary *mariages de convenance*—‘*Moi j’ai fait un mariage d’amour et sacré! ça m’a bien réussi.*’

No circumstance could be more propitious to the rapid expansion of the intelligence of De Tocqueville within the range of his most cherished ideas than the mission confided to him and his friend Gustave de Beaumont by the French Government shortly after the Revolution of July. The object was the investigation of the system of prison-discipline, in which the Americans had acquired a just reputation by having been the first nation to adopt the Reformatory principle, which is still making its way in this country and in Continental Europe where the Vindictive has hitherto reigned supreme. This inquiry brought him not only into immediate contact with the public men and the philanthropists of the United States, but naturally led him to study the social condition of the people in connection with the circumstances of the criminal population. He had left his own country fresh from an outburst of physical force that had substituted a government founded on the popular will for one that had vainly attempted to revive historical *prestige*, and had failed to combine extreme monarchical authority with representative institutions. His sympathies were with the cause of legitimacy, but his reason was with the new dynasty; and he eagerly looked out for anything that could reconcile the democratic movement, which he believed to be now inevitable, with the physical and moral prosperity of France. When, therefore, he found a Republic where the law was generally respected, where religion was not contemned, where the education of the bulk of the people was the recognised obligation of the State, and where the progress of mankind was the professed aim of all institutions, he balanced these advantages against the perpetual change, the extreme external equality, the undistinguished manners, and the common level of thought. With the image ever before him of a people whose ancient customs were obliterated, whose religious belief was disturbed, whose public morality was enfeebled, while knowledge was still scantily diffused and the civil functions of the community defined within the narrowest limits, he readily accepted that patriotism which was founded on a union of public with private interests, and gratefully welcomed a system of moral and political rights dependent on the general sense of personal advantage. Poet and knight as he was in his heart

heart and aspirations, he submitted to the only conditions of peace, prosperity, and virtue which he believed yet possible for France, and, without a selfish sentiment in his nature, proclaimed himself a sincere utilitarian. Read in this spirit, in which it was conceived, 'Democracy in America' is no cold or abstract treatise, but the vivid representation of a patriotic mind, and abounds in suggestive interest when collated with the subsequent course of events in France. There is, indeed, another train of thought which may well induce any one who meditates on the changes and chances of human affairs to take down these volumes from the shelf once more.

In the chapter on the dangers that menace the American Union will be found the most interesting prognostics of actual occurrences—the fear that the rapid and disproportionate increase of certain States will injure the independence of others—the deep-seated uneasiness and ill-defined agitation of the South, which feels its comparative strength gradually diminishing, and that of the North and West becoming preponderant—the constant envy and suspicion manifesting itself in the interpretation given to every act of the Legislature that is not unequivocally favourable to Southern interests—the belief of the Southern States that they are impoverished because their wealth does not augment as rapidly as that of their neighbours, and that their power is lapsing from them because other cognate peoples, by better industry and freer labour, are bringing the wilderness into subjection, and covering the seas with their merchandise—all these motives are portrayed and analysed, regretted and reproofed. But neither from what is written there nor in his correspondence can it be predicated that De Tocqueville anticipated America's present calamity. He would not have believed that the people which had clearly recognised the defects of their first sectarian polity, and, after a patient investigation of two whole years, had adopted the Federal constitution which raised their country to the rank of the first nations of the globe and produced so very large an amount of material prosperity and moral contentment, could wantonly compass the destruction of that constitution. He explains indeed that the loyalty of the inhabitants is primarily given to the separate State, and that the love and the habits of republican government had been engendered in the townships and in the provincial assemblies; but he adds, that every citizen transfused his attachment to his little republic into the common store of American patriotism, 'and regards the Union as his own personal protection, no less than as his national pride.' He observes also, that as the sovereignty of the Union was limited and incomplete, its exercise was not incompatible with liberty, and that it does

not excite any of those insatiable desires of fame and power which have proved so fatal to great republics ; while at the same time it has an advantage over all other federal constitutions in the sagacious provision, that it should not only dictate the general law, but that it should execute its own enactments. Only in one letter, in answer to some reclamations of Mr. Senior's against the insolence of the United States, does he contemplate the possibility of dismemberment, 'which,' he writes, 'I cannot desire: such an event would inflict a great wound on the whole human race; for it would introduce war into a great continent from whence it has been banished for more than a century. The breaking up of the American Union will be a solemn moment in the history of the world: I never met an American who did not feel this; and I believe that it will not be rashly or easily undertaken.'

We are grateful to M. de Beaumont for having added to De Tocqueville's published experiences of America the pieces that illustrate his more meditative moods and his appreciations of new manners and external nature. The one describes an incident as pathetic as 'Paul et Virginie;' the other, a visit to the farthest reach of civilization, on the frontiers of the state of Michigan. The latter, though of some length, had been kept back from the amiable motive, that it might interfere with the impression of his friend's novel of 'Marie;' but De Tocqueville often referred to its incidents in conversation, especially to the delighted wonder with which he heard a Canadian Indian, who was sculling him, in the late evening, over a river to the village of Saginaw, sing, in an undertone, to an old French tune—

'Entre Paris et St. Denis
Il était une fille,' etc.

There could, in truth, be no contrast more vivid to a well-informed and susceptible Frenchman than that presented by the isolated fragment of the ancient life of his country still lingering in the New World amid the giant growths of a young civilization. When he caught words and phrases familiar in classic writings but lost to familiar speech, when he heard some Canadian nuns speak of 'notre bon père George Quatre,' as the ladies of St. Cyr might have done of Louis Quatorze, he must have had still stronger faith in the position which he so often attributed to his own existence, as standing between the plaintive murmurs of the dying past and the undistinguishable tumult of the advancing time.

Where the incidents of a life are given in letters, the materials will often fail at the very periods which in themselves are most interesting and most important in their bearing upon character and fame. Not only at such times are men necessarily more

reserved in their communications even with their most intimate friends, but the present is fully occupied, and the mind, seldom turning back upon itself, only asks for the sympathy of others in reference to the immediate objects which they can promote, or to casual interests with which they are concerned. This deficiency in the correspondence of De Tocqueville is imperfectly supplied by the prefatory memoir. The history of his public life, both as a representative and as a minister, remains to be written. The animated conversations with Mr. Senior which embellish this translation partially fill up the picture of his conduct and position as a member of the Republican Assemblies and during his short administration of Foreign Affairs. But the part he took from 1839 to 1848 remains buried in the columns of the 'Moniteur,' and in the memories of the small body of adherents who, by their talents and consistency, occupied so prominent a place in the parliamentary annals of their country. The duty of producing an annotated edition of De Tocqueville's speeches and reports rests with one of these, but we well appreciate the motives which, at the present moment, check all revelations of the contests and differences of the 'old parties' in the constitutional field. The recriminations of exile have added too often to the bitterness of destiny to make one desire that those details of the moral and intellectual combats of opposite temperaments, of diverse opinions, and rival ambitions which formed the history of a free people, should now be exposed to the obloquy and misrepresentation of the successful power that has trampled out their life. Therefore we welcome the pathetic tone of M. Guizot's 'Address' to the Père Lacordaire on the occasion of his assuming De Tocqueville's seat at the Academy, and the retrospective sadness of his interrogatory, 'Why were he and De Tocqueville so long politically apart, why had their mental energies been so often spent in profitless controversy, why had they not been comrades in the great battle of reasonable liberty against their common enemy, a popular or imperial despotism?' We would not arouse these painful recollections of the past, but we would desire in a few words to vindicate De Tocqueville from the charge which some of his best friends seem inclined to admit, that he resisted the government of Louis Philippe either from motives of personal partisanship or because he had set up a fastidious standard of perfection.

That personal feelings, and even animosities, may have entered into or grown up in the course of this opposition is very possible, but it was not in his nature to make them the main-springs of his conduct. It is not too much to say that, irrespective of all individuals, he had grounds for distrust in what

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was then the political constitution of France, which would easily have disinclined him from joining a government that was prepared to refuse all organic reform. With a clear perception of the perils of a democratic suffrage, he could not look on the *pays légale* of some 200,000 electors for the whole of France as either a safe or just basis of authority. He saw the *bourgeoisie* becoming an aristocracy without prescription and without dignity, exclusive in the midst of equality, exciting envy without winning respect. While the centralised administration of affairs afforded the mass of the people, and even many of the middle classes in the provinces, no vent for political passions, no employment of civic talents, no experience of the practical difficulties and stern realities of public life, he foresaw that insane theories and dangerous dogmas would ferment as easily in the hungry heart of the French peasant or artisan as in the well-fumigated brain of the German professor. A participation in public interests seemed to him especially valuable to Frenchmen, and he used to instance the effect which the training and community of the military life had in converting the merest boor into a reflective and sensitive man, and the facility with which he reverted to his former state when these better influences were withdrawn. He wished to instil into the very souls of his countrymen the sense that each belonged less to himself than to the collective Being of the nation, whose prosperity he was bound to work out, and therefore to watch that he should not be governed except by respectable, beneficent, and legitimate authorities. Again, without attaching too much weight to the personal qualities of a sovereign, we may see that Louis Philippe was not a master whom De Tocqueville especially cared to serve. The man whom Heinrich Heine depicted as wearing under that plain round hat just as solid a crown, and holding within that umbrella just as strong a sceptre, as any king or kaiser in Europe, was not likely to propitiate a statesman who adored Washington and yearned for the real responsibility of the British Constitution. The strange fortune that had placed the son of Egalité on the throne of Louis Seize, might easily be distasteful to a mind that looked on politics as morality, and something more, and the impassive good-humour which had sustained the world-wise wanderer through his chequered existence could have little in common with the serious tenderness with which De Tocqueville ever contemplated the destinies of humanity.

To understand how a similar discrepancy of moral disposition would have prevented De Tocqueville from working cordially with M. Guizot in public affairs, it is only necessary to compare the 'Civilization in Europe' with 'Democracy in America.'

The one is the social anatomy of Man as he has been; the other, of Man as he may be. To M. Guizot it appeared a kind of rebellion against the laws of Providence in the constitution of mankind to refuse to give full play to the interests of individuals or of families, to the gratification of innocuous vanity, or to the satisfaction even of vulgar ambition; to him this was the ordained process by which alone numbers of men could be brought together to act in concert and produce great and decisive events in the history of the world. 'Tocqueville et ses amis,' said a minister of that period, 'croient de faire un monde avec des idées, ce qui me paraît comme les femmes qui voulaient le faire avec des épingles.' On the other hand De Tocqueville openly reproved a system that appeals so frankly to the baser propensities, and the unhappy frailties of our nature. He indicated that the means of Government which seem no more than the use of legitimate influences, when exercised by the higher powers, become real corruption when transmitted through inferior agencies, and unchecked by a large and enlightened public opinion. If, indeed, De Tocqueville had been brought early into official life he might have adopted what he would himself have called lower, and others might have designated wider, views; but the acerbity of party warfare soon widened the breach, until men who were devoted to the same principles of rational liberty, and equally conscious of the advantages of a constitutional throne, continued their antagonism until the convulsion which the one predicted and the other defied.

It is, however, an error to assert that De Tocqueville always acted in opposition during the reign of Louis Philippe. He entered the Chamber in 1839, and gave his support to the administration of MM. Dufaure and Passy. He voted constantly with the government of M. Thiers, even to the very brink of war with England on the Eastern question, though without any special goodwill towards or esteem for the character of the minister. His opposition, such as it was, to M. Guizot, was strictly confined within parliamentary limits, and did not even go so far as to take the initiative in any proposition to subvert the ministry. In his speeches he clearly defined the extent of his difference, and in matters not of a party character, such as the reform of prison discipline, the abolition of slavery in the colonies, and the organisation of Algeria, he not only assisted the executive by his experience and practical wisdom, but laid down the principles which have since been acted upon with advantage and success.

For the latter object he had prepared himself by a visit to Algeria in 1841, which was however cut short by one of those sudden attacks of illness which so often impeded his physical exertions

exertions and enjoyments. The two reports to the Chambers in 1847, on the general condition and colonization of that dependency, are state-papers of more than local or immediate interest, and discuss the relations between the European conqueror and the native races with a force of judgment and a breadth of equity that would have done honour to the best masters of our Indian administration; the second, on the establishment of military colonies, is especially valuable from the distrust which De Tocqueville has elsewhere expressed of the success of European and Christian settlers in the midst of populations of semi-barbarous habits and discordant religions.

On the agitated subject of public education in France, he took an intermediate line between those who desired to place the whole matter in the hands of the State, and the party who wished to give full freedom to clerical interference. If he had had to choose between the alternative of either system, he would certainly have preferred that which, based upon individual freedom, incurred the dangers of sacerdotal influence, to any one which tended, by the extreme application of uniform and methodical regulations, to submit the general intellect to a mental police. In this point of view, De Tocqueville always set a low value upon the advantages supposed to result from the disposal of public offices by competitive examination, which of late has won so much favour in this country; he maintained that, though it might have diminished the number of incompetent *employés* in France, and brought their knowledge and ability to a certain average, it had all but eliminated men of original talent and initiative power; that it had had the effect of filling the public offices with youths belonging to the middle or lower classes, who, undistracted by society or amusement or by any literary or scientific pursuits, except those immediately bearing on their examinations, had little chance of future development, and of removing from the administration of business the men who started with a less complete though higher-toned education, and also grew up to political stature by the conduct of affairs and experience of mankind. He may possibly have felt that, with his own imperfect training, he himself might have been left far behind in the *concours*, while he was conscious that by his genius and self-culture he was not only competent to fill the highest offices of state, but to guide the passions and mould the minds of men.

It is true that as an orator he never attained the highest rank; his literary habits no less than his imaginative temperament were against him; he used to say, that as far as he knew, M. Guizot was the only great writer in whose speaking you quite forgot the man of letters; with himself it was a continual struggle—he was
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always striving after perfection in the art of expression, which a large audience little regard, and abhorring intellectual common-places, which must form the staple of any popular address. To these must be added the physical disqualifications which made it impossible for him even to speak two days consecutively and limited the area of his melodious voice, obstacles especially apparent in a French Assembly, where the interruptions are generally apportioned to the ability of the orator, and where it is requisite at the same moment to fight and to command.

When on the 24th February, 1848, his friend Ampère, full of hope that after sixty years of revolution the French people had at last acquired experience to use the power they had won for the benefit of all, and, flushed with delight at the success of his speech to his pupils in the Collège de France, 'We reject demagogues, but welcome democracy,' joined De Tocqueville, he found him worn out with the terrible contest in the Chamber, overwhelmed with the result, and persuaded that, whoever gained by it, it would not be Liberty, or the friends of Liberty. De Tocqueville knew that, however well a Republic suited the democratic tastes and jealous disposition of the French nation, it could not become a settled form of government without habits of self-control and a practice of mutual concessions, which it was unreasonable to expect from a people politically uneducated and addicted to revolution. But he did not allow the duty of the citizen to be affected by the doubts of the philosopher, and from the hour he entered the Constituent Assembly to that of his imprisonment in the fortress of Mont Valérien, he served the Republic with conscientious zeal and entire fidelity. To do all the good that could be done with existing materials; to palliate where he could not cure; to save from depression where he could not elevate; to protect the future when he could not improve the present,—these had been his axioms of statesmanship, and he now acted upon them in times when disloyalty paraded itself as virtue, and treason called itself the salvation of society. To the Commission for the formation of the Constitution, he gave, too often in vain, the salutary counsels of his profound thought and ripe experience; he earnestly desired the establishment of two Chambers, but it was not in that direction that he anticipated the nearest danger. Though little inclined to value historical parallels, he could not help reverting to the Constitution of 1795, which emanated, as this would do, from an Assembly combining absolute legislative with absolute executive power, and founded on the ruins of a constitutional monarchy. He saw what had then been the issue of an attempt to keep the two powers separate and equipollent, condemned by law to coerce each other, invited by

by law to mutual suspicion, mutual jealousy, and mutual contest, compelled to live in a continual *tête-à-tête* without a third power or even an umpire to mediate or to restrain them. If such a composite and fluctuating body as the Directory, imperfectly equipped with the *débris* of revolutionary authority, could culminate in the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor, what would be the protection of the legislature against the President wielding all the influences of an universal patronage, and safe within a perfect panoply of centralised administration? When, three years afterwards, De Tocqueville became the *rapporteur* of the Commission that recommended the revision of the Constitution, he repeated these warnings, which now sound in our ears as the solemn accents of expiring freedom.

The true republican simplicity and singleness of purpose of General Cavaignac earned the esteem and respect of De Tocqueville, and appeared to him the best, if not the only security, against this and other defects of the Constitution; and he ardently supported his claims to the Presidency against those of the Prince, whom he could not but expect to be more true to the traditions of his dynasty than to the charge which would be confided to him by many antagonist interests and passions united in a common fear. This, however, did not prevent him from joining the administration of M. Odillon Barrot, which already comprised two of his oldest political associates, MM. Dufaure and Lanjuinais. As Minister of Foreign Affairs, he was also able to employ his personal friends, General Lamoricière at St. Petersburg, M. Gustave de Beaumont at Vienna, and M. de Corcelles at Rome already threatened with French interference.

The expedition whose effects still agitate and embarrass Europe had arrived at Civita Vecchia when he entered the Cabinet. To those who regarded this act of violent intervention not only as exhibiting an aggressive and reactionary policy on the part of France, but as an outrage on those principles of the self-government of States which De Tocqueville had so constantly maintained, his acceptance of such an office at such a moment was no light mortification. His vindication of his share in the transaction, as reported by Mr. Senior, rather fortifies than diminishes their objections and their regrets, for it is not in constitutional usage that a Minister should undertake the conduct of an enterprise which in its origin was repugnant to his avowed opinions, and of which he wholly disclaims the responsibility, except under the strain of party obligations or some manifest national necessity. It may, however, be doubted whether De Tocqueville's views on this question were thoroughly impartial. Probably the patriotic vanity which loves to consider France

as the trustee of the religion of the majority of Christians, and which the Abbé Lamennais graphically described as 'the conviction that no mortal could enter heaven without a French Passport duly *réglé*,' was not without its effect, even on his elevated mind. A resistance on the part of the Romans to the Gallic eagles was too incredible an event to enter into the calculations of the authors of the expedition, who may have possibly supposed that the Roman ruler and people were constrained by a horde of foreign ruffians whom France would disperse with one hand, while she corrected the abuses of papal authority with the other. That illusion was dispelled. The world looked with admiration on a defence in which heroic blood was freely shed as a protest without a hope of victory. The Papal Court, having refused the asylum of France, but taking advantage of her force, began that course of passive resistance to all her demands for the better government of the Roman State which has hitherto foiled the sagacity of its protector and made essential weakness a match for imperial power. Then assuredly the political position became untenable by an uncompromising advocate of civil liberty. De Tocqueville owned as much himself when he stated, that, had he and his friends remained in power, it was their intention to draw up an appeal to Europe and posterity, detailing all they had asked on behalf of the Roman people, the grounds on which they had asked it, and the manner in which it had been refused or eluded, and having presented this to His Holiness, to have withdrawn the French troops from Rome. However this may be, it is very certain that M. de Corcelles would not have acted on these instructions, and it is very doubtful whether public opinion in France would then, any more than now after an occupation of twelve years, have accepted this solution of the difficulty.

It is the best testimony to the merit of the Cabinet to which M. de Tocqueville belonged that it was summarily dismissed in the fear that it would gain so strong a hold upon the country as to make possible the continuance of republican institutions. Its members had persistently refused to listen to any proposition to alter the form of government by unconstitutional means; and, although each of them had probably a decided preference for monarchy, yet their prescience of the nature of the change that would take place was quite sufficient to make them regard its advent with sorrow and dismay. Their intercourse with the President had convinced them that he preferred his present anomalous condition to that of a sovereign limited by constitutional guarantees, and that he in his person and career was a living exemplification of that union of democracy and despotism which had been the theme of De Tocqueville's most serious denunciations,

denunciations, and which had continually troubled his spirit as the probable future of his country. Rarely has a political prophet lived to see his predictions so exactly fulfilled, and rarely has a political philosophy been subjected to so rapid and so signal a trial of its truth.

The letter addressed by De Tocqueville to 'The Times,' after the dissolution of the National Assembly and the arrest of its members, which has now been reprinted, will remain the most authentic document relating to that conspiracy. It places distinctly before posterity the attitude and intentions of the representatives of the nation, and disperses for ever the pretence of a contest of intrigue and violence, in which self-defence superseded all other obligations. He remained at his post, active to the last, but adhering faithfully to the principle he had enunciated, that 'Even if the time had come when the people ought to violate the Constitution, other hands must do the deed, for his should never strike the flag of law.'

Banished from political life by the events of 1852, and even excluded from that shadow of it permitted to the *Conseil Général* of his department by his inability to take the required oath to the new Government, De Tocqueville now devoted himself to a literary object that had much occupied his mind, viz., the application to the recent history of France of his diagnosis of the vital forces of modern society. He had contributed an article to the 'Westminster Review' of April, 1836, on the state of France before the Revolution. This essay, so translated by Mr. J. S. Mill as to have all the effect of an original production, is judiciously inserted in the first volume of the present publication, and must always form a portion of De Tocqueville's collected works. To expand these views, and to continue their investigations through the tumultuous incidents of that national tragedy, and through the consequences that reacted on the whole of Europe, was a task worthy of the gravest historian, and one for which he was especially adapted by his life-long studies and meditations. There was, as he himself expressed it, 'a certain *virus* of barbarism in the most distinguished actors of that period inexplicably at variance with the refined social state from which they sprung;' but he could not admit that the motives which actuated the masses, and the passions which wrought such terrible effects, were to be regarded as mysterious eruptions from unknown causes, or that they differed essentially from other historical phenomena. If, he argued, we thoroughly understood the *ancien régime*, not only in its laws and formulas, but in its relation to what was passing in the mind and heart of France, we should not only relieve the Revolution from that preternatural aspect which

which excites fallacious horror or morbid admiration, but we should be able to derive from so interesting a spectacle of human vicissitudes the moral lessons that are altogether lost in the present confusion and obscurity. The analysis of that period contained in one volume indicates the researches of years; the author himself relates that the facts of a page were sometimes the only result of months of labour. In the reports of the Intendants who ruled France with despotic authority, in the transactions of the provincial and parochial assemblies, in the petitions of the nobles against the functionaries, the complaints of the public officers against both nobles and peasantry, in the mutual remonstrances of class against class to the central government, De Toqueville found inexhaustible proofs of a state of society to which Providence could only allot a rapid dissolution or gradual decay. In the political sphere, he portrays an aristocracy whose powers had been usurped by the Crown, whose wealth had devolved on the *bourgeoisie*, whose education was no better than their neighbours', and who still lived in a perfect world of real and fantastic privileges; a monarchy doing its best to awaken the nation to a sense of its grievances, holding out hopes of infinite reforms, and day by day taking upon itself enormous responsibilities, which it must either discharge or perish; and the whole body of the people with the chains of villeinage still clanking about their necks, and yet possessed with that envious spirit of equality and that fierce demand for fraternity which vented itself in the Reign of Terror. In the moral order, he represents the intellects of Frenchmen sharpened by incredulity and greedy for new and unripe knowledge, their feelings excited by appeals to their outraged sympathies and despised affections, and their sensualities let loose under the sanction of a material philosophy. Thus studied and illustrated, we no longer see a fatalistic drama standing apart in history, but a long day of judgment and retribution, the evening of which is not yet come. Of the volumes which were to comprehend the series and links of consequences extending through the Revolution and the Empire, only two fragments are given as referring to the period of the Consulate. M. de Beaumont intimates that other materials, more or less connected, were left by the writer, which he does not think he would be justified in producing. He is so strongly impressed with the regard which his friend ever manifested for completeness of form and correctness of diction, that he feels it a duty to withhold whatever is left imperfect, and to permit no broken thoughts or phrases to lie strewn about the polished edifice. We cannot submit patiently to this loss; for although we fully prize the noble modesty and just
pride

pride which induced De Tocqueville to keep back his most precious thoughts until he was thoroughly contented with their arrangement and expression, yet, as he esteemed the truth and the fact far beyond any mode in which they might be conveyed, we believe his fame would not suffer by any accession of knowledge or of reflection by which his cause might gain. Is not this very correspondence a judicious selection of the fragments of his intelligence and of the gleanings of his wisdom? and if these letters, loosely composed and without a thought of meeting the public eye, are nevertheless so interesting and valuable, why may we not expect an equal brightness and originality in other remnants of his mind? He tells us in the preface to the first volume that even at that time a portion of the second essay was sketched out, and adds the pathetic doubt whether it will be granted him to complete it:—‘The destiny of man is still far more obscure than that of nations;’ and yet he seemed to prognosticate his own.

He had passed the winter of 1851 at Sorrento, in the genial companionship of Mr. Senior and M. Ampère. Of the conversations that passed between them in long sunny walks and beautiful resting-places, the latter asks, ‘Why did I not record them?’ to which Mr. Senior answers, ‘I did,’ and they fill many pages of this second volume. Another winter he spent in the neighbourhood of Tours, which, to the mildness of the climate, added the advantage of a collection of provincial archives, that increased his store of antiquarian knowledge, and contributed to the completion of the first part of his work. But each of these residences gave him only a respite of existence. Allied as he was to England by his deepest sentiment and his most confirmed opinions, it is strange that his visits to this country were so few and his sojourn of such short duration. The first time, in 1835, he was received with the ordinary kindness due to his name, his introductions, and his agreeable presence. Two years later, after the publication of his *chef d'œuvre*, he was welcomed with esteem and respect by all ranks of society, though his inclinations naturally led him into contact with men who, like himself, had not dissevered the interests of politics and literature. And of these he found several in this country, notwithstanding the notion so sedulously propagated of late years by aristocratic ignorance and successful mediocrity, that the man who has thought long and earnestly on a subject is the least capable of carrying into execution the practical measures connected with it; and that literary labour, the hardest and most exact form of business, incapacitates the mind for the simpler and less accurate duties of official routine. To persons, such as the Historian of the Democracy of Greece,—as the philosophic critic who combines

bines his scholarly pursuits with at least as successful a management of great public affairs as that of other statesmen who find no time even for pleasure—as Mr. John Mill, to whom he was, from the first, attached by a singular congeniality of intellect—as Mr. Henry Reeve, who became his interpreter to the British public—as Mr. William Greg, Mr. Nassau Senior, Mr. Monckton Milnes, and Mr. Charles Buller—and, moreover, to such of our well-instructed and thoughtful countrywomen as Mrs. Grote and Lady Theresa Lewis, he was at once attracted, not only by their clear appreciation of his views and their sincere approval of his moral aims, but by an intellectual sympathy, perhaps even more entire than he could find in his closest *coterie* at home. It was in the depression of declining health that he wrote, ‘that though he had relations and neighbours and friends, his mind had not a family or a country;’ but we have already observed how, throughout his whole career, he was bound to other Frenchmen by any ties rather than those of mental association. With the best Englishmen it was different. He was much pleased by one of them; who complimented him on having avoided general ideas while handling such extensive subjects. M. de Beaumont, in recounting this anecdote, adds, ‘there could not be a greater mistake.’ We may observe, however, that in all probability the Englishman by ‘general ideas’ meant vague theories, composed from preconceived notions and arbitrary modes of thought, such as generally pervade the German and often the French treatment of political subjects; and that he recognised (though not with very precise expression), in De Tocqueville’s writings, the continual subordination to facts and conscientious deduction which find favour with the solidity of our national character, and without which there is something wanting to our satisfaction in the richest imagination or in the most fervent faith.

Although De Tocqueville’s principal intimacy lay with members of the so-called Liberal party, his own tendencies in English politics were of anything rather than a Radical character. Where the aristocratic element was a living portion of the State and its maintenance an object rather of pride than of envy to the people, his feelings led him rather to desire the extension of its legitimate influence than its injury or degradation. It was with a melancholy satisfaction that he contrasted the political undulations of France with

‘A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.’

It

It was with no less interest that he compared the original of our institutions with their magnified and coarsened copy across the Atlantic, and recognised that while here too there was democracy, it only required judgment and moderation in the rulers to provide for its salutary action and to subordinate the caprices of the popular will to the control of the public reason.

It was not till 1857 that he repeated his visit, and then only for the professed purpose of consulting the collections on the subject of the French Revolution in the British Museum. These he found even more abundant than he expected, but so arranged as to be utterly worthless for him or any other historical student. The indispensableness of a special catalogue to give utility to these materials has been frequently urged on the trustees, but hitherto in vain. De Tocqueville soon transferred his attention to the contents of the State-Paper Office, which were placed at his disposal without restriction, and where he found much novel matter for his future volumes. The reception that he met with, from all public men, was such as could not fail to be grateful to the wounded spirit of one who, in his home, was a political exile, and whom his fellow-countrymen could hardly honour without censure or esteem without self-reproach. The notice of the trifling courtesy paid to him by the Admiralty in placing a steamer at his disposal to convey him to Cherbourg was excluded from the French journals.

The rarity of his intercourse with England is the more surprising from the circumstance that he habitually resided at a *gentilhommière* in Normandy, almost on the coast of the Channel, a few miles east of Cherbourg, that came into his possession in 1837 by one of those family arrangements, not unfrequent in France, which, in the subdivision of property, devolve the family estate on a younger son. The château itself represented the history of centuries:—a solid tower recalled the times when France and England, being almost one nation, lived in a chronic state of civil war; the remains of a dovecote told of the Seigneurial pigeons that fed on the crops of the villeins, and whose posterity, like that of their lords, perished in expiation of the sins of their ancestors; and a dwelling-house of the date of Louis Douze bore traces at once of the hard hand of the Revolution and of the taste which had gradually transformed it into a most agreeable residence. To this were attached farm-buildings, for De Tocqueville took much interest in agriculture, and lived among the peasantry in the happiest familiarity. Every reader will be touched with the large place that this residence fills in his correspondence. We are accustomed to think of Frenchmen as only connected with towns, especially with Paris; but here

we have a picture of country life, with all its advantages of daily occupation, intellectual leisure, and social hospitality, as fully appreciated and enjoyed as they could be in any part of England. Many of our countrymen, whose names are high in literature, will retain a delightful impression of the hours they have passed there in such intercourse as recalled the age when conversation was a living art, in which the best men gave the best of their minds to those they loved and valued. There were long walks in lanes as deep and shady as those of Devonshire; there were excursions to the neglected port of Barfleur, sacred to the memory of the English monarch 'who never smiled again'; to the scene of our naval victory at La Hogue; and to the lighthouse of Gatteville, from which were seen the fine expanse of sea indenting the varied coast and the thick hedgerows making one continued wood up to the sloping hills. There were drives to the châteaux of family connections, old ladies and gentlemen who suited the long broad alleys of the *ancien régime*,—and to ruined manors whence many generations of Clérèls had gone forth to fight their own neighbours and their country's foes. The guests of the autumn of 1858—the last—will not easily forget the brightness of look and heartiness of demeanour which, even after the warning of the previous month, made it impossible either for the old friends who had never seen him gayer, or for the new ones who had never known any one so charming, to look on De Tocqueville as a man about to die.

Yet so it was. He left Tocqueville for the south in the autumn, and there passed away early in the following year, after much suffering cheerfully borne. On leaving Paris, he wrote that he expected to study better at Cannes than he could at Tocqueville, 'which was too agreeable to him to be a good working place, and where the domestic calm repressed those emotions which, like winds, make the flame of thought burn all the brighter.' Vain hope! the intellectual intercourse of friends, such as those conversations with Baron de Bunsen which, he said, 'did more good to his mind than Dr. Séve could do to his body,' was the most that he could now enjoy. Near the end, he summoned M. de Beaumont in the affecting words 'I do not know that anything has ever cost me so much as what I am now going to say to you—I pray you to come here;' and in his last letter, within a few days of his death, he welcomed M. Ampère, who had already set out from Rome to join him, with passionate delight: 'Never could I be more rejoiced to see you, though never could I be less capable of enjoying your society; but come, for nothing is so selfish as true friendship and another passion that now I cannot name.' With such sym-
pathies

pathies active to the last, and with her beside him without whom he said he 'could not even feel the sunshine,' he expired the 16th April, 1859, fifty-four years old.

The character which we have here attempted to draw may be regarded with sympathy or indifference, but hardly by any one with repugnance or hostile criticism. To some there may appear a narrowness of perception in the persistency of its ideas, and a poverty of spirit in the uniformity of its designs. To those for whom politics are a chess-board where statesmen move the pieces and prize them as they contribute to the success of the game, this constant impersonation of and care for the aggregate of the people may seem fantastic and unsound; to those who make the Providential governance a pretext for disencumbering their lives from responsibility for the welfare of their fellow-men, this abiding sense of Duty and Freewill will be superfluous and burdensome; to those who enjoy the excitement of public life too keenly to be careful of instruments or of results, this continual balance of motives and delicacy of conscience must appear theoretical and pedantic. But such judgments have their foundation in a discrepancy of moral temperament that no argument can reconcile. What can we say more than that De Tocqueville never doubted the power of certain men to influence the destinies of multitudes, and that therefore he called on them to be great, unselfish, and heroic; that he never ceased to recognise the visible signs of a supernatural direction of the thoughts and feelings of humanity, and that, therefore, he required all Christian rulers and governments to comprehend those mysterious influences and guide them, as best they might, for the advantage of mankind?

To the supposition that he was a collegiate professor of politics, and not a practical worker in public affairs, we can only offer the evidence of his own Speeches and Reports, and the testimony of all who came into contact with him as a legislator or as a minister. There seems no doubt that he carried into his habits of business the same spirit which animates his writings—generalising only when he had mastered all details, and not satisfied with any portions of a subject until he had determined their relations to the whole. As too, in every page he manifests a sense of the difficulty of accommodating absolute truth to the frailty and shortsightedness of mankind, so he was naturally found conciliatory in his transactions with other men until conciliation became falsehood, and content to compromise until compromise became dishonour. Nor can we, as Englishmen, forget that our free institutions were not to him only objects of a barren admiration but a source of moral life and political example, which seemed to him destined to embrace the universe and decide the future

uture of humanity. It was in the light of our history that he learnt to understand his own. And if there be in his political philosophy something too conclusive as to the designs of Providence, something too dogmatic concerning the infinite possibilities, it is hardly for us to reprove the exaggeration which never disturbed the balance of his judgment or dimmed the lustre of his understanding. It may be that the mighty phantom of Democracy, which possessed his imagination, which saddened the native gaiety of his disposition and made him old before his time, excluded other scenes of thought and fields of reflection—but never did it deaden his sympathies or intimidate his soul; and although at the last he may have looked on himself and the few friends about him as the ‘forlorn hope’ of Liberty, it still was hope to him, however it was despair to others:

‘That out-post is abandoned: while the one
Lies in the dust, the rest in troops depart;
Unconquered He has done what could be done,
With sword unbroken, and with broken heart.’

ART. IX.—1. *Reports of the Committee of the House of Lords appointed to consider the Assessment and Levy of Church-rates.* London, 1859-60.

2. *Speeches of John Bright, Esq., M.P., on the Second and Third Readings of the Bill for the Abolition of Church-rates.* Hansard's Debates. London, 1861.

3. *The only Compromise possible in regard to Church-rates.* By Lord Ebury. London, 1861.

4. *The Designs and Constitution of the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control.* By Archdeacon Hale. London, 1861.

SOME three or four years ago, whenever the Nonconformist leaders found it desirable to fan the zeal of their reluctant Whig allies, they were fond of repeating that impatience of the Established Church was the only feeling that kept Liberalism alive among the middle classes of this country. The assertion has not proved quite true in the sense in which it was made. Under existing circumstances, we think that the Whigs have a fair right to complain that they have been deluded into an unprofitable investment of their political reputation. Neither impatience of the Established Church, nor what the Nonconformist leaders mean by Liberalism, is faring among the middle classes just now so prosperously as of old. But the argument showed a very

very sound appreciation of the close sympathy that exists between the Established Church and the rest of our institutions. If it is safe to draw a confident inference from the history of the past, an isolated assault upon the Church is an impossibility. It has always been simultaneous with a general advance along the whole revolutionary line. Theoretically, there is no reason why the secular position of the Church of Christ in any country should determine the precise form of its civil polity. But, practically, the spirit which abhors a national Church has been found also to abhor the institutions which give political predominance to the educated classes. The Dissenters are keenly aware of the profound truth of Lord John Russell's words—spoken seven years ago, before a contemplation of the division list had modified his convictions—‘We have a national Church, we have an hereditary aristocracy, we have an hereditary monarchy, and all these things stand together. My opinion is, too, that they would decay and fall together. I see no reason why we should prefer to these institutions those of the United States of America, and I must, therefore, oppose this Bill [for the abolition of Church Rates], as tending to subvert one of the great institutions of the State.’

It was therefore, in the nature of things, to be expected that the democratic campaign recently undertaken by Mr. Bright would be the signal for a desperate attempt on the part of the Dissenters to carry the outworks of the Established Church by storm. One movement necessarily involved the other. Mr. Bright, no doubt, had good grounds for his boast that the friends of the Church would have been reduced to a mere fraction, if a great reduction of the franchise in boroughs, and a large increase of the power of the great towns, could have been effected. On the other hand, there is no more formidable obstacle than the Established Church to the spirit of rash and theoretic change which we, almost alone among the nations, have escaped. Her atmosphere is poison to the revolutionary growths that flourish so rankly in other lands. The alliance, therefore, between democrats and Dissenters is an alliance which their common aims naturally suggested; and it must be admitted, by both friends and foes, that the Dissenters have borne their full part in the attack. Though involved in the rout of their allies, and suffering from all the unpopularity those allies had provoked, they have shown a tenacity of purpose and a variety of resource which we cannot but envy while we admire. They have disregarded no single point in the Church's position in which the most sanguine eye could discern a trace of weakness; they have neglected no grievance, however minute, which could help them to raise the faintest echo of a cry. The Marriage Law, the

Burial Law, the schools assisted by the State, the schools endowed by individuals, oaths in a court of justice, Church-rates, the prohibition of Church services in theatres, the contents of the Prayer-Book and the enforcement of subscription to it, have all been successively made the objects of attack, either by avowed Dissenters or by those who fight more effectively the Dissenters' battle under the shadow of the Church's flag. There is wisdom in this multiplicity of assaults. It harasses and fatigues their opponents, who, like all troops acting on the defensive, are apt to be made careless by constant alarms. The quantity, moreover, supplies the place of quality in the eyes of superficial observers. Outside spectators are easily induced to conclude that some one, among so many grievances, must, by the mere law of chances, be well-founded; and they cannot help believing that a party which, in the present destitution of political cries, is rich enough to possess at least half-a-dozen, must be both powerful and numerous.

We have no intention of attempting to deal with this enormous pile of controversy. Neither our space nor our readers' patience is sufficient for such an undertaking. We must content ourselves with some reflections on the condition and prospects of the only one of these controversies which practically possesses an intermediate interest. Others of them may in theory affect the Church more vitally; but they do not press for immediate decision. They have been thrust on us by no extensive organization, and command little attention at the hustings. They woo in vain that popular breeze which is 'to float them over the bar of the House of Lords.' But the Church-rate is a subject which has commanded the liveliest interest both in Parliament and at elections; and the opposition with which it is met has so wide a range, that it can be indifferent to very few to whom Church matters are interesting at all.

Whatever our hopes of its ultimate issue may be, no one can say that the present condition of the Church-rate question is satisfactory. The law is so anomalous, the proposals for amending it are so conflicting, the conflict has lasted so long, and in the course of its strange vicissitudes has led so many men into thoughtless pledges from which they are reluctant to retreat, that it requires a very hopeful disposition to believe that our generation will see the tangled skein unravelled. In looking back upon the history of the struggle, it is difficult to suppress a feeling of regret that the hazardous necessity of adjusting the anomalies of the law has been reserved for a period so unfavourable as the present. Even during the last thirty years there have been intervals—they now read like the record of some pre-historic age—

age—when the House of Commons and the Government were friendly to the Church. Judging after the event, we cannot but feel that the statesmen of Sir Robert Peel's Government were neglecting an opportunity—which is hardly likely to recur—by turning away, as they did, from this subject altogether. Sir Robert Peel's neglect of it is very perplexing; for he knew the dangers of which it bore the germ, and he had intimated a tolerably distinct opinion on the remedy to be applied. In 1835 he had declared 'the question to be one so pregnant with the seeds of discord and collision,' that 'the Government were bound not to leave it unsettled for another year.' In 1837, without entering into a definite pledge, he sketched out the remedy to which his own mind inclined—a transfer of liability from occupiers to owners. When he came into office in 1841, at the head of a majority powerful enough to carry almost anything that he chose to dictate, he was not suffered to forget the speech of 1835; but he flatly refused to undertake the question, and preferred to endure in silence the taunt of having broken in office the promises of opposition. Probably he thought that, according to the proverb, 'it was wiser to let sleeping dogs lie.' The question had been threatening enough under the Whig administrations, and had given to the statesmen of the Reform Bill some trouble in reconciling their lurking tenderness for the Established Church with the importunity of their supporters. But when Sir Robert Peel came into office there was a lull. The position of the Established Church seemed absolutely secure; or if any danger was thought to threaten her, it was from the side of Rome, and not from the side of Geneva. He might have been condemned as needlessly reviving the contentions of the past, if he had attempted to heal the Church-rate grievance at a time when to all appearance it had ceased to irritate.

If such were the motives that induced him to repudiate the opinions expressed in 1835, and to leave the anomaly of the law uncorrected, he was trusting to a treacherous security. The truce was only transient; the enemies of the Church were only waiting till better times should come. When he fell in 1846, and the Free Trade controversy scattered for a time the party he had formed, a dark period for the Church of England set in. She was rent to the base by internal divisions; and her Parliamentary supporters were severed into two hostile camps, divided by feelings far too bitter to allow them to co-operate heartily even in her defence. These schisms, which now we may happily speak of as matters of history, paralyzed her power of resistance. In such a period it was to be expected that the Church-rate agitators would take heart again. They availed themselves of

the opportunity with all the adroitness which has always characterised the political action of the Puritan party. We need not recapitulate the long vicissitudes of the Braintree case, or comment on the strange decision into which the anomalies of ecclesiastical law forced the House of Lords. Their judgment was dictated by no motives of hostility to the Church, and has been approved assound law by many eminent authorities. But its effect was to give an enormous stimulus to the Church-rate agitation. It placed a lever in the hands of the Liberation Society which they had never possessed before. Heretofore they had been compelled to operate illegally; to stir up their dupes to defy the law, and make capital out of their consequent sufferings. But this was a troublesome and a slightly perilous strategy. Martyrs were not invariably to be found; and the grim mystery which always overhangs the law of conspiracy was an unpleasant subject of reflection. Their operations were therefore necessarily desultory and slow. But the decision of the House of Lords gave impunity, if not legality, to their agitation. They were no longer compelled to keep a town in an uproar for several days, as had been done at Liverpool and Sheffield, or to manufacture a martyr by daring the churchwardens till they sold up the shop fittings of some peculiarly aggravating Quaker. The Braintree victory reduced their operations within the safe limits of simple electioneering.

Accordingly they set to work with a will, and in a short time produced very respectable results. Parish after parish was induced to refuse its rate, and the result of each victorious contest was ostentatiously paraded. There was scarcely a populous parish in the kingdom into which their agitation did not penetrate; but yet, though their conflicts were numerous, the number of actual refusals was never very great. By a return obtained in 1856, it was found that about ninety-five per cent. of the parishes of England remained faithful to the obligation of providing for the worship of the Church. And even in spite of the disturbance which half-a-dozen semi-heathenised large towns would carry into such a calculation, it was found that the numerical majority of the population belonged to parishes in which Church-rates continued to be levied. But the successes of the Liberation Society, though few in number, were noisy enough to make an impression; and they materially aided its operations in another and more important direction. They gave an excuse to members of Parliament for yielding to the unscrupulous pressure which the organisation of the Society had brought to bear. 'A course of action which candidates perfectly understand,' as Mr. Samuel Morley delicately expresses it,

it, had organised the Dissenters of every constituency into a compact phalanx, who required complaisance upon the Church-rate question as an indispensable preliminary to the opening of any negotiation for their support. The temptation to candidates was very great. The Dissenters were united, and refused to abate an inch of their demand. The Churchmen were passive and helpless, without leaders and without union—more occupied in discovering that one brother Churchman was Romanising or another Calvinising, than in taking heed of the advance of the common enemy. The most accredited political seer had declared the Church-rate to be doomed. Surely it was Quixotic to lash one's self to a sinking cause, and to lose a party seat for the sake of an institution which no sacrifices could save.

Fortified by such arguments as these, an ever-widening stream of converts set in from one side to the other. Enlightened Tories, bidding high for a Radical alliance, Whigs who thought the cry of 'No Church-rates' a less unpalatable watchword than Reform, members of all sides and schools who were afflicted with unstable seats, swelled the noble army of judicious run-aways. Its numbers grew with every session, as the panic spread through all ranks of the House of Commons. High and low, young and old, from the veteran intriguer who had served under a dozen different chiefs and had tried twice over every shade of political belief, down to the young county member fresh from the terrors of the hustings and scared by the bluster of the Liberation agent, all vied with each other in the shamelessness and the haste with which they threw down their colours and put on the Dissenting uniform. Last in the race of desertion, lagging far in the rear of all their supporters, with faltering steps and incoherent apologies, came the four great leaders of the Whigs. Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Sir George Grey, and Sir George Lewis had resisted the contagion very long. Pity, for their reputation's sake, they could not have endured a session longer! Lord John Russell had even declared (as we have seen) that the fall of the Church-rates tended to subvert the Established Church, the aristocracy, and the throne. His colleagues had not been so imprudent; but still their expressions of opinion had been very strong, and nothing new had happened to give them any pretext beyond the merest partisan self-interest for retracting the convictions they had so constantly avowed. The sacrifice of reputation which they made was very great, and was never duly appreciated by those whom it was intended to propitiate. Perhaps it would have come with more force if it had not been so comically mistimed. When they took
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the resolution to strip off the convictions they had so often professed, and to don the livery of Dr. Foster, practised observers might well have been pardoned for concluding that the impost was doomed. The force by which it was supported had steadily and rapidly dwindled. The agitators by whom it was menaced had gained a strength which they had been unable to obtain even in the first flush of Reform enthusiasm. Mr. Hume's motion in favour of total abolition in 1834, two years after the passing of the Reform Bill, was negatived by a majority of 116. In 1859, when Lord Palmerston and his colleagues made up their minds to take the final plunge, this majority had been transformed through successive gradations to a majority of 74 the other way. The Committee of Laymen, with the energetic Mr. Knott at their head, had in vain for several years strained every nerve to rouse the clergy to a sense of the danger that was upon them. All efforts seemed in vain. The four Ministers concluded, on grounds apparently ample, that the moment had come for a judicious and decorous conversion. Never did fate so flout the calculations of politicians. Almost before their resolution could be carried into action the wind had shifted. The very division in which they finally sealed their change of faith was the first that gave an intimation of the reaction that was at hand. They had the satisfaction of seeing that they had changed too late, and yet too soon. If they had gone a little sooner, they might have induced the world to believe that their conduct was determined by something higher than the pliant docility of a Minister in distress. If they had waited a little longer, they might have avoided the inconvenience of linking themselves to a decaying cause. Which way the even balance that now divides the House of Commons will finally incline, it is, of course, difficult to predict with certainty. But it is quite within the range of political contingencies that opinion will declare itself as strongly for Church-rates as a few years ago it seemed to declare itself against them. In such a case, no doubt, the tide of conversions will turn. 'The course of action which candidates understand perfectly well' will begin again its mysterious operations on the parliamentary conscience. The polite regrets and wordy professions of devotion which have hitherto been reserved for the benefit of the Church will be brought out again for the solace of Dissenters. Sir James Graham will profess that he has been all his life a consistent friend of Nonconformity, and that it is with the deepest pain he finds himself compelled to admit that it is time to trim his sails to the changed wind. The procession of enlightened Tories, and Whigs in search of a political belief, and shaky representatives of every complexion, will form again,
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and will tramp back again with unabated docility across the political stage; and lagging in the rear, with faces doubly penitent and explanations doubly inexplicable, the four reconverted Ministers will doubtless close the train. We trust to live to see the day when, on the principle of bending to the popular breeze, they will return to an enthusiastic advocacy of Church-rates, and will find that, spite of their absence, nothing has been lost except their honour.

We ought not to venture to put this dream of the future in any form stronger than that of a wish; for the boldest political prophet will hardly venture, after past experience, to speculate on the future of this question. The shades of the recess have closed over an indecisive battle, and no man can foretell the issue of the morrow. But the interval may be profitably devoted to a consideration of the policy which the present condition of the question prescribes to the friends of the Church. Lord Derby has declared his hope that the recent division will lead to an equitable settlement of the dispute, and many Liberal members have expressed their desire for a compromise. It may be assumed, therefore, that a serious attempt will be made next session to elicit some satisfactory settlement out of the innumerable projects of compromise which the discussions on this question have engendered.

The friends of the Church have every reason to wish that this question should be settled. Whoever is chargeable with the guilt of making it a source of constant irritation, the fact remains the same. It has been for years a running sore in many of the largest parishes in the kingdom. There is scarcely a pastor of a populous district but knows by sad experience its virtue in breeding animosities and bringing upon his parish the plague of parochial faction fights. It supplies a dream of local distinction to the ambition of vestry politicians, a ready-made implement of annoyance to the busy-bodies of each small community, a convenient form for giving effect to every passing discontent which the clergyman or the Church of England may have aroused. As a matter of taste, it is not agreeable to a clergyman to be turned into a party leader, and to be forced, as part of his office, to stand the fire of personal attacks of which a party leader is considered to be the legitimate target. And it aggravates very seriously the difficulties of his position. Evil always results from any connection in men's minds between pastoral activity and worldly gain. To some extent the connection is inevitable; but the less it is obtruded upon the world's eye the better. To make a clergyman the head of an association for the levy of a parochial tax upon a minority to whom it is distasteful,

tasteful, for purposes in which he is popularly, though most unjustly, held to be peculiarly interested, is to make a formidable addition to the obstacles against which he already struggles. His acts are viewed with suspicion, and are imputed to the money-getting, and not to the pastoral, moiety of his character. All the good he does or attempts is attributed to a desire to make his interest stronger in the parish. The spirit with which at election time all acts of kindness or usefulness are regarded, becomes the constant temper of a portion of the parishioners. If he is civil, or forgiving, or active, or eloquent, his good qualities are only counted as additional proofs of his efficiency as an electioneering agent. It is almost vain for him to preach the Gospel when it is looked upon only as a portion of the oratorical capital of an astute party chief. It is a bad thing for a clergyman to be at odds with any portion of his parish; it is a still worse thing if that difference should spring out of any dispute about money; but it is worst of all when that question of money is embroiled and perplexed by the prejudices and the acrimony of political hostility. All these evils the Church-rate, in its present condition, brings upon a considerable number of parishes. Many clergymen have been fain to lay this unquiet spirit even by the complete and absolute sacrifice of the rate. Such friends of the Church as Sir John Trelawny and Mr. Bright have been loud in their eulogies of this plan of pacification, and have been moved, as they tell us, by their general solicitude for the interests of the Church, to recommend it for general adoption. But the results of the experiment, where it has been tried, have not been encouraging. The voluntary principle has been appealed to in all confidence, and has lamentably broken down. It is found in practice to invest the clergyman with a character almost more odious, and to dig a gulf between him and his parishioners almost more impassable, than is done by the turmoil of a Church-rate contest; and it is both inadequate and precarious as a source of supply. The clergy are turned into an organised body of begging-letter writers, and their churches, in spite of it, fall into ruins. These facts were established from experience by the witnesses before the Lords' Committee. Birmingham is the classic land of Voluntaryism. It is the place where the agitation of this question originally commenced, and where, for a space of thirty years, the churches have been thrown upon their own resources. The inhabitants are wealthy, the clergy energetic, and the churches are well filled. But all these advantages do not supply the place of the discarded Church-rate. Some of the clergy gave their evidence before the Lords' Committee, and much of it is worth deep consideration. We have only room for a few

a few extracts. Dr. Miller, of St. Martin's, was the first witness called:—

'178. *The Duke of Marlborough*.—But speaking as to the practical inconvenience of the present system in your district, are you able to state whether there is great difficulty experienced in providing the sums necessary for the performance of divine worship as well as providing for the fabric?—There is, in many parishes, the greatest possible difficulty. The present system, as carried on in Birmingham, is a perfect millstone round the necks of a great majority of the ministers of the town. I do not speak from theory or opinion; I speak in that respect from my knowledge of facts.

'Is it not the case at present, that, whether for the building of churches or the erection of schools, the clergymen are obliged to make very widely extended appeals not only to their own people, but to persons very foreign to their parishes?—The truth is, that begging is now a chief element in our duties.

'Then if the provision of the funds necessary for repairing the churches were thrown upon the voluntary system, would it not oblige the clergyman to extend his begging operations very largely?—He would have to extend them, and, as a result of my own observation of Birmingham, I should say that he would extend them unsuccessfully, and that the churches would go to decay.

'Would it not very seriously interfere with the time which he gives to his parochial duties?—It does now most seriously.

'Would it not add very largely to his anxieties?—It does now most heavily.

'And in these ways very seriously prejudice his spiritual work?—*We all feel in Birmingham that we are becoming more and more secularised every day: we get on by constant begging.*

Other witnesses give similar testimony. The general tendency of the evidence is to show that in those places where the much-vaunted support of the voluntary principle has been relied on, it has done worse than fail. It has brought the clergyman before his parishioners in the light of a beggar, for he has very little time for anything else; and they have learnt to look upon him in the light of a beggar, and treat him accordingly. But it has failed, even in return for any amount of mendicancy, to yield the requisite supplies. There is nothing wonderful, or even disappointing, in this result. The success of Dissent under the same principle furnishes no sort of precedent to the Church. The two systems work with different aims and under totally different conditions. The Church offers her ministrations in proportion to men's needs, not in proportion to their wishes. It must often happen, therefore, that she offers more than they wish to have, or are willing to pay for. Dissent adapts itself to the commercial principle of supply and demand. It provides religious privileges for all who are prepared to purchase them,

them, exactly in proportion to the inquiry made for them in the religious market of the time. One, according to the law of its existence, takes no heed of the periodic ebb and flow of religious feeling, but makes the same provision for a lukewarm as for an enthusiastic age. The other regulates its supply exactly in proportion to the zeal or the indifference of each succeeding period. It is obvious that the two different systems must require two different methods of support. Voluntaryism may be fatal to the Church, and yet be well fitted for Dissent. For voluntaryism is a dependence upon religious zeal; and the offerings of religious zeal are as transient and precarious as the bounty of a mountain torrent. Its stream will flow with almost superfluous munificence in one age, and in the next will nearly be dried up. If the supply is to be perpetuated in steady and even quantity, it must be economized by artificial contrivances. Endowments are the tanks which catch it when it overflows, and store it against the next period of drought. It is the maintenance of costly fabrics, which can never be abandoned or disposed of, even in the slackest age, that makes a church-rate necessary to the Church. Dissenters do not tie themselves to a locality. They do not commit themselves to a building too costly to be relinquished in case of need. They bear in mind that a chapel is a speculation which may very possibly break down, and they regulate their outlay accordingly. The evidence before the House of Lords went to show that meeting-houses had been built at the price of not more than seven-and-twenty shillings a sitting, or at the rate of 200*l.* for a congregation of 150 persons.* Such an edifice is no mortgage on the zeal of future generations. If a season of adversity should come, if a popular preacher should die, or rival attractions draw away a large portion of his supporters to the pulpits of some other sect, the Ebenezer is sold for a warehouse, and the congregation resolves itself into its component atoms. But the old church must be kept in repair through all vicissitudes of parochial fervour or clerical popularity. It is in this sense that the church-rate involves the question of an Established Church. It is precisely because she is established, and therefore subjected to permanent burdens, that the Church requires a church-rate.

A settlement of the question, therefore, to the friends of the Church, must mean some plan that, while it abates the evils, secures the payment of the rate. All propositions must be laid aside which start on the principle of abandoning its legal obli-

* Of late years a taste for architectural decoration has been spreading among them, and they possess many buildings to which our remarks would not apply. But these have existed for too short a time to have tested the possibility of their continued maintenance under a purely voluntary system without endowments.

gation. Lord Ebury, whose projects of Church Reform deserve the praise of vigour, has published a suggestion which he pleasantly calls 'the only compromise possible in regard to Church-rates.' His notion of a compromise is that we should part with all legal claim to the rate, and that the Dissenters in return should handsomely give us leave to beg for it. His interpretation of the meaning of a compromise is not a novel one; but it has usually been put forward on the morrow, not of a defeat, but of a victory. *Il est trop tard!* In weighing the ransom he demands of the Church, Lord Ebury is inclined to use the weights the Gaulish conquerors used of old. But the Gauls are no longer conquerors now, and it is too late to cry *Væ Victis!*

It may be safely assumed that the Church will not accept now the terms which she scornfully rejected, even when the support of politicians had apparently failed her. The first condition of any settlement to which she can consent must be that it will preserve the prop upon which her fabrics have leaned for centuries. The rights which are essential to the efficiency of her ministers she holds as trustee for the poor, whom the Dissenters cast out, and whose interests their clamour overbears; and though she may be robbed of those rights, she can never give them up. All forms of abolition, whether naked and avowed, or veiled under the garb of a onesided compromise, must be set aside as foreign to the discussion of an amicable settlement. They may be imposed by the right of the strongest, but they can never be willingly accepted.

But there are many intermediate propositions which have more claim to the title of a compromise, in that they contemplate the settlement of the question without abandoning the legal power of rating. To enumerate them would be a tedious undertaking, for scarcely a session has passed for the last ten years that has not witnessed some novel combination. But they range themselves under two or three principal heads. They either propose to limit the rate to the support of the fabric of the Church; or to turn the rate into a rent-charge; or to levy it on the owners instead of the occupiers of land; or to offer to Dissenting occupiers, in some form or other, the privilege of personal exemption. All these, in various modifications, have repeatedly occupied the attention of Parliament, and from one or more of them must be drawn the principles of any future adjustment, if ever we are destined to attain one. They lie before the nation to choose from, and on the shape which public opinion takes regarding them during the coming winter, the legislation of next session will probably depend. Their respective merits may be decided by a very simple test. The only object of a compromise is peace. If it were

were not for the strong necessity of peace, Churchmen would wish for no alteration of the law. It is only the paramount value of peace in the concerns of religion that justifies them in foregoing any portion of their claims. It is therefore a question of vital moment whether any of these compromises will bring peace. And this question turns again upon another, What is the description and character of the men whom we hope they will avail to tranquillise? Any one who has studied the subject must have often noticed that the opponents with whom we have to contend, though called by one name, are not all moved by the same feelings, and have not all the same end in view. They fall apart into two classes, who are apparently urging, in perfect concert, a common project, but who value it for very different reasons. The distinction between the conscientious and the political Dissenter lies at the root of the question, and must be steadily borne in mind in weighing the merits of any proposal of pacification. The Dissenter, as a religionist, is the true descendant of the old Puritan—sincere, narrow, and fanatical. He has left the Church of England because he thinks that she is unfaithful, and that the taint of idolatry or of Erastianism is upon her. He looks upon all who support her as sharers in the guilt of her backslidings, and frets uneasily under the law which makes him the vehicle of money paid by the landowner for her support. That he should be a Church-rate agitator is not surprising; in many cases he is willing to be something more—a Church-rate martyr. No doubt a considerable portion of the resistance to Church-rates has proceeded from men of this stamp; they have lent to it much of its earnestness and pertinacity. But they are very far from forming its chief ingredient. They have existed as a class since the days of Elizabeth. Their increase and their popularity in the last century was much more striking than it has been in this. If the strength of their conscientious scruples could have made a Church-rate agitation, they would have made it long ago. Its settlement would have tried the genius of Somers or of Walpole; and it would have been principally known to our generation as having furnished to Lord Macaulay the canvas for a picturesque essay. But the Dissenters of those days bore the impost almost without complaint. Their descendants, in no way more fervent or sensitive than they, find it a weight upon their consciences too heavy to be borne. Clearly it is not here that we must look for the source of the agitation. Its real parentage is betrayed by its history; its fortunes have varied, not with those of Dissent, but with those of another movement, whose relationship it is now convenient to deny.

The Church-rate agitation first reared its head in 1819—syn-
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chronizing strangely with the general outburst of revolutionary feeling by which that year was marked. The place where it ultimately took the deepest root was Birmingham, the birthplace of the Political Unions and the centre of an intense democratism, which even in our day is not extinct. It did not take rank as a political difficulty till just after the Reform Bill; and as the reaction on the Reform Bill grew, the movement against the Church-rate dwindled; and ever since that time its fortunes have been closely linked with those of the democratic party, and its vicissitudes have been a fair index of their hopes and their disappointments. Reared under the care of such a foster-mother, its character and tendency are not difficult to divine. They cannot be better stated than in the words used at Birmingham in 1837—'it is to reduce the Church of England to what she is—one of the sects.' We are far from saying that the political Dissenters—in other words, those politicians who find Dissent a convenient implement—could have set this agitation on foot without the help of their conscientious friends, any more than the monkey could have obtained the chestnuts without the help of his friend the cat. The movement as it exists is the resultant of the combined impulse given to it by the two classes of objectors, and the influence of both may be traced throughout its course.

It imports us, however, not only to know that the opponents to Church-rates are divisible into two classes, but also to ascertain to which of them the prevailing element belongs. If we are to offer terms of peace to two allies, it concerns us to discover which of them has the predominance, and therefore on which of them the continuance of the war in reality depends. This is easily ascertainable by studying their line of march. If the merely conscientious Dissenters have the command, the point for which the united forces will make will be simply the liberation of Dissenters from all imposts to which they object. On the other hand, if the political Dissenters are supreme in the allied councils, the campaign will be planned for the attainment of far larger triumphs. The results which it will be meant to compass will not be freedom to the Dissenters, but injury and degradation to the Church. In other words, the language of the Church-rate agitators, the arguments they use, the demands they make, and the offers they reject, will betray to any observer the true nature of the objects they have in view.

For this purpose it is instructive to compare their bearing at different stages of the agitation. It has had two periods—that which followed the Reform Bill, and that which followed the separation between the Conservatives and Sir Robert Peel. Each epoch has been marked by its peculiar tactics, corresponding to the

the influence which for the time was in the ascendant. During the former period the conscientious Dissenters formed the most important element. The House of Lords had not then given impunity to the resistance of the vestries, and, therefore, if the agitation was to go on at all, martyrs were absolutely necessary. The conscientious Dissenters—who alone were inclined for martyrdom—were consequently masters of the situation. They took the fore-front of the fight, and their political friends appeared rather as humble auxiliaries than as recognised chiefs. Accordingly, the question of conscience took precedence of every other. The supremacy of the Church of England did not then appear to them an intolerable grievance. The Dissenting champions had not then realized all the horrors which lurk in the operation of ‘ticketing.’ They did not seek to pull down the Church to their own level, or to give the force of law to any ecclesiastical theory. They asked but one boon—that their burdened consciences should be spared. Personal exemption was the summit of their desires. This was not the language held by one speaker only, but by all. In 1834 Mr. Wilks ‘hoped a measure would be introduced to exempt Dissenters entirely from the payment of Church-rates.’ Mr. Baines ‘hoped the measure of the Government would not fall short of relieving Dissenters altogether of the impost.’ Mr. O’Connell thought that ‘no Christian sect ought to be called upon to pay for the religion of any other Christian sect.’ Lord Althorp replied in the same spirit. It never occurred to him that the Dissenters would quarrel with such a settlement of the question. ‘Another proposition,’ he said, ‘was to continue Church-rates as at present, but to exempt Dissenters from the payment of them. As far as Dissenters were concerned, *this would of course satisfy them*; but it would be detrimental in the highest degree to the Established Church.’ Later on the Dissenters initiated such a measure. Mr. Thomas Duncombe brought in a bill for the exemption of Dissenters in February 1840; and in July of the same year a bill with a similar object was moved for by Sir J. Easthope and Mr. Gillon. This then was the view of the leaders of the Dissenters in the first period of the Church-rate agitation. They looked upon personal exemption, not only as no insult, but as an abundant satisfaction of their demands.

The second period of the agitation, which was inaugurated by the Braintree Case, found them in a very different frame of mind. By this time the political Dissenters had got the upper hand. Their views have been represented in Parliament by Mr. Bright, and have been detailed before the Lords’ Committee with great distinctness by Dr. Foster and Mr. Samuel Morley. Church-rates are only the first and the meanest of a long list of spoils they

they promise themselves as the reward of their painstaking organization. Their labours will not cease, nor their machinery of disturbance be laid aside, till tithes, Church lands, cathedrals, and parish churches are torn from the hated 'Episcopalian Protestants.' They are not only bold enough to project such a revolution, but sanguine enough to think that it will not be hindered by an open avowal of their intentions. That they should be satisfied with the 'personal exemption,' for which their predecessors, twenty years ago, had contended so earnestly, was not to be expected. It would in no way have forwarded their ultimate designs. In itself this consideration was decisive; but as an argument it was hardly safe to use in the House of Commons. They had always sturdily maintained, that though they intended to destroy Church-rates, and intended to destroy the Established Church, the two projects of destruction had no sort of connection with each other. It was therefore necessary to find some other pretext for refusing the concession which was offered by several friends of the Church, and which some time previously they had all recognized as an ample redress for their grievance. It was not a very easy task; for personal exemption—whatever may be said against it on the Church's side—is obviously the exact remedy for a complaint of personal liability. Mr. Bright enjoys the exclusive credit of having invented the stock argument, to which for seven years his followers have prudently confined themselves. In 1854 he announced that the Dissenters objected to being personally exempted, because it would be 'ticketing them like a railway parcel.' Since that speech was delivered the term 'ticketing' has become classical in this discussion. That those who have employed the phrase, which no stretch of language can dignify as an argument, could really have believed in it, is scarcely credible. If they had reflected for an instant, they must have seen the bitter scorn of their own co-religionists which it implied. The whole of this movement is based on the presumption that the religious beliefs of the Non-conformists are sincere. If there is one thing more than another that in all ages has been accepted as the test of religious sincerity, it is the readiness to avow in the face of all men the convictions of the soul. The very names of confessor and renegade, by which the hero and the outcast of every religious community are designated, indicate the criterion that has always been applied to distinguish among Christians the true man from the hypocrite. No one has hitherto ever dreamed of maintaining the paradox, that a man could be a sincere Christian, or a sincere Mahometan, or a sincere Hindu, who was unwilling to confess his religion before men. Probably
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this is the 'first time in the history of the world that any sect of professed religionists have petitioned a legislature to spare them the disgrace of having publicly to acknowledge their true creed. Now that the days of persecution are gone by, it is difficult to understand what it is of which they are afraid. Is it that they will lose credit? or customers? or caste? We never heard of any locality in which orthodoxy was considered to add any value to a tradesman's goods or a borrower's solvency. Possibly there are circles in which Dissenters would lose social caste; but we do not believe that even their parliamentary champions would insult them so much as to insinuate that they are likely to ignore their creed for the purpose of enlarging their acquaintance. But if their reluctance to be 'ticketed' does not arise from fear, it must arise from shame. The clergy will, no doubt, recognize with all alacrity the penitence for schism that lurks in that salutary shame. But we are rather amazed to find their champions avowing it so glibly. It is a great compliment to the Church, but a scathing insult to the Dissenters, to tell us that they dread the disgrace and the reproach of Dissent, and that they are concealing their profession from the eyes of their fellow-men as anxiously as a quadroon in America denies his blood, or a *forçat* hides his brand.

It is transparently clear that this is an argument of mere desperation. No Englishmen esteem themselves degraded by any opinions honestly entertained: least of all those whose opinions, in times gone by, have been illustrated by self-devotion as noble and courage as dauntless as any that the history of Christianity records. The true reasons cannot be given, and no better can be found to fill their place. But the change of tone among the Dissenters upon this proposal of personal exemption proves to us, if proof were needed, who are the masters of the movement and what are the schemes that it is meant to aid. It is the political, and not the conscientious Dissenters, with whom our settlement must be made. If we are to compromise for the sake of peace, these are the men whom we must pacify. They hold in their hands the strings of the machinery by which discord has been introduced into half the parishes in England. The Braintree case and the condition of vestry-law enable them to raise or lay at will the agitation by which so many sober statesmen have been scared. They have put their language into its mouth and forced it to subserve their schemes; and doubtless, therefore, they possess an absolute control over its action. With them, therefore, we have to do. The task that lies before us is to find some mode of pacification, which will restore harmony
between

between the Church on one side, and Mr. Bright and the Liberation Society on the other. This considerably complicates the original difficulties of the question. We have seen, by the precedent of the years 1834 and 1840, that if we had only the conscientious Dissenters to deal with, the problem might be solved by some such system of personal exemption as that offered by the Committee of the House of Lords last year, or that which was proposed by Mr. Walpole when he was in office three years ago, or by Mr. Hubbard again this year. In that case it would only remain to be considered how far such plans would work without detriment to the Church of England. But the meal which is ample to satisfy the modest desires of the conscientious Dissenter, only whets the appetite of his political brother. The language of the Liberation Society and their Parliamentary representatives, especially during the past session, leaves us no doubt that a much more substantial list of concessions will be required before their hunger is appeased. If we would apply Church endowments to a secular purpose, open church buildings to all the sects, turn the Bishops out of the House of Lords, and deodorise the Coronation oath of all savour of religion, it is probable we might enjoy the inestimable advantage of living at peace with Dr. Foster and Mr. Bright. In such an event the mechanism of the Liberation Society would no doubt be thrown out of gear; parishes would no longer be convulsed by superior order from the central committee; and the professional staff of agitators would have to devote their abilities to sewers or to gasworks, or some other more secular subject of disturbance. We have no doubt that the concessions we have named would entirely attain the great object of propitiating the political Dissenters who conduct the Church-rate agitation. But, unless we are inclined to go as far as this, we may give up the effort in despair. In fact, the attempt has been repeatedly made to conciliate them by offering them the relief for which in 1840 they unanimously prayed. The Liberation Society has avowed that such relief does not meet their objects, and would not repay them for their labours. Mr. Bright has again and again proclaimed, even so late as the last debate upon the question, that supremacy is the stake for which he and his are playing. It is only too evident that the leadership is changed, and that the palliatives which would have worked a cure twenty years ago have lost all virtue now. The facts with which we have to deal are no longer what they were; and with the altered facts our policy must alter too.

If, then, it is hopeless to propitiate the political Dissenters, with whom we stand confronted now, how is tranquillity to be obtained? That is the problem which next session Parliament

will be asked to solve. It is obvious that if we wish for peace, and cannot move them from the determination to agitate, we have but one resource left. We must deprive them, if we can, of the power of agitation. Of course we are not speaking here of the ordinary forms of constitutional agitation. In this free country no man or party has a right to think themselves aggrieved because of the efforts which any antagonist may make to gain over public opinion, and so to influence legislation. It is not the agitation which works upon the legislature that we deprecate, but the agitation that sets at nought the law. The law directs that Church-rates shall be levied; and an elaborate machinery has been constructed with great labour and at great cost, not merely for the purpose of bringing about the alteration of that law, but of procuring that, while unaltered, it shall be disobeyed. It is no impeachment to our love for free action and free speech, that we wish to see a movement such as this discouraged.

It is plain at first sight that the present constitution of the parish vestry for the purposes of Church-rate is the core of the disease we have to heal. It is the fulcrum on which the lever of agitation rests. It is antiquated, like all the machinery connected with this law, and the defects which time has worked in it are very numerous. It is of course in large towns, where Church-rate disputes are rife, that these defects are most conspicuous and most noxious. In the first place, the vestry is an assembly open almost to every householder of the parish, and consequently so multitudinous as to defy control. Its proceedings become very like the proceedings at the hustings on the occasion of a contested election. It is in evidence that in many places where a Church-rate might have been carried by the fair votes of the rate-payers, it has been defeated by the violence of a mob, whose drunken services a very slight consideration suffices to retain. At Edgbaston, Church-rates were carried without difficulty, until a large vestry hall was built for the vestry. The larger area was fatal to the rate. The friends of the Church were fain to retire from a battle, the issue of which depended not on the largest number of votes, but on the greatest aptitude for riot. The Church-rate vestry, under its present constitution, is also under this disadvantage as compared with all other parochial meetings, that all occupiers are in practice admitted to vote at it, whether they are in a condition to pay the rate or not. Great numbers do not pay any rate at all, because they are so poor that it is not worth the churchwarden's while to attempt to enforce it. Others do not pay because their landlords compound for them under the Small Tenements Act. But all these

these claim to vote upon the question of a Church-rate.* Hundreds and sometimes thousands of the most degraded of the populace are easily brought up to poll against the parson, though their own pecuniary interests are not even apparently concerned. In the large towns, where heathenism has eaten so deeply into the lower strata of the population, it is never difficult to collect votes against the Church, if any one will be at the pains to sweep the beer-houses for the purpose.

But an objection lies against the present constitution of the Church-rate vestry on a far broader and more general ground. The maxim that representation should follow taxation, is one that nobody, least of all a Liberal, will dispute. In the constitution of the vestry this maxim is utterly disregarded. The occupiers have the power of voting or refusing the Church-rate; but it is not the occupier who really pays it. He is the depositary to whom the churchwarden applies to obtain it: but it is not out of his pocket that it comes. Every house-agent knows that in fixing the rent of house or land, the burdens upon it, in the shape of rates or taxes, are considered in the first instance; and the rent rises and falls precisely in proportion to the amount of these burdens. If the burdens are heavy, the rent is lowered to meet them: if they are lightened, the rent is raised in proportion. If Church-rate is paid, it is the owner who pays it; if Church-rate is abolished, it is the owner who pockets the amount. It has been the policy of the law to leave the management of the rates in the hands of the occupiers, for the purpose of giving them an interest in local affairs. But if they decline this function altogether, and, instead of managing the rate, refuse to levy it, the motive for this policy is at an end. There is no possible reason for allowing the occupiers to decide whether a totally different class of persons shall or shall not pay a debt which has been paid and recognised for a thousand years. The law never contemplated that such a discretion should be exercised at all; but, if it is to exist, the most rudimentary justice demands that it shall be vested in those whom it really affects.

For all these reasons, the position which the occupiers hold in respect to the levy of Church-rates is anomalous and indefensible. It

* Great difference of opinion, and of practice, has prevailed in reference to the question whether these claimants have a right to vote. It now appears to be the better opinion that they have not; but the claim is often practically recognised. Some years ago, in Manchester, the extent to which this lowest class of householders are made use of by the Abolitionists was curiously illustrated. Fifteen thousand persons voted, and the rate was lost by a majority of eleven thousand. But on a scrutiny it was discovered that the bad votes were so numerous that the rate had been in reality carried.

is simply the result of a successful usurpation. They have usurped the power of stripping the Church of her property at will, and conferring it on the owners of land, who do not thank them for the boon. To complete the absurdity, the majority which wields these powers is, in numerous cases, composed of persons so low in the social scale, that their rates are either paid directly by their landlords, or else not paid at all. On the inexpediency of acquiescing in claims so monstrously fictitious it is hardly necessary to dwell. The class which preponderates in these turbulent vestries is not a class to whom the decision of the great issues between ecclesiastical and secular property can be wisely trusted. The torpor which during the eighteenth century overspread both State and Church, has left the masses of our great towns but little fitted to judge of their own need of spiritual care. And they have still less concern with the secular advantages which most owners of property connect with the neighbourhood of a well-appointed Church. Both in point of expediency and in point of law it is difficult to find a justification for their presence in the Church-rate vestry. The Braintree decision has, by its indirect operation, invested the vestry with the power of pronouncing upon a great question of ecclesiastical law, in which the mass of the smallest householders have no sort of pecuniary interest, and which they have neither the knowledge nor the social position to enable them to decide with fairness. It is idle to plead for them that they constituted the majority of the vestry in past times, when its powers were far narrower, and its functions of a totally different character. The vestry which decides whether the Church shall or shall not be supported out of public funds, may be the descendant of the vestry which was simply charged with the duty of providing that support: but there is no real identity between the two. Its widened jurisdiction and altered functions must necessarily bring about a scrutiny into its composition. Anomalies which were tolerable when it was a body of small account, are intolerable now that it has become the arbiter of issues so momentous.

It is, then, to the constitution of the vestry that the contriver of a Church-rate settlement must turn his mind. All plans that do not hit this point will, under existing circumstances, miss the attainment of any useful end. All plans which go no further than a fabric-rate, or than the personal exemption of occupiers, will fail to produce peace, because they will operate in neither of the two directions by which alone peace can be reached. They will not pacify, and they will not disarm. They will not conciliate the Liberation Society, whom nothing but the dis-establishment of the Church will satisfy; and they will leave its powers of mischief

mischief unimpaired—or rather they will supply it with new machinery for frustrating the intentions of the law. So long as the constitution of the Church-rate vestry remains unchanged, the elements of an effective settlement have not been found.

But it must be remembered that, in approaching this subject, we are treading on ground which demands vigilance and care. When we deal with parochial self-government, we are touching the foundations on which our constitution rests. The equilibrium which England has constantly maintained between local and central government is one of the chief securities that make us to differ from the nations who are tossing to and fro between despotism and anarchy around us. The centralising temper of the age has encroached of late years upon local self-government more than enough, and every friend of the constitution will desire, where it is possible, to keep what remains of it intact. These considerations require to be borne in mind, because of the length to which some proposals of Church-rate settlement have gone. It was perceived very early in the discussion, that in the faulty action of the Church-rate vestry lay the root of the disease which was tormenting and weakening the Church. But some of the remedies which were proposed at first, and which still occasionally re-appear, belong to a very sharp and summary school of surgery. They consisted simply in cutting away the vestry altogether. Some proposed to substitute a fixed rate of one penny or twopence in the pound, and to levy it with the poor-rate. A still more popular idea was to convert it into a sort of shifting rent-charge, and to compel every landowner to pay over yearly so much in the pound upon the rateable value of his property. The objection to these proposals is manifest. They are not a reform, but a revolution. They are a new act of centralization, dethroning one more local authority, reducing the significance of the parochial division to a still more shadowy tint, and approaching by many strides nearer to the appointment of a ministry of public worship. It is obvious that the fabric of the parish would not be accommodating enough to fall into disrepair with that exact regularity that twopence in the pound should every year be required for its restoration. After a church had been once well repaired, large sums of money would accumulate in the custody of somebody or other. Few persons would be inclined to recommend that they should be left in the hands of the churchwardens. They are not chosen from a class practised in account-keeping, and the constant transfer of responsibility involved in the yearly change of office-bearers would not conduce to the security of the money. The only alternative would

would be a central depository of some kind; and with centralization would come the irrational uniformity, the weary delays, the favour shown to the importunate, and the wrong done to the patient, which are its characteristic results. But a still worse consequence would be, that the parish would be superseded. The local duty, which binds every landowner to the support of the Church in which he worships, would practically cease. One more of the ties would be snapped which incline landowners to take interest in local affairs; one more lesson of dependence on a central authority would be taught to the people. And to the Church at large the political consequences might be very perilous. It would be impossible so to fix the permanent rate to be charged, that the landowner should neither pay too little nor too much. What is sufficient now would, in the course of a generation, be excessive. The rapid growth of property in this country would in the long-run accumulate in the Church's hands a sum greatly exceeding the necessities of her fabrics. In course of time a demand, and an irresistible demand, would arise for the appropriation of that sum to some object of a temporal character. Considering the origin of the accumulation, Parliament would not feel its conscience wounded by complying with the demand; and a precedent would be set to which no friend of the Church can look forward with complacency. To introduce the House of Commons to the sweet sensation of using Church-money for secular ends would be almost as prudent a proceeding as teaching a tame wolf the taste of human blood.

The arguments we have offered, supposing them to be valid, have thus reduced the possibilities of a settlement within very narrow limits. We have shown that conciliation is futile with men who have declared over and over again that what they are fighting against is not the tax, but the supremacy which it represents. We have shown that they can never be deprived of the power of mischief so long as they have the parish vestry, as at present constituted, to work upon; and we have shown that the abolition of the vestry by any sort of commutation of the tax would be an extreme and violent measure, prejudicial to the State and to the Church alike. We are driven therefore by the argument of exclusion to that which forms the most important, if not the most prominent, of the recommendations of the House of Lords. The only alternative that remains is the reconstruction of the Church-rate vestry on the basis of ownership, instead of occupation.

To some of our readers it may seem superfluous to dwell on so rudimentary a fact as that rates are really paid not by occupiers, but

but by owners. But as the full recognition of this fact must be the foundation for any proposal to alter the mode of levying the rate, we will venture to quote upon the subject the evidence of Mr. Coode. His experience under the Poor-law Board and his familiarity with the subject of rating are well known; and as his interest in the question is purely administrative, he may be accepted as an impartial witness:—

Chairman.—Is it the case that the incidence of the rate, though it primarily falls upon the occupier, invariably rests upon the owner in the long run?—Invariably. It is not by a mere consequence; it is by an arrangement that anticipates all payment of rent whatsoever. No rent is ever set but upon the consideration of all the outgoings which the tenant will have to pay or provide for. No tenant yet, in his senses, ever made an agreement for rent who did not consider all these outgoings, before the figure at which the rent was set was fixed. Amongst those, and some of the most conspicuous and the most easily calculated of all, are the rates and taxes which the tenant will have to pay. I do not know whether the Committee have had before them the evidence on this subject; but it is very accessible, namely, in the practical experience of every surveyor and of every house-agent and land-agent, who would tell your Lordships that he never in the whole course of his business attempted to agree on or set a rent without first considering all the rates which the tenant would have to pay, and deducting these from the estimate of the natural or gross rent that the property was worth. It is not a question whether the incidence of such rates upon the rent is a mere consequence that may attach to it, or may be avoided; it is an inevitable result, anticipated and provided for beforehand, and inextricably involved in the very fixing of the terms of the tenancy. The landlord may very well, by default of the tenant, not have his rent at all; but he is quite sure that he will pay the rate, whether he receive his rent or not; and any merely legal device that you may adopt for fixing the rate on the tenant must inevitably fail, for the more stringently you fix the occupier, the more certainly will you fix him with that outgoing which would become a necessary deduction from the rent he would otherwise pay!

Mr. Coode also handed in a report from the Poor-law Commissioners, in which the desirability of recognising, in regard to rates of all kinds, the real incidence of the burden, was strongly urged. The Commissioners complain that ‘the attempt to give the tax the appearance of an occupier’s tax, involves many practical inconveniences.’ The landlord of poorer tenants often escapes the tax, in consequence of the difficulty of extracting it out of them. ‘The statutory disguise of the tax as an occupier’s tax’ increases also enormously the collector’s difficulties and expenses, and multiplies litigation and discontent. On these grounds they urge that the aim of all future legislation ought to be to substitute owners for occupiers in the levy of all local taxes.

taxes. In Ireland these doctrines have been partially tested. The Poor-rate was levied half from the occupier and half from the owner. According to Mr. Coode, the results of that experiment fully attest the far greater convenience and economy of stripping the tax of what the Commissioners call its 'statutory disguise.' In Ireland also another valuable experience has been gained. It has been often urged as an objection to the proposal of shifting the Church-rate from the occupier to the owner, that if the words are taken strictly, it would operate with great injustice in the case of a long building-lease with a nominal ground-rent. It would be very hard if Lord Westminster, having reserved a ground-rent of 1*l.* on land upon which a house of the yearly value of 500*l.* was afterwards built, should be called on to pay a Church-rate of 4*l.* as owner of the house. The Irish Act has solved this difficulty, in a mode which in practice has been found to work without the slightest hardship. The owner is defined, for the purposes of the Act, as the person who is in receipt of two-thirds or more of the net rent. The first lessee, consequently, in the case of a house with a nominal ground-rent, who is in reality the beneficial owner of the house, would be treated as the owner under that statutory definition.

The best authorities, therefore, are agreed that the rate is absolutely and entirely an owner's tax; nor has the fact ever been contested by those whose interest it would be to contest it if they could. They are also agreed upon the wisdom of divesting it as soon as possible of its 'statutory disguise,' which answers no other end than to make it more difficult to levy, and to propagate among the common people false ideas of its character and incidence. It would follow as a matter of course that, once recognised as an owner's tax, it would be assessed only by the owners. It is their right to levy it and to administer it, by virtue of those fundamental principles of taxation which are the base of our institutions. The freeholders of this country are neither so ignorant nor so destitute that it should be necessary to deprive them of their natural control over the money they contribute. It is their interest, and their interest alone, to see that the rate is administered with economy and discretion; it is they who will suffer if it be misapplied. They represent the parish more truly than any other, for their prosperity is inseparably linked with its welfare, both in the present and in the future. Every qualification which can be held to fit the occupiers to be guardians of its interests, they possess in a more eminent degree. Their connection with it is more permanent, their knowledge of it is more complete, their sympathy with its fortunes is necessarily more intimate. Their administration of the rate must of necessity be as far superior

rior to that of the occupiers, as the management of a landlord is better than that of a middleman. It is a general rule, admitting of but rare exceptions, that no one husbands money so thriftily, or lays it out so wisely, as the man out of whose pocket it comes.

But the point with which we are concerned just now is not the financial or constitutional expediency of such a change, but its bearing upon the question before us. What influence will the transfer of the power of assessing the Church-rate from the occupiers to the owners exercise upon this unhappy agitation? How far will it tend to bring about that peace which is the only consideration upon which the Church can accede to an alteration of the law? The first result which suggests itself is that the numbers of the Vestry will be materially diminished. Mr. Coode calculates, from statistics obtained while he was at the Poor Law Board, that the average proportion of owners to occupiers is as one to seventeen. In other words, the change would reduce the number of persons entitled to attend the Church-rate vestry by about ninety-four per cent. If the occupiers who would be thus excluded had the slightest true claim to vote, if the money they now dispose of were in any degree their own, of course so large a reduction of the vestry would be a very great hardship. But as their share of the pecuniary burden of the Church-rate is only a statutory fiction, the diminution of the multitudes who attend these Church-rate vestries in populous places will be a measure of perfect justice. It will also be one of very considerable practical advantage. Their presence not only produces scenes of terrible scandal, but renders the sober transaction of business an impossibility. It is their uproar and the disgust with which it inspires Churchmen that has induced several clergymen to forego the rate, even in places where it could be carried on a poll.

But the most conspicuous result of the change would be, that it would carry the discretion which the House of Lords has practically conceded to the vestries into a sphere where the Liberation Society would be powerless. The law, as laid down in the Braintree case, would remain undisturbed. It would still be competent for the Vestry to withdraw, if it pleased, from its obligations, and to refuse to repair the church. But if it did so, it at least would act in obedience to no organised agitation, and therefore it would do so very rarely. It has often been remarked as a curious anomaly in this dispute, that the opposition to the Church-rate comes mainly from the occupiers, who do not pay it, while its main support comes from the owners who do. The policy which they observe in dealing with the question at large, they would not desert in the vestry. Many motives would combine

bine to induce them to uphold the rate. In the first place, they are members of the Established Church in a very much larger proportion than the class of occupiers. From a return obtained by Mr. Walpole in 1859, it appears that out of a total of 9853 parishes from which answers were obtained, the landowners were Churchmen in 8803. In the remaining 1050 parishes there was a proportion of Dissenting landowners. It is obvious, therefore, that in a very large proportion of the parishes the rate would be paid by the landowners as a matter of course, and no disturbance, no collision between the clergyman and his flock could possibly arise. Among the landowners claimed for the Church there must, of course, be a certain number whose regard for any kind of religion is of the most nominal character. But if they were callous to all spiritual motives, they would be sensitive to the public opinion of their own neighbourhood. Both they and the class to which they belong are more enlightened than the occupiers as to the nature of the Church-rate obligation and the real character of all efforts to evade it. They know that they, or those from whom they inherit, bought their property under a liability to this burthen, and that the purchase-money was fixed accordingly; and they know also that their friends and neighbours will call by its true name an attempt to cast off an obligation for which full value has been received, and to shift the weight of it upon others. The same wider and juster views will have their influence even upon Dissenting owners; for they involve, not questions of theological creed, but of the common probity which all creeds enforce alike. Great numbers of them throughout the country, who do pay the rate, avow that their conduct is influenced by these considerations. The class of owners, of whatever creed, will not be deluded by scruples which take a money-saving form, nor will they show any great reverence for martyrs to a cause which is at once holy and profitable. The conscience which bids a man shirk his share of a common debt is a suspicious oracle, which it requires considerable charity to believe in, and very great impudence to plead. Neither reputation will be coveted by the class of men to which the possessors of land in England generally belong. No man of education and independence would like to be thought to have made his religion a cloak for committing in a matter of money, an act of meanness, if not of fraud. The case of the Scotch heritors, the majority of whom are Dissenters from the Established Church of Scotland, and who yet never utter a murmur against the rate, sufficiently proves that a confidence reposed in the good feeling and good sense of a class of Dissenting owners would not be misplaced.

Mr.

Mr. Coode, however, who came forward as one of the strongest advocates of the plan, does not rely exclusively either on conscience or on public opinion as a security for the good conduct of his owners' vestry. He points out that, in towns at least, where the presence of Dissenting owners is mostly to be feared, a church possesses a positive money-value, which will act as a strong anodyne to conscientious scruples :—

'If we took the owners instead of the occupiers as the persons to be charged with the rate, I think we might very safely leave it to those owners to determine whether a rate should be made or not. It is the rarest thing to find a landlord who is not cognizant of the interest he has in the maintenance of a church. I remember a building speculation in the north of London, in which one person was partner with another. The first was an avowed infidel, very active at debating societies, and somewhat notorious for his strong views in religion and politics, while his partner was a person entertaining very strong feelings in favour of some denomination of dissent. When these persons had invested something more than 20,000*l.* apiece, they started a proposal to build a church, and they first of all headed the proposed subscriptions with 500*l.* apiece, and afterwards, one of them at least, enlarged it by 250*l.* I remember—as one of them was an intimate friend of mine—saying to him that he was acting rather against his conscience, and asking how he could be so unconscientious as to exert himself in the way he did to contribute to the erection of a building, the whole of the intended uses of which he must be so much discontented with. He said, "It is not a matter of conscience, it is a mere question of a building speculation. If I can get this church built, I shall be able to get tenants of a kind that I cannot get at all now. Many decent people will not take the houses we have built, because there is not a church near enough. It will pay me all my money back at a rate that will make it a most excellent investment as it is, if I do not enter into any more expenditure; but if I go as far as I intend, it will pay me three or four times over." Everybody must be aware that every building speculator, whatever his views in religion may be, very early begins to think about a church for a new neighbourhood; he must exert himself to get a church erected there. It is pretty nearly to deny himself the best class of tenants not to have a church for them. Then the experience is universal also, that landlords are now by far the most liberal voluntary contributors to the erection of churches.'

He adds some corroborative facts out of the Braintree case :—

'I recollect that Mr. Courtauld, who was the appellant in the Braintree case, or his solicitor, told me, I think, that in Braintree parish he was a manufacturer, and he was there known to every one to be an opponent of Church-rates; but I think that it was in an adjoining parish that he was also Lord of the Manor and the owner of great part of the property there; and there he not only did not oppose a Church-rate, but he himself paid the Church-rate for all his tenants.

And

And so I believe it may be in many other persons' experience, that persons are opponents of Church-rates in vestry, in parishes where they are only occupiers; but if they are landlords anywhere else, they are at least acquiescent in the imposition of the rate.

At least such a change would fulfil the great object of a settlement by healing the sore. Recalcitrant freeholders might here and there be found; but all parochial agitation would cease. The class of owners are not subject either to the bitter sectarianism or the democratic tendencies which are often rife among the lowest class of occupiers. They would turn away from the Liberation Society and its unctuous incentives to spoliation with sovereign contempt. They would never submit to be made accomplices in a conspiracy for overthrowing the greatest of our institutions. The transfer to the owner of the power of assessing, and of the direct liability to pay the rate, would give to the Church, so long as she possesses the affections of the educated classes, an almost absolute security that the rate will be paid. The vast majority will pay because they are attached members of the Church; but if they do not pay from inclination or a sense of duty, they will pay from a fear of the public opinion they specially respect; or if even that exerts no power over them, they will pay as an investment that will yield them a rich return.

It only remains for us to devote a few lines to the proposal which constitutes the residue of the recommendations made by the Committee of the House of Lords. They recommend that any person liable to the rate should be exempted upon a bare statement of his unwillingness to pay. It is plain that if the rate were still to be levied on the occupiers, such an enactment would be little less than an abandonment of the rate. There is absolutely nothing in the declaration required to prevent Churchmen as well as Dissenters from availing themselves of the exemption. The relief of Dissenters is a measure that rests upon intelligible grounds; but the relief of stingy Churchmen has no conceivable advantage to recommend it. That this latter class musters tolerably strong, and that they would greedily avail themselves of the exemption, on the chance that when the tenancy fell in the landlord would forget to take notice of the proceeding, can be doubted by no one who is acquainted with the class of occupiers. Unfortunately such an example once set in a parish must of necessity be contagious. People will contentedly pay a tax which all are paying alike, and they may even consent to respect the conscientious scruples of a sincere Dissenter, and recognise the justice of his exemption. Or, if the rate were abolished altogether, a certain number would always be willing
to

to come forward with voluntary offerings. But it is too much to expect that they will acquiesce in an intermediate system. They will hardly submit to a demand which combines all the inequality of a free-will gift with all the natural odiousness of a legal tax, and of which a portion is required directly to supply the vacuum left by the avarice of a neighbour as rich and as much bound in conscience as themselves. The most rigid orthodoxy will hardly prevail on Farmer B. to submit to a double rate, because Farmer A., who goes to church regularly, and holds twice as much land, refuses to pay any rate at all. Farmer B. will decline with all possible expressions of attachment to the Church, not on the ground of any objection to a Church-rate, but because he can't abide to be putting money, or money's worth, into the pocket of that stingy Farmer A. The formal exemption of one occupier would bring about the refusal of another; and the rate would melt away, through the operation, not of any general anti-Church-rate feeling, but simply of mutual jealousy. Even the exemption of Dissenters as such, allegedly on account of conscientious scruples—as proposed by Mr. Walpole and Mr. Hubbard—has been held to be open to this danger by many Conservatives whose judgment is entitled to great weight. That proposal had countervailing advantages of its own; and it gave all the security that a public declaration can give against the relief being extended to scruples of a purely pecuniary extraction. Whether that security would be effective or illusory is a point upon which authorities are divided. But it is quite clear that the proposal of the Committee of the House of Lords, if applied to the law as it stands, would be the renunciation of any security whatsoever.

It may be alleged, however, that this plan wears a totally different aspect if looked at as part and parcel of a scheme for levying the rate on the owners instead of the occupiers. A system of self-exemption, which, if applied to the occupiers, would open the door to endless evasion, might yet work very satisfactorily with the owners. They are so much more amenable to the opinion of those amongst whom they live, that there is much less likelihood of any misapplication of the law which could be stigmatised as mean or shabby. To quote Mr. Coode again:—

‘Owners are not like poor occupiers; they cannot hold themselves out to their class as noble martyrs, by refusing to pay a small contribution to the maintenance of a structure in which they are equally interested with their neighbours.’

And it must also be remembered that, if no escape from the rate is in any case to be allowed, the appearance of a Church-rate martyr among the small freeholders of a town is, though

though improbable, always within the range of possibility. Mr. Thorogood and Mr. Baines, whose cases attracted so much attention during Lord Melbourne's administration, were both men of substance, and probably freeholders. The ordinary inducements which should have influenced them to acquiesce in the rate failed, because their convictions, though unintelligible to all but a very few, were genuine and hearty. It is very certain that they would have had no objection to be 'ticketed.' We are always liable to the recurrence of such cases, though they never can be numerous; and the imprisonment of any man, however indirectly, on account of a religious tenet, creates an amount of scandal, and fixes an odium upon the Church, for which it would require a very productive Church-rate to make up. Mr. Baines's popularity grew so rapidly in Leicester by his refusal to pay five and forty shillings of Church-rate, that he was forthwith elected town-councillor while in prison; and so high did the feeling in his favour run in private society, that among the cloud of petitions that were presented to the House of Commons in his behalf, was one from 7000 women of Leicester. Such cases are not very likely to recur. Still there is a possibility; and it may be wise to avert that possibility by a concession, whose pecuniary value must always be trivial in the extreme. All these arguments are good, so far as they apply to the case of Dissenters entertaining a conscientious objection to pay Church-rates. But beyond the case of those who combine these two claims to exemption, we are not inclined to extend our indulgence. Owners as a class are apt to be afflicted with crotchets when those crotchets save their own pockets, but not when they make martyrs; and it would only encourage the growth of such crotchets if owners who belong to the Church were to be led into temptation by a law tendering to them exemption, either at will or upon the allegation of a scruple which they cannot seriously entertain. A power of self-exemption under due formalities, and within the limits we have indicated, would save us from the chance of any further collision with the conscientious Dissenters, as the transfer of the rate from occupiers to owners would secure us from the efforts of the political Dissenters.

We have now laid before our readers the considerations which have brought us to the conclusion that the recommendations of the Duke of Marlborough's Committee (the second modified as we have suggested) furnish the only sound basis for a settlement of this much-vexed question. They alone seem to satisfy to the full extent the requirements of the problem as it now presents itself. The two proposals must be taken conjointly in order to reduce to tranquillity both of the antagonists with whom we are confronted.

confronted. They have the great merit that they are not palliatives, but cures. If the Parliamentary strength requisite for carrying them can only once be mustered, the controversy is closed for ever. It will no longer break up the peace of parishes, or undermine the stability of Parliamentary seats. It will cease to be the pest of the clergyman in the vestry, or of the candidate upon the hustings. It will be as dead as the crusade against the Irish Church. It will, no doubt, be cherished all the more lovingly, as a tradition of bygone power, in the hearts of a handful of fanatic or revolutionary politicians; but it will have passed away from the recollections of the people.

It has often been said, by those who are only anxious to be eased of a troublesome dispute, that Conservatives invest with an exaggerated value the object of the struggle. The sum total of the rate is but 250,000*l.*—less than an average of 25*l.* for every parish. ‘Surely,’ they say, ‘it would be safe to act on the assumption that the wealthiest religious community in the world will not, for lack of such a sum as that, suffer the temples of their worship to decay.’ It would be taking our readers a tedious journey over a well-trodden path to show, by instances, how failure and disappointment have always in the long run rewarded the attempt to dispense with endowments and to rely wholly on voluntary effort. We have already cited the case of Birmingham as a proof of its inapplicability to the Church of England; and what is true of an opulent and crowded town will be doubly true of poor, secluded, rural parishes. It is impossible to over-estimate the difficulty of crossing over from one system into the other. Men’s minds are not easily induced to accept principles totally novel, or to acquire the habit of practising unwelcome duties never known before. In the vast majority of parishes our people have grown up to the idea of having public worship provided for them without any effort of their own. Their fathers and their ancestors, so far as they can look back, lived and died in the same habits of thought. The intelligence that, to secure their weekly Church-service for themselves or for their poor, it would be necessary to carry the hat round and raise subscriptions in the neighbourhood, would be as much introducing them to a new order of ideas as if they were to be told that the Queen’s coronation was put off until the necessary expenses had been subscribed. Supposing a law were to pass that the administration of justice should henceforth depend upon voluntary effort, and it were announced that the judges of assize would not come round till private munificence had provided them with a court-house for themselves and a gaol for their prisoners—does any sane man suppose that the courts of law would

would go on as efficiently as before? And yet the mass of men place at least as much value on the administration of justice as on the ministrations of religion. Of course, in process of time, men would become habituated both to the one novelty and to the other. The increase of crime would frighten them at last into opening a subscription-list and paying for the court-house; and it is possible that the increase of heathenism would, though more slowly, convince the rural parishes of the necessity of making a similar effort to secure a church. But a generation, at least, must elapse before the habits of thought bred by the old system would pass away. It is not easy to reconcile one's self, for the sake of a political expediency, to the gratuitous injury which, during that interval, would be inflicted on the Church, and through her on all for whose highest interests she exists. Her forced inaction would be ill-replaced to the community by the short and scornful respite she would buy from the envious sects around her.

But in truth it is not the mere rate for which Churchmen are now fighting. The threatened loss of the 25*l.* per parish, though it is a consideration not to be despised, would not have called forth that wide-spread and passionate expression of indignation which has already produced so marked an effect on the House of Commons. Rightly or wrongly, the general feeling is that more than Church-rates are in issue. The struggle has been accepted on the Church's side as a struggle for the existence of the Establishment. Churchmen have been much blamed for this interpretation, and have been charged with magnifying by their needless terrors a mere money quarrel to ridiculous proportions. It is said that there is nothing in the argument against Church-rates to force those who use it to go one step further in the direction of spoliation; and that it is bad policy to represent tithes and Church lands—which have a sounder foundation of their own—as standing or falling with an institution that a short time ago seemed doomed, and is still undoubtedly insecure. It is perfectly true that the Church's title to tithes and to Church lands is absolutely distinct in its nature from her title to the Church-rate. It would not only be a very unwise, but a very unfair, mode of reasoning, to represent the confiscation of tithes as following by logical sequence from the abolition of Church-rates. It must be fully admitted that, as far as the arguments which will be used in their justification go, these two branches of spoliation have very little in common. But the same may be said of the successive steps of every wrongful aggression that was ever perpetrated under the sun. The ground on which Catherine II. invaded the Crimea was not the same ground as that on which the

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achievements are but successive stages of one great enterprise. If we are to struggle for the Establishment—a fact concerning which Dr. Foster and Mr. Bright leave us in no uncertainty—we must struggle from the first. To wait till the operations of our enemies are more advanced, and they are able, in bidding for the support of secular allies, to point to one great success as a gage and earnest of coming triumph, is to fight at fearful disadvantage. If we mean to resist at all, we must resist now. The Church is politically lost, if we wait to fight her battle till confiscation has crippled her means of influence, and the belief in her impending fall has transferred the unstable devotion of politicians to her foes.

By this generation that battle, for weal or woe, will be decided. If Churchmen of the present day should be guilty of the weakness of purchasing an ignominious and transient ease by concessions which will only make their enemies more powerful and more rapacious, they cannot expect their sons to fight more sturdily than themselves. They will have handed down to the Church of the next generation the inheritance of a base example and a hopeless cause, and they cannot presume that these will breathe into her a courage to which they themselves have been too languid to aspire. The powerful reaction we have witnessed, while it justifies the most sanguine hopes, fearfully increases our responsibilities. It places in our hands, it stakes upon the continued earnestness of our efforts, an issue upon which the whole future of the Established Church, and therefore in a great degree the future of Christianity in England, may depend. The duty of unflagging exertion at such a crisis presses in a peculiar manner upon the clergy. Their union and activity have produced this reaction, and they alone can maintain its force; and they are specially bound to guard with no laggard zeal the fabrics which are the heirlooms of a long line of ancestors to them. There is no power in the State strong enough to withstand them, if they act together with perseverance and with vigour. There is no power in the State strong enough to save them, if they sit by with folded hands and indolent complaints. With them it now chiefly lies to decide whether this generation is to witness the first stone removed from the foundations of the Established Church; or whether this harassing controversy shall be brought to a triumphant close, and banished for ever from the battlefield of politics.

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